

Syn. 8. 61, 46

The
Monarchicke
TRAGEDIES

The third Edition.

By
S^t W. ALEXAN-
DER Knight.

*Carminē dī superi placan-
tur carminē manes.*

LONDON
Printed by William
Stansby. 1616.

R

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a date or reference number.

Handwritten text in the upper middle section, possibly a name or title.

Handwritten text in the middle section, possibly a name or title.

Handwritten text in the middle section, possibly a name or title.

Handwritten text in the middle section, possibly a name or title.

Handwritten text in the middle section, possibly a name or title.

Handwritten text in the middle section, possibly a name or title.

Handwritten text in the middle section, possibly a name or title.

Handwritten text in the middle section, possibly a name or title.

Handwritten text in the middle section, possibly a name or title.

Handwritten text in the middle section, possibly a name or title.


Handwritten text in the middle section, possibly a name or title.



To the
And v
As
Ali

Althou
Which
My Ma
May g
And w
May in
With
Till

Ere tho
Held b
The wo
Since fi
His lo
From S
And
Thy



To his Sacred Maiestie.

Do not (mightie Prince) those humble lines
I though too mean Musick for so daintie eares,
Since with thy greatnes learnings glory shines,
So that thy brow a two-fold Lawrell beares:

To thee the Muses Phœbus now resignes,
And vertues hight eternall trophæes reares,
As Orpheus harpe, beaueus may enstall thy pen,
A libell light to guide the mindes of Men.

Although my wit be weake, my Doves are strong,
Which consecrate deuouly to thy name
My Muses laborers, which ere it be long
May graft some feathers in the wings of fame,
And with the subiect to confirme my song
May in more loftie lines thy worth proclame,
With gorgeous colours courting glories li:ht,
Till circling Seas doe bound her ventrous flight.

Ere thou wast borne, and since, heauen thee endeeres,
Held back as best to grace these last worst Times;
The world long'd for thy birth three hundredth yeeres,
Since first fire-told wrapt in Prophetick rimes,
His losse to thee, God by rare safeties doeres, (Crimes,
From Sea, from Sward, from Fire, from Chance, from
And that to him thou auely might be bound,
Thy selfe was still the meanes foes to confound.

To his Sacred Maiestie.

I doe not doubt but Albions warlike coast
(Still kept unconquer'd by the beaueus decree)
The Picts expell'd, the Danes repell'd, did boast
(In spite of all Romes power) a state still free,
As that which was ordain'd (though long time crost
In this Herculean birth) to bring forth thee,
Whom many famous Sceptred Parent brings
From an undanted race to doe great things.

Of this diuided Ile the Nurslings braue
Earst, from intestine warres could not desist,
Yet did in forraine fields their names engrauē,
Whilst whom one spoil'd the other would assist:
Those now made one, whilst such a head they haue,
What world of worlds were able to resist? (now
Thus bath thy worth (great I A M E S) conioyn'd then
Whom battells oft did breake, but neuer bow.

And so most iustly thy renowned deedes
Doe raise thy fame about the starry round,
Which in the world a glad amazement breeds,
To see thy vertues (as they merit) crown'd,
Whilst thou (great Monarch) who in power exceeds,
With vertuous goodnesse do'st vast greatnesse bound,
Where if thou likt to be more great, then good,
Thou might'st soone build a Monarchie with blood.

O! this faire world without the world, no doubt,
Which Neptune strongly guardes with liquid bands,
As aptest so to rule the Realmes about,
Shew by her selfe (as most Maiestick) stands,
Thence (the worlds Mistris) to giue iudgement out
With full authoritie for other Lands,

To his Sacred Maiestie.

*Which on the Seas would gaze attending still,
By wind-wing'd Messengers their Soueraignes will.*

*The Southerne Regions did all Realmes surpasse,
And were the first which sent great Armies forth,
Yet Soueraigne that there first founded was,
Still by degrees hath drawne vnto the North,
To this great Climate which it could not passe,
The fatall period bounding all true worlde:
For, it cannot from hence a passage finde,
By roring Rampires still with vs consinde.*

*As Waters which a masse of earth restraynes,
(If they be swelling high beginne to vent)
Doe rage disdainfully ouer all the playnes,
As with strict borders scorning to be pent:
Euen so this masse of earth that thus remaynes,
Wall'd in with waxing waues, to burst if bent,
The bounding floods ore flow'd it rush'd forth then,
Will waste the world with a deluge of men.*

3
*Then since (great Prince) the torrent of thy powre,
May drowne whole Nations in a Scarlet flood,
On Infidels thy indignation poure,
And bath not Christian bounds with Christian blood:
The Tyrant Ottoman (who would deuoure
All the redeemed soules) may be withstood,
While as thy troupes (great Albions Emperour) once
Doe comfort Christs afflicted flooke which moanes.*

*Thy thundring troupes might take the stately rounds
Of Constantines great Towne renown'd in vaine,
And barre the barbarous Turkes the baptiz'd bounds,*

To his Sacred Maiestie

Reconquering Godtrons conquests since a while,
O, well spent labours! O the trouts would
Whose trophies should eternall glorie gaine,
And make the Dea to be fear'd farre more,
Then ever was the Eagle of before.

But, O thou happy thou that of thy Throne
The boundlesse power for such an use controuers,
Which if some might command to raigue alone,
Of all their life they would be blood the scroules,
And to content the hangire thoughts of one
Would sacrifice a thousand thousand soules,
Which thou do'st spare, though hauing sprize and might,
To challenge all the world as thine owne right.

Then vnto whom more iustly could I giue
Those famous ruines of extended states
Which did the world of libertie deprive
By force, or fraud, to reare Tyrannick seates)
Then vnto thee, who may and will not line
Like those proud Monarchs borne to stormy fates?
But whilst frank spirited Prince, thou thus wouldst flee,
Crownes come unsought, and Scepters seeke to thee.

Into the Ocean of thy worth I send
These runnells, rising from a rash attempt,
Not that I to augment that depth pretend,
Which heauens from all necessitie exempt,
The Gods small gifts of zealous mindes commend,
While Hecatombes are holden in contempt:
So (Sir) I offer at your vertues shrine
This little incense, or this smoke of mire.



To the Author of the Monarchick
TRAGEDIES.

WELL may the programme of thy Tragick Stage
Inuite the curious pompe-expecting eyes
To gaze on present shewes of passed age,
Which iust desert Monarchick dare baptize,
Crownes throwne from Thrones to Tombes, de-
tomb'd arise

To match thy Muse with a Monarchick theme,
That whilst her sacred soaring cuts the skyes
A vulgar subiect may not wrong the same: 2
And which giues most aduantage to thy fame,
The worthiest Monarch that the Sunne can see
Doth grace thy labours with his glorious Name,
And daignes Protector of thy birth to bee:

Thus all Monarchick, Patron, Subiect, stile,
Make thee, the Monarch-tragick of this Ile.

S. Robert Ayton.



Al Potentissimo
Rè della Gran Brettagna.

Grinto del Sole il baldanzoso figlio,
Al chiaro albergo del gran Re del' Ho-
Offeso dal' insolito splendore (re,
Chinò la fronte, e si conerse il ciglio.
E quando mossa da non san consiglio
Volse in trono ueder l' alto Motore,
Giacque percossa da celeste ardore
L'incant a madre de lo Dio uermiglio.
Et io Signor, mentr' a lodarui aspiro,
Mentre in quel che da noi lampeggia, e' pious,
Infinito splendor, m' affiso e giro;
Perdo abbagliato da virtù s' none
L' intelletto, e lo stil, poiche in voi miro
Luce d' Apollo, e ma: st' a' di Gione.

Il Cav. MARINO.



THE ARGVMENT.

AT that time when the States of Greece began to grow great, and Philosophie to bee thought precious, *Solon* the first light of the Athenian common-wealth, like a prouident Bee, gathering honny ouer many fields, learning knowledge ouer many Countries, was sent for by *Craesus* King of Lidia, as famous for his wealth, as the other was for his wisdomc. And not so much for any desire the King had to profit by the experience of so profound a Philosopher, as to haue the report of his (as he thought it) happinesse approued by the testimonie of so renowned a witnesse. But *Solon* alwayes like himselfe, entring the regall Palace, and seeing the same very gloriously apparelled but very incommodiouly furnished with Courtiers, more curious to
haue

The Argument.

haue their bodies deckt with a womanish
ly affected forme of rayment, and some
superstitiall cōplements of pretended cur-
reies, then to haue their mindes enriched
with the true treasure of inestimable ver-
tue, he had the same altogether in disdain.
Therefore after some conference had with
Cræsus concerning the felicitie of man,
his opinion not seconding the Kings ex-
pectation, he was returned with contempt
as one of no vnderstanding. But yet com-
forted by *Æsop* (Authour of the witty
fables) who for the time was resident at
Court, and in credit with the King.

Immediately after the departure of *Sol-
on*, *Cræsus* hauing two Sonnes (whereof
the eldest was dumb, and the other a brave
youth) dreamed that the yongest dyed by
the wound of a Dart, wherewith being
maruellously troubled, he married him to
a Gentlewoman named *Calia*, and for far-
ther disappointing the suspected, though
ineuitable destine, hee discharged the us-
ing of all such weapons as hee had dream-
ed of. Yet who could cut away the oc-
casion from the heauens, of accomplishing
that

The Argument.

that which they had design'd. The spirit-
full youth being long restrain'd from the
fields, was invited by some Country-men
to the chace of a wild Bore, yet could ve-
ry hardly impetrate leave of his lovingly
suspicious Father.

Now in the meane time there arriv'd a
Sardis a youth named *Adrastus*, Sonne to
the King of *Pbrygia*, one no lesse infortu-
nate then valorous, he having lost his Ma-
stris by a great disaster, and having kill'd
his brother by a farre greater, came to
Cræsus, by whom he was courteously en-
tertained, and by the instancy of the King
and the instigation of others against him
owne will, who feared the srowardnes
of his infectious fortune, he got the cust-
die of *Aris* (so was the Prince called)
whom in time of the sport, thinking
kill the Bore, by a monstrous mishap
killed. After which disastrous accide-
nt standing aboue the dead corps, after
inquiry of the truth, being pardoned
Cræsus, he punished himselfe by a viol-
death. There after, *Cræsus* sorrowing
ceedingly this exceeding misfortune,

The Argument.

was comforted by *Sandanis*, who laboured to dissuade him from his vnnecessary journey against the *Persians*, yet he relying on superstitious, and wrong interpreted responses of deceiuing Oracles, went against *Cyrus*, who hauing defeated his forces in the field, and taken himselfe in the Citie, tied him to a stake to be burned, where by the exclaýming diuers times on the name of *Solon*, mouing the Conquerour to compassion, he was set a libertie, and lamenting the death of his Sonne, and the losse of his Kingdome, giues a ground for this present Tragedie.

Pithead Quæring



The persons names who speake.

Cyrus King of
Lydia.

Atis his sonne.

Celia wife to *Atis.*

Adrastus.

Sandanis a Coun-
sellor.

Solon.

Æsop.

Cyrus King of *Persia.*

Harpagus Lieutenant to *Cyrus.*

Chorus of some Country men.

Chorus of all the *Lydians.*

The Scene in Sardis.

THE

Wm. Winton Esq. Ld.

Wm. Winton



is dy
e spo
one r
toyle
const
reaso
no m
Whil
weigh
(thou
ould a
lasty
e restl
ll loth
hich (v
to a
diners
with l
at it we

THE



THE TRAGEDIE

OF

CROESVS.

Act I.

SCENE.

LOe, how the stormy world doth worldlings tosse,
And leades her louers head-long vnto death,
Yet bent to court that which him most doth crosse
Stil whilst fraile ashes smoke forth smotherd breath
This masse of thoughts, this animated slime,
is dying substance, and this liuing shaddow,
The sport of Fortune, and the spoile of Time,
one rais'd, soone raz'd, as flowres are in a meddow:
toyles to get (such is his foolish nature)
constant good in this inconstant ill:
reasonable reasonable creature,
who makes his reason subiect to his will.
Whilst on the height of contemplation plac'd,
weigh fond earthlings, earnest idle strife:
(though they all haue diuers parts imbrac'd)
ould act a comicke Scene of tragicke life:
lofty mindes, when bent at curious aymes,
the restless soule a prey to euery snare,
all lothing what it hath, of better dreames,
which (when enioy'd) doth procreat but care;
t to a Soueraigne blisse which they surmise,
diuers meanes all pregnant wits aspire,
t with strange shapes the same so much disguise,
at it we scarce can know, much lesse acquire:

B

Some

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Some place their happinesse (vnhappy beafts,
Whose mindes are drunke with momentary Ioyes)
In gorgious garments, and in dainty feasts,
To pamper breath-ros'd flesh with pleasures toyes;
Some more austerely with a wrinkled brow,
Who raine their passions with aduis'd respects,
By neither fortune mou'd to brag nor bow,
Would make the world enamour'd of their sects;
Some bathing still in Vertues purest springs,
Doe draw Ideas of a heauenly brood,
And search the secrets of mysterious things,
As most vndoubted heires of that high good.
Thus with a dream'd delight, and certaine paine,
All seeke by seuerall wayes a perfect blisse,
Which O what wonder, if they not obtaine,
Who can not well discerne what thing it is!
What happinesse can be imagin'd here,
On painted grounds though we our hopes repose,
Who dearely first doe gaine, what we hold deare,
Then what we once must lose; still feare to lose;
Thinke (though of thousands scarcely one we see,
Can at this point of happinesse arriue)
Yet that it chance (a chance if that it be)
That once one get, for what a world doth strue:
What though he swim in Oceans of delights,
Haue none about him, and his equals rare;
Eares ioying pleasant sounds, eyes stately sights,
His treasures infinite, his buildings faire:
Yet Fortunes wheele which cannot be control'd,
Must needs mount vp the meane, throwe downe the great
And still in motion circularly rol'd
From what it is, must alter euery state.
Though of his wealth the greedy man doth boast,
Whilst treasures vaine his drossie wits bewitch,
What hath he gain'd, but what another lost?
And once his losse may make another rich.
But ah, all lose who seeke to profit thus,
And found their trust on trustlesse things which fade:
We may be rob'd from them, they rob'd from vs,
Orieu'd for their losse, as when first purchas'd, glad:

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Those are but fooles who hope true rest to finde,
In this fraile world, where for a while we range :
Which doth (like Seas expos'd vnto the winde,)
Tebb, flow, storme, calme, still mouing, still in change,
Each waue we see, doth driue the first away,
And still it whitest somes where rockes are neere,
While as one growes, another doth decay
The greatest danger oft doth lest appeare.
There seeming blisse, who trust in frothy showes
Whose course with moments sickle Fortune dates,
Is to a height ; still to confusion growes
A secret fate doth manage mighty states.
But I scorne Fortune, and was euer free
From that dead wealth which wauers in her power,
My treasure still I beare about with me
Which neither Time, nor Tyrants can deuoure,
That Lady of Euent's though still she raue,
Scarfe can her course to mocke my minde aduance,
For if not trusted first, none can deceiue,
And I attend no certainty from chance;
Then I haue learn'd to moderate my minde
Still with contentment crowning my desires,
My raiment course, my foode such as I finde:
He hath enough who to no more aspires.
What satisfaction doth ou'rflo w my soule,
(The world all weighd,) while high accounts I cast,
And in my memories vnblotted scrole,
Doe paralell this time with others past :
Those worldly minds whose weakenesse wealth doth cloak,
Though others happy, I them wretched thinke ;
For whilst that passions base all reason choake
The bodies slaues, their soules surcharg'd doe sinke,
Yet loath I not the world as loath'd by it,
Like those who when disdain'd pretend disdain ;
No, no, I had as *Athens* must admt.
What richesse, birth, or reputation gaine.
And if that I would vaunt of mine owne deedes
Fairst Citie, where mine eyes first suckt the light,
I challenge might what most thy glory breeds,
For fame or power, as due to me of right.

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

When Salamina had our yoke remou'd
With follies garments wisdom to disguise,
What none durst else attempt I boldly mou'd,
And seem'd a foole to make the people wise.
Then hauing thus, by policy preuail'd,
My Countries squadrons leading to the field,
Whilst both by strength and stratagems assail'd
I forc'd that Ile (though wal'd with waues) to yeeld;
But when renown'd, by that aduent'rous deede,
And turn'd victorious, charg'd with strangers spoyles
(No perfect blisse below) worse did succeed,
The peace which was abroad bred ciuill broyles:
What with more violence doth fury lead:
Then vagring vulgars which doe want a head,
The meaner sort could not their mindes conforme
Those things to doe which great men did command;
Then whilst the state wau'd in a dangerous storme,
All ioynd to place the ruther in my hand;
Ireu-nited that diuided state,
And manag'd matters with a good successfe,
Which farther kindled, had beene quench'd too late,
That *Hydra*-headed tumult to suppressfe.
When I my worth by those two workes had prou'd,
And troad the path of power, as Prince, a space,
The peoples Minion, by the Nobles lou'd,
None could be great, saue such as I would grace.
Thus carried with the force of fortunes streame,
I absolutely acted what I would,
For the Democracy was but a name
The Cities raines my hand in trust did hold;
I might (a Tyrant) still haue rul'd in state
But my cleere minde could no such cloudes conceiue,
But gladly left what others vrge of late,
If I may rule my selfe, no more I craue;
Yet some whose thoughts but for fraile glory car'd,
Said that my Spirit could not aspire to raigne,
And that my error could not be repair'd,
Since so to erre meanes come not oft againe.
My soule in this a more contentment findes
Then if a diademe adorn'd my brow,

I chain

I chain
Thoug
Yet h
To kee
Whilst
Some l
At last,
Eu'n th
A wo
The suf
Whilst
The me
Though
Time c
Where
munding
I saw th
Rare fig
And
Behold,
To be h
The wh
But I di
Who m
Yet I w
To mak

V
Euen
What
Whilst
He to
His m
The r
But w

The Tragedie of Crasus.

I chain'd affections of vndaunted mindes,
(Though barbarous earst) which did to order bow;
Yet hardly could rich Citizens intice
To keepe the statutes which my lawes contain'd,
Whilst what one prais'd, another did despise:
Some lou'd, some loath'd, eu'n as they thought they gain'd.
At last, at least in shew, all rest content
Eu'n those who hate me most, lend their applause:

A worthy minde needes neuer to repent
The suffering crosses for an honest cause.
Whilst trauailing now with a contented minde
The memorie of this my fancy feedes,
Though to great states their periods are assign'd:
Time can not make a prey of Vertues deedes.
Where seuen-mouth'd Nile from a concealed source,
Inunding ou'r the fields, no bankes can bind,
I saw their wonders, heard their wise discourse,
Rare sights enrich'd mine eyes, rare lights my minde.

And if it were but this, yet this delights:
Behold, how *Crasus* here the Lydian King,
To be his guest me earnestly inuites,
The which to some would great contentment bring;
But I disdain that world-bewitched man,
Who makes his gold his God, the earth his heauen,
Yet I will try by all the meanes I can,
To make his Iudgement with his fortune euen.

CHORVS.

WHat can mans wandring thoughts confine,
Or satisfie his fancies all?
For whilst he wonders doth designe,
Euen great things then doe seeme but small;
What terrour can his sprite appall
Whilst taking more then it can hold;
He to himselfe contentment doth define;
His minde when bigge with monsters
The right deliuey neuer consters,
But with high thoughts quite headlongs rol'd,

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Whilst seeking here a solid ease to finde,
Would but melt mountaines, and imbrace the winde.

What wonder though the soule of man
(A sparke of Heauen which shines below)
Doth labour by all meanes it can
Like to it selfe, it selfe to show,
The heauenly essence, Heauen would know,
But married with this masse, we see
With paine they spend liues little span,
The better part would be about :
But earth from earth cannot remoue,
How can two contraries agree ;
Thus as the best, or worst part doth preuaile,
Man is of much, or else of no auaile.

O ! from what fountaine doe proceed
Those humors of so many kindes ?
Each braine doth diuers fancies breed,
As many men, as many mindes :
And in the world a man scarce findes
Another of his humor right,
Nor are there two so like indeede,
If we remarke their seuerall graces,
And lineaments of both their faces:
Who can abide the prooffe of sight?
If outward formes then differ as they doe,
Of force affections must be different too.

Ah passions spoile our better part
The soule is vext with their dissensions,
We make a God of our owne heart
And worship all our vaine inuentions ;
This brain-bred mist of apprehensions
The minde doth with confusion fill,
Whilst reason in exile doth smart,
And few are free from this infection,
For all are slaues to some affection
Which doth extort the senses still,

Tho

The Tragedie of Croesus.

those partiall Tyrants rage the sight ouer-syles,
And doth eclipse the cleereſt iudgement whiles.

A thousand times O happy he!
Who doth his passions so subdue,
That he may with cleere reasons eye
Their imperfections fountaines view,
And as it were himſelfe renew,
Who to his thoughts preſcribing Lawes
Might ſet his ſoule from bondage free,
And neuer from bright reaſon ſwerue,
But making paſſions it to ſerue
Weigh euery thing as their were cauſe,
O greater were that Monarch of the minde:
Then if he might command from *Thule* to *Inde*.

Act. II. Scene. I.

CROESVS, ÆSOPE,
SOLON.



Ho euer was ſo fauour'd by the Fates
As could before of full contentment boaſt;
Lou'd of mine owne, & fear'd of forraine States,
I know not what it is, once to be croſt;
For (indigent of nothing but of ill)

Lo my ſucceſſe in all things hath beene ſuch,
Heauens fauourit, and Fortunes minion ſtill,
I know not what to wiſh I haue ſo much;
Mine eyes did neuer yet diſmay my heart
With any object which their ſight did draw,
My name applauded is in euery part,
My word an Oracle, my will a Law:
What breſt can well confine this ſtoud of ioyes;
Whoſe ſwelling current doth o'reflow my minde,
Which neuer dream'd that which the ſoule annoyes,
But did in all a ſatiſfaction finde,
I ſcorne vaine ſhadowes of conceated feares
As one whoſe ſtate ſtands vpon marble grounds

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

In all my horoscope no cloud appeares,
My blisse abounds, my pleasures passe all bounds.

Æsop. That Græcian (Sir) is at the Court arriu'd,
Whose wisdome Fame through all the world records:

Cræ. And to extoll my state haue you not striu'd,
Whilst bent to sooth his eares with courteous words?

Æsop. In all the parts where he hath chanc'd to bee

In forraine bounds, or yet where he was borne,

He neuer did such statelie wonders see,

As since this Court his presence did adorne:

When regall shewes had rauisht first his eye,

As Mountaines Nurllings, little simple swaines,

Who vs'd with Infant floudes them neuer spy

Sport portatiue serpentine through the planes,

Of such when one first comes to view the vailles:

The wanton water-Nymphes whilst there he sees,

The rarenesse of the sight so much preuailes,

That runnells riuers seeme, the riuers Seas:

So all the gards which garnisht *Solons* way,

Did to his minde a great amazement bring,

The gallants (golden statues) made him stay,

Each groome a Prince, each Esquire seem'd a King.

And now he comes to gaine your reuerenc'd sight

Whom in his mind no doubt he doth adore,

He gaz'd on those who held of you their light,

(Sunne of this soyle) he must admire you more,

Now he ou'r all will spread your praises forth,

A famous witnesse of your glorious raigne:

And one wise mans record, is thought more worth,

Then what a world of others would maintaine.

Solon. Great Prince, doe not despise the louing zeale

Which a meane man, yet a good minde affords:

And who perchance as much affects your weale,

As those who paint their loue with fairer words.

Cræ. Thy loue (sage Græcian) gratefull is to vs,

Whom Fame long since acquainted with thy worth,

So that we long'd for thy presence thus,

To spy the spring whence flow'd such treasures forth;

Would God that many such would heere resort

Whose vertues beames would shine in euery brest,

Whose

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Those count'nance graue would grace so great a Court,
And like a Lampe giue light vnto the rest.

Solon. Spare (courteous King) that vnderferued praise,
Can but one who doth the world despise,
And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,
Wisedome-louer willing to be wise:

Cræsus. Let all that I haue learn'd (huge toyles now past)
Long experience, and in pregnant Schooles,
But to know my ignorance at last,

Who thinke themselues most wise, are greatest fooles.

Cræsus. This is the nature of a worthy minde,

Rather would be good, then be so thought,

If it had no ayme but Fame to finde,

Such as the shadow, not the substance sought:

Let forc'd to giue that which thou wilt not take:

The world, what thou holdst downe, doth raise more high,

That which thy face thus shunnest, shines on thy backe:

All honour followes them, who it would flye;

And now I thinke on Earth no creature liues,

Who better can instruct what I would learne,

Then thou to whom franke Nature largely giues

Minde to see, a iudgement to discern.

Solon. To satisfie your suite, my dutious care

Will all it, or then my ignorance disclose.

Cræsus. Lo, you haue seene my pompe, my treasures rare,

And all the strength on which my thoughts repose.

Solon. Those be but dreames of blisse which fortune brings,

Which breake by bending foolish mortal mindes,

Law but sencelesse heapes of melting things,

Wauiing wealth expos'd to many windes,

Which is but the body seruing to decore,

Whose owner it, and it the owner spends,

Where mindes more circumspect seeke better store

Of wealth from enuy free, which neuer ends.

Cræsus. I wot not what you meane whilst thus in loue,

With fain'd *Ideas* of Imagin'd blisse,

Whose fancies drawne, such pourtraits doe but moue

The braines to dreame, that which indeed they misse;

Which I keepe more then their conceits can show

Whose rich coniectures breed but poore effects,

Whose

And

The Tragedie of Cæsus.

In all my horoscope no cloud appeares,
My blisse abounds, my pleasures passe all bounds.

Æsop. That Græcian (Sir) is at the Court arriu'd,
Whose wisdome Fame through all the world records;
Cæ. And to extoll my state haue you not striu'd,
Whilst bent to sooth his eares with courteous words?

Æsop. In all the parts where he hath chanc'd to bee
In forraine bounds, or yet where he was borne,
He neuer did such stately wonders see,
As since this Court his presence did adorne:
When regall shewes had rauisht first his eye,
As Mountaines Nurslings, little simple swaines,
Who vs'd with Infant floudes them neuer spy
Sport portatiue serpentine through the planes,
Of such when one first comes to view the vailes:
The wanton water-Nymphes whilst there he sees,
The rarenesse of the sight so much preuailes,
That runnels riuers seeme, the riuers Seas:
So all the gards which garnisht *Solus* way,
Did to his minde a great amazement bring,
The gallants (golden statues) made him stay,
Each groome a Prince, each Esquire seem'd a King.
And now he comes to gaine your reuerenc'd sight
Whom in his mind no doubt he doth adore,
He gaz'd on those who held of you their light,
(Sunne of this soyle) he must admire you more,
Now he ou'r all will spread your praises forth,
A famous witnesse of your glorious raigne:
And one wise mans record, is thought more worth,
Then what a world of others would maintaine.

Solus. Great Prince, doe not despise the louing zeale
Which a meane man, yet a good minde affords:
And who perchance as much affects your weale,
As those who paint their loue with fairer words.

Cæ. Thy loue (sage Græcian) gratefull is to vs,
Whom Fame long since acquainted with thy worth,
So that we long long'd for thy presence thus,
To spy the spring whence flow'd such treasures forth;
Would God that many such would heere resort
Whose vertues beames would shine in euery brest,

Whose

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Whose count'nance graue would grace so great a Court,
And like a Lampe giue light vnto the rest.

Solon. Spare (courageous King) that vnderferued praise,
I am but one who doth the world despise,
And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,

Wisdomes-louer willing to be wise:
Yet all that I haue learn'd (huge toyles now past)

By long experience, and in pregnant Schooles,
But to know my ignorance at last,

Who thinke themselues most wise, are greatest fooles.

Cræsus. This is the nature of a worthy minde,

Rather would be good, then be so thought,

As if it had no ayme but Fame to finde,

Such as the shadow, not the substance sought:

Yet forc'd to giue that which thou wilt not take:

The world, what thou hold'st downe, doth raise more high,

That which thy face thus shunnest, shines on thy backe:

All honour followes them, who it would flye;

And now I thinke on Earth no creature liues,

Who better can instruct what I would learne,

Then thou to whom franke Nature largely giues

Minde to see, a iudgement to discern.

Solon. To satisfie your suite, my dutious care

Shall it, or then my ignorance disclose.

Cræsus. Loe, you haue seene my pompe, my treasures rare,

And all the strength on which my thoughts repose.

Solon. Those be but dreames of blisse which fortune brings,

To breake by bending foolish mortal mindes,

I saw but sencelesse heapes of melting things,

Wauiing wealth expos'd to many windes,

This but the body seruing to decore,

The owner it, and it the owner spends,

Where mindes more circumspect seeke better store

Of wealth from enuy free, which neuer ends.

Cræsus. I wot not what you meane whilst thus in loue,

With fain'd *Ideas* of Imagin'd blisse,

By fancies drawne, such pourtraits doe but moue

Like braines to dreame, that which indeed they misse;

Yet I keepe more then their conceits can show

Whose rich coniectures breed but poore effects,

And

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

And (I beseech you) did you euer know

A man more blest then I in all respects ;

Solon. I, *Tellus* knew, a man in Athens borne,
Who with my fancies highly hath preuail'd,
Of happinesse who hath the haruest shorne,
Since while he liu'd belou'd, whilst dead bewail'd ;
And last (that he might reape all fruits of blisse)
His Countries beaten bands neere put to flight,
By him encourag'd scorn'd to be submisse,
Who died victorious in two armies sight;
More glorious now then when he was aliue
As he in Heauen, on Earth his happy rest,
To trace his steps who led by Vertue, strue,
Heires of his worth, and honour'd by the best.

Cræ. Since this first place, a priuate person gaines,
Whose fortunes treasure in short time was told,
Now next in ranke, who registred remains,
Whose happinesse you most accomplish'd hold ;

Solon. Of *Cleobu*, and *Bison*, whilst they stray,
The prosp'rous course doth to my thoughts approch :
Their mother wanting on a solemne day
The horses which were vs'd, to draw her Coach,
Them to supply the place, loue kindly rais'd,
Who drew her to that place of publike mirth,
Whilst both of them abundantly were prais'd,
They for their pietie, shee for her birth :
This charitable worke, when brought to end,
Both dyed, whilst offering incense to the Gods,
Who (guerdon'd so) to draw them did intend,
From further danger of afflictions rods,
O happie mother ! who with true delight
Of labours past such pleasant fruits enioy'd,
And happie children ! who did thus acquit
The mothers paine, and dyed whilst well imploy'd.
Ah, ah, our liues are fraile, doe what wee can,
And like the brittle glasse, breake whilst they glance,
Then oft the Heauens to curbe the pride of man,
Doe inter-sowre our sweets, with some sad chance.

Cræsus. Is there no place appointed then for me ;
Or is my state so abiect in thine eyes,

That

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

That thou do'st thinke me blest in no degree,
As one, whose best in fortunes ballance lyes ;
Or think'st thou me (of iudgement too remisse,)
A miser, who in miserie remaines,
The bastard childe of Fortune, barr'd from blisse,
Whom heauens doe hate, and all the world disdaines ;
Are base companions then to be compar'd
With one who may consume such in his wrath ;
VWho as I please doe punish, and reward,
VWhose words, nay, eu'n whose lookes giue life or death.

Sol. Let not your iudgement thus from reason shrinke,
To glose on that which simply comes from me :
Those who doe freely speake no treason thinke,
One cannot both your friend, and flatterer be,
To vs who Græcians are the Gods doe grant
A moderate measure of a humble wit,
So that our countrey yet did neuer want
Some whom the world for wisemen did admit,
And yet amongst vs all the greatest number
(VWhilst liuing) looke not for a perfect rest,
Though some awhile, in fortunes bosome slumber,
And to world-blinded eyes seeme to be blest,
Yet ou'r all mortall states, change so preuailes
VVe alterations dally doe attend,
And hold this for a ground which neuer failes,
None can be throughly blest before the end :
I may compare our state to table-playes
VWhilst Iudges which are blind, giue only light,
Their many doubt the earnest mind dismaves,
VWhich must haue happie throwes, then vse them right:
So all our dayes in doubt, what things may chance,
Time posts away, our breath seemes it to chace,
And when occasion comes vs to aduance,
It of a thousand, one can scarce imbrace.
VWhen by a generous indignation mou'd
Two fight with danger, for a doubtfull prayse ;
VWhilst valour blindly, but by chance is proou'd,
That ones disgrace, anothers fame must rayse :
O! what a foole his iudgement will commit
To grace the one, with a not gain'd applause ;

VWhere

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Where Fortune is but to giue sentence yet,
While bloody agents plead a doubtfull cause:
This world it is the field where each man fights,
And arm'd with reason resolutely goes
To warre (till death close vp the bodies lights)
Both with externall and internall foes;
And how can he the victors title gaine
Who yet is busied with a doubtfull fight?
Or he be happy who doth still remaine
In fortunes danger for a small delight.
The wind-wing'd course of man away fast weares,
Course that consists of houres, houres of a day,
Day that giues place to Night, Night ful of feares:
Thus euery thing doth change, all things decay:
Those who do stand in peace, may fall in strife,
And haue their fame by infamy suppress:
The Euening crownes the day, the death the Life;
Many are fortunate ; but few are blest.

Cræ. I see this Græcians sprite but base appeares,
Which cannot comprehend heroicke things:
The world of him more then he merits heares,
At least hee know's not what belongs to kings,
Yet Fame his name so gloriously array'd,
That long I long'd to haue him in my house:
But all my expectations are betray'd,
I thinke a mountaine hath brought forth a Mousse.

Act. II. Scene. II.

SOLON. ÆSOPE.

THis King hath put his trust in trustlesse toyes,
Whilst courting only temporarie things,
And like a hooded Hawk, gorg'd with vain ioyes,
At randon flies borne forth on follies wings:
O how this makes my grieve exceeding great,
To see ones care who liues for dead things such,
Whilst shew-transported mindes admire his state:
Which I not enuy, no, but pittie much.

Thus

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Thus wormes of Earth, whose worst part doth preuaile,
Loue melting things whose shew the body fits,
Where soules of cleerer sight do neuer faile
To thesaurize the gifts of gallant wits,
Those worldly things doe in this world decay,
Or at the least we leaue them with our breath,
Where to eternūty this leads the way,
So differ they as farre as life and death.

Æsop. And yet what wonder though that he liue thus,
Whose knowledge clouded is with prosp'rous winds;
Though this indeed seeme somewhat strange to vs,
Who haue with learning purified our minds;
Was he not borne heire of a mighty state;
And vs'd with fortunes smiles, not fear'd for frownes,
Doth measure all things by his owne conceit:
A great defect which fatall is to crownes,
Then from his youth still trusting in a Throne,
With all that pride could craue, or wealth could giue,
Of all intreated, and control'd by none,
He would the tongue of liberty depriue;
Though to his sight I dare not thus appeare,
Whose partiall iudgement farre from reason parts,
I greeu'd to see your entertainment here,
So farre inferiour to your owne deserts;
That matchlesse wisdom which the world admires,
And rauisht with delight amazed heares,
Since not in consort with his vaine desires,
Did seeme vsfauoury to distemper'd eares:
Eares which can entry giue to no discourse,
Saue that which enters fraughted with his praise,
He can loue none but them who loue his course,
And thinks all fooles who vse no flattering phrase,
This at high powers, doth higher powers displease,
Though spreading all her heauenly treasures forth:
They (if not in their liuery them to please,)
Doe Vertue vilepend as of no worth.

Solen. I care not, *Æsop*, how the King conceiu'd
Those my franke words which I must alwayes vse,
I come not here, till he my comming crau'd,
And now when come, I'll not my name abuse.

Should

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Should I his poys'nous Sycophants resemble
VWhose silken words their Soueraigne doe orethrow,
I for his Diadem would not dissemble,
VWhat hearts doe thinke, the tongues were made to show;
And what if I, his humour to content
The worlds opinion lost by gaining ones,
He can but giue me gifts which may be spent,
But nought can cleere my fame if darkened once;
That so hee might my reputation rayse
Had I sooth'd him it had procur'd my shame,
VWhilst those who vicious are, our vertues prayse,
This in effect is but a secret blame.

Though as a simple man hee mee despise,
Yet better simply good, then doubly ill,
I not my worth by others prayses prize,
Nor by opinions doe direct my will,
That prayse contents me more which one imparts
Of iudgement sound, (though of a meane degree)
Then of a Prince depriu'd of princely parts,
VWho hath more wealth, but not more wit then hee. (port.

Æsop. VWho come to Court, must with Kings faults cō-
Solon. VWho come to Court, should truth to Kings report.

Æsop. A wiseman at their imperfections winks.

Solon. An honest man will tell them what he thinkes.

Æsop. So should you lose your selfe, and them not win.

Solon. But I would beare no burden of their sin.

Æsop. By this you should their indignation find.

Solon. Yet haue the warrant of a worthie mind.

Æsop. It would bee long, ere you were thus prefer'd.

Solon. Then it should be the King, not I that err'd.

Æsop. They guerdon as they loue, they loue by guesse.

Solon. Yet when I merit well I care the lesse.

Æsop. It's good to be still by the Prince approu'd.

Solon. It's better to be vpright, though not lou'd.

Æsop. But by this meane, all hope of honour failes.

Solon. Yet honestie in end euer preuailes.

Æsop. I thinke they should excell in all things rare
All men in wit who vnto men giue lawes,
Kings of their Kingdomes, as the centers are
To which each weightie thing by nature drawes,

For

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

For as the mightie Riuers, little streames,
And all the liquid powr's which rise, or fall,
Doe seeke in sundrie parts, by seuerall seames,
The Oceans bosome which receiues them all,
VVho as a Steward of the tumid deepes
Doth send them backe by many secret vaines,
And (as the Earth hath need of moysture) keepes
His humid treasures to refresh the plaines.
Thus are Kings brests the deepes where daily flow
Cleere streames of knowledge with rare treasures charg'd,
So that continually their wisdomes grow,
By manie helps which others want enlarg'd:
For those who haue intelligence ou'r all
Doe commonly communicate to Kings,
All accidents of weight which chance to fall,
To them their greatnesse this aduantage brings,
Then they (oft ialous) find out many drifts
VVhile ey'd like *Argos* they at all things glance;
And those whom Art, or Nature stores with gifts,
All come to Kings as who may them aduance,
No doubt great *Ioue*, since they supply his place
(So with their charge to make their vertues euen)
Doth dote them with some supernaturall grace,
Vice-gods on Earth, great Lieutenants of Heauen.

Solon. As you haue showne, Kings good occasion haue
To sound the deepes, and mysteries of wit,
And those who so their states from ruine saue
Doe well deserue vpon a throne to sit,
But ah those riuers are not euer pure
Through tainted channels which oftentimes conuaid
By flatteries poyson rendred are impure;
Oft Princes hearts are by their cares betraid:
For impudent effronted persons dare
Court with vaine words, and detestable lyes,
VVhilst men of purer mindes must stand asarre,
The light is lothsome to diseased eyes.
But with amazement this transports my mind,
Some who are wise grosse flatterie can digest,
And though they know how all men are inclin'd,
Yet please the bad, and doe but prayse the best.

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Is't that such men no error can controule,
S Nor will not crosse their appetite in ought,
V But, (nothing censuring,) euery thing extole,
I VWhere better wits would argue as they thought;
V Or since the world of worth in all esteemes,
A They neuer like a pregnant sprite to raise,
T So to haue none who to assist them seemes,
E Or may pretend an intrest in their prayse:
I This selfe-conceit is a most dangerous shelfe,
T VWhere many haue made shipwracke vnawares,
I He who doth trust too much vnto himselfe,
V Can neuer faile to fall in many snares.
Of all men else great Monarchs haue most need
To square their actions, and to weigh their words,
And with aduice in all things to proceed:
A faithfull Counsell oft great good affords.
Lo, how inferior spheares of force doe bend
As the first Moouer doth their courses drie,
The Commons customes on the Prince depend,
His manners are the rules by which they liue;
As only for himselfe none is brought forth,
Kings for the vse of many are ordain'd,
They should like Suns cleere Kingdomes with their worth,
VWhose life a patterne must be kept vnstand.
All vertuous Princes haue a spacious field
To shew their worth, though euen in fortunes spight,
VWhere meane men must to their misfortune yeeld,
VWhilst lacke of power doth burst a gallant sprite;
As precious stones are ornaments of rings,
The stone decorates the ring, the ring the hand,
So countreys are conforme vnto their Kings,
The King decorates the Court, the Court the Land;
And as a drop of poyson spent alone
Infected fountaines doth with venome fill,
So mightie states may tainted be by one:
A vicious Prince is a contagious ill.

Æsop. It easie is anothers faults to spy,
And paint in ayre the shadowes of our mindes,
VWhilst apprehending with the inward eye
A high perfection which no practice finds.

Solon.

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Solon. I grant, those grounds which we imagine may,
Will moue no charmed Man, much lesse a Prince
To disenchant himselfe, and seeke some way
At reasons Court his passions to conuince;
Ere *Cræsus* can refraine from this his furie,
He must forsake himselfe, (as one renew'd)
And in the Lethe of Obliuion burie
The vanities which haue his soule subdew'd;
Those his prerogatiues he first must bound,
And be a Man, a Man to be controlld,
Then all his faults (as in another found)
An Arbitrer with equall eyes behold;
Could he cast off this vaile of fond selfe-loue,
Through which each object Pride too grossly spies,
He would those rauenous Parasites remoue,
Vile instruments of shame, which liue by lies;
The onely meanes to make such people part,
That he might iudge more freely of his state,
Were to cast out the Idole of his heart,
Which (when o're-throwne) he must disclaime too late:
For forraigne flatterers could not finde access,
If not that weighing his owne worth too much,
He first doth sooth himselfe, and thinke no lesse,
But all their praises should of right be such;
And when those hireling Sytophants haue found
A Prince whom too secure Opinion makes,
His noblest part they by smooth weapons wound,
All spoile by pleasing them whom Flattererie takes;
O're Rulers, rule when such a person beares,
Of vertuous men the rising to preuent,
From wholesome counsell they close vp his eares,
To crosse the better sort in all things bent.

Aesope. If you at Court to credit would arise,
You must not seeke by Truth to gaine renowne,
But must applaud whiles what you most despise,
And smile in show whilst in effect you frowne.

Solon. From hence in haste I will my selfe retire,
I hate Courts slauerie, it my freenesse scorties,
Nor am I one whom *Cræsus* doth desire,
Since I detest what foule defects adomes;

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

O how light Fortune doth his folly flout,
While as he glories in this flying show !
With greedy harpies hedg'd in round about,
Which gape to be made rich by his o'rethrow.
Not all the wealth which his great Kingdome shewes
Can make me from my resolution shrink ;
Nor yet no terrour of a Tyrants blowes
Can make my tongue to speake more then I thinke ;
Since all my thoughts in Innocencie rest,
No outward Warre can inward Peace surprise,
What can imagin'd be to bragge a brest,
Which both doth death, and pouertie despise

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

OF all the Creatures bred below,
We must call Man most miserable,
Who all his time is neuer able
To comprehend a true repose;
His very birth may well disclose
What miseries his blesse o're-throw :
For first when borne he can not know,
Who to his state is friend or foe,
Nor how at first he may stand stable,
But euen with cries, and teares, doth show
What dangers doe his life enclose ;
Whose griefes are sure, whose Ioyes a fable;
Thus still his dayes in dolour so
He to huge perils must expose ;
And with vexation liues, and dyes in woe,
Not knowing whence he came, nor where to goe.

Then whilst he holds this lowest place,
O how vncertaine is his state !
The subiect of a constant Fate
To figure forth Inconstancie,
Which euer changing as we see,
Is still in toyle, neuer in peace :
For if man prosper but a space,

With

The Tragedie of Othello.

With each successe securely hold,
And pult vp in his owne conceate,
He but abuses Fortunes grace;
And when that with aduersitie
His pleasures treasures end their date,
And with disasters are controld,
Straight he beginnes for grieve to die:
And still the top of some extreame doth hold,
Not suffering Sommers heate, nor Winters cold,

His state doth in most danger stand,
Who most abounds in worldly things,
And soares too high with Fortunes wings,
Which carry vp aspiring mindes
But to be beaten with all windes;
The course of such when rightly scan'd,
(Whilst they can not themselues command)
Transported with an empty name,
Oft vnex-spected ruine brings;
There were examples in this Land,
How worldly blesse the senses blindes,
And on a reed vnsecurely hings,
He who presumes vpon the same;
Hid poyson in his pleasure findes;
And sayling rashly with the windes of Fame,
Doth oft-times sinke into a Sea of shame.

It's to bee fear'd our King at last,
Whilst he for nothing is afray'd,
Be by prosperity betray'd:
For growing thus in greatnesse still,
And hauing worldly things at will,
He thinks though time should all things waste,
Yet his estate shall euer last
The wonder of this low-laide Round;
And in his owne conceit hath said:
No course of Heauen his state can cast,
Nor make his Fortune to be ill,
The which if Heauen will once vpbraide,
And haue our King to be vn-crown'd,


The Tragedie of Cræsus.

She may his mind with horrour fill,
And in an instant vtterly confound
The state which stands vpon so slipperie ground.

When such a Monarchs minde is bent
To follow most the most vnwise,
Who can their folly disguise
With sugred speeches, poysonous baits:
The secret canker of great states,
From which at first few dissent,
The which at last all doe repent
Then whilst they must to ruine go;
When Kings begin thus to despise
Of honest Men the good intent,
Who to assure their Soueraignes seates,
Would faine in time some helpe deuise,
And would cut off all cause of woe,
Yet cannot second their conceates:
These dreadfull Comets commonly forgo
Kings destruction when miscarried so.

Act. III. Scene. I.

CRÆSVS. ADRASTVS.

 Hat fancies strange with terror strike my soule,
The tortur'd captiue of distrust-full feares;
Huge cares (suggesting grief) my Ioyes cōtroule,
Whose minde some comming euill charactred
And credulous suspicion (too too wise) (beare;
To fortifie my feares doth meanes inuent;
Whilst suddaine trouble doth my sprite surprise,
A sad presage which boasts some bad euent;
Thinke the soule (since an immortall brood)
Each by inheritance a heavenly pow'r,
Which some fore-knowledge giues of euill, and good,
But not the meanes to scape a fatall how'r;
Though with this mortall yaile, when made halfe-blinde,
Be not at freedome free with her own wings.

Yet

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Yet she communicat's vnto the minde
In cloudie dreames true (though mysterious) things ;
Imagination wonderfull in force,
The Iudgement oft foiles with confusion so,
That (then they proue things presupposed worse)
Ere time distress'd, Man multiplies his wo :
For as the shadow seemes more monstrous still
Then doth the substance whence it drawes the shape,
So deepe coniectures of a threatned ill
More then it selfe on some doth horror heape ;
This alteration too seemes more then strange,
Which suddainly so smother'd hath my minde,
I see (more then I thought) all states may change:
When Heauen pursues, Earth no defence can find ;
My soule her wonted pleasure else is loathing,
This hath indeed so deepe impression left,
A dreame, a fancie, froth, a shadow, nothing
Hath all my mirth euen in a moment rest.

Adr. Whence (mightie Soueraigne) can this change pro-
Which doth obscure the rayes of princely grace ? (cced,
Those who are school'd in wo, may cleerely reed
A mighty passion written in your face,
And (if a stranger may presume so farre)
What friend is false, or who are fear'd as foes ?
For I coniecture in what state you are :
A secret Sympathie imparting woes ;
Two strings in diners Lutes set in accord,
(Though one be onely toucht) together sound,
Euen so soules tun'd to griefe, the like afford,
Whose mutuall motions each doth other wound.

Cras. No doubt it must disburden much the minde
A Secretarie in distresse to haue,
Who by his own, anothers griefe can finde,
Where glad mindes scorne what they cannot conceaue:
And I (*Adrastus*) would the cause declare
With which I so torment my soule in vaine,
But yet I blush to tell my foolish care :
The fond illusion of a drowisie braine.

Adrast. As bodies temper'd are, or soules inclyn'd,
All dreames by night Imagination makes,

The Tragedie of *Cræsus*.

Or else those thoughts impression in the minde,
For which when waking one most trauell takes.

Cræf. This night last past as quite o're-come by death,
In Natures bosome I embrac'd true rest,
And in that Masse where nothing moou'd but breath,
Lifes faculties Sleepe for a time suppress,
Then whilst the sprite most pow'rfull did remaine,
Since least distrest by this terrestriall part:

Adraff. Soules at such times they most their strength doe
That oft their burdens as astonish'd start. (straine,

Cræf. To rarifie the Aire from vapours pow'rs,
When first *Aurora* rose from *Tithons* bed,
Ere *Phæbus* blushing stole from *Tethys* bowres,
This apprehension in my braine was bred:
I onely haue two Sonnes, and one (you see)
The signe of Natures Indignation beares,
And from his birth-day dumme is dead to me,
Since he can poure no pleasure in my eares;
The other *Aræ*, all my lifes delight,
In whom the treasures of my soule are kept,
I thought (vaine be my thought) in the twi-light,
(I know not whether yet I wakt or sleept)
Whilst he was sporting, voyde of worldly cares,
And not in danger, which could threaten death,
A pointed toole of Iron fell vnawares,
And from his body banished his breath;
Whilst the pale carcase did vpbraide mine eyes,
The horror of the sight my sense re-cald,
Which when I thinke of, yet my comfort dyes,
Such an exceeding feare my sprite appald;
This touch'd my state so much, it hath me mou'd
To match my Sonne in marriage at this time
With beauteous *Calia*, whom he dearely lou'd,
That both might reape the pleasure of their prime;
And if the Heauens his o're-throw haue decreed
By destiny which can not be reuok'd,
So may we haue behinde some of his seed,
Ere in his blossome all our hopes be choak'd;
Thus ere his soule lodge in the lightlesse shade,
Some of his race may mitigate my minde:

The Tragedie of Cæsar.

I can not hold him altogether dead,
Who leaues his Image in some one behinde;
And though we doe what euer seemes the best
To disappoint those but surmix'd annoyes,
Yet for all this, my minde hath neuer rest,
Some secret terror doth disturbe my Ioyes.

Adrast. Ah (Sir) if such a dreamed euill as this,
Hath plung'd your soule euen in the depths of griefe,
Vnhappy I, who waile a thing which is,
Whilst hope (though rack'd) dare promise no reliefe;
Though all those dreadfull fancies tooke effect,
(Which heauy chance almighty I O V B with-hold)
None can compare them, no, in no respect
With those misfortunes which my state enfold:
For though your Sonne dye by anothers hand,
You shall but waile his death, and not your cryme;
The Heauens of me my brothers blood demand,
His Fate, my fault, mourne must I all my tyme.

Cæs. In what strange forme could this disaster fall,
From which there flow salt floods of iust distresse;
Tell on at length the fatall cause of all,
A ground of greater griefe may make mine lesse.

Adrast. My sorrowes ground I smother'd still till now,
As too offensive food for dainty eares,
Of such a subiect yet since you allow,
I'll tell a tale which may moue stones to teares:
Of Phrygian Princes my great-Father come,
Had in my growing age a tender care,
My education that it might become
One whom he might for mighty hopes prepare;
As yet foure Lusters scarcely had begunne
To grace my witness'd sex with blooming cheekes,
When I (fond Youth) that Lab'rinth could not shunne,
Whence backe in vaine the straying Entrer seekes,
I lou'd, O fatall Loue, vn-louely Fate!
The vertuously faire, yet fairest Dame
That euer was enshrin'd in soules conceate,
Or dirties gaue to grace the sounds of Fame;
Straight were my fancies to her beauties ty'd,
None can paint passions, but in feeling mindes.

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

I burn'd, freez'd, did doubt, hop'd, despair'd, liu'd, dy'd,
With actions chang'd as oft as Autumnes winde;
Yet many conflicts past twix hopes and feares,
To feast, at least to nurse my staru'd desires,
She granted had a truce vnto my teares,
And temper did with equall flames my fires:
For as she was the most affected Saint,
Whose Image Loue erected in my mind,
So when her eares had harbour'd once my plaint,
My suite first pittie, then did fauour find;
But ah triumphing in mine owne conceate
As one whose loue his Lady did preferre,
I was corriuald (O disastrous fate!)
By one who lou'd, but was not lou'd by her;
He looking as I look'd, saw what I saw,
Saw natures wonder, and the worlds delight,
And as that the blinde God, (blinde guide) did draw,
Still (like a Lizard) liu'd but by her sight.
Then labour'd he that Iewell straight to wonne,
Whose matchlesse worth he pryz'd aboue his breath,
And loth'd all light which flow'd not from my Sunne,
As life without Her had beene worse then death;
Yea Fortune seem'd to fauour his desire,
And where to build high hopes did giue him grounds:
The Nymph her parents dayly did require
That she would furnish Physick for his wounds.
Now iudge if that my miseries were rise,
Who threatned thus with eminent mishap,
Was like to lose a thing more deare then life,
Whilst others stru'd my treasure to entrap;
The Man who sought my Ioyes to vndermyne,
Could not iustly with his state o'rethrowne,
Nor blame the sprite which sympathiz'd with mine;
Enuy'd not his hap, but waild mine owne.
Now in my brest a battell did beginne,
Which fore'd my soule with inward wounds to bleed,
Some fancies fear'd what once his loue might winne,
Since it was possible that he might speed;
Then others call'd her constancie to mind,
Which would not yeeld by such assaults though prou'd,

Yet

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Yet forc'd to feare the frailty of her kinde,
A woman who hath eares she may be moou'd ;
Thus toss'd with doubts amidst a deepe of wo,
Which with suspicion did my ioyes supplant,
I blam'd the thoughts which durst accuse her so,
As Vertues patterne could one vertue want ;
And then I hop'd his toyles no further wrought,
(Affliction whyles affection doth enflame)
She of her sex who was the wonder thought,
Would not thus wrong the glorie of her name ;
Though in my absence they had oft assay'd,
That from her minde they might haue me remoon'd,
The Sunne burnes hottest when his beames are stay'd)
The more that they would stop, the more she lou'd :
For finding that delay no end affords,
And that faire generals onely flow'd from Art,
He did vpbraide him with disdainfull words
To raze those hopes which had abus'd his heart ;
One is a Ioy which vpon paine depends,
A drop of sweet, drown'd in a sea of sow'r's,
What folly doth begin, oft furie ends,
They hate for euer, who haue lou'd for how'r's.
When all his Arguments prou'd of no force,
Straight with disdain his soule in secret burn'd,
And what he thought was euill, to make farre worse,
That Apostate to furour fauour turn'd ;
Through Loue praposterous procreating hate,
His thoughts amongst themselves could not agree,
Whilst what was best he depthly did debate,
To see her dead, or then enioy'd by me :
That (said he) when he first had mus'd a space,
How hard it is to quench affections fires,)
How all I disfigure that Angelike face,
And cloud those beauties which the world admires ;
How all she by me be to confusion brought,
Whom I vowes, and prayers did impart ;
Whom I sacrific'd each secret thought,
And on her beauties Altar burn'd my heart ;
Shall I see her in anothers pow'r,
And in his bosome lay'd, vpbraide my losse,

Yet

Whilst

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Whilst both with scornfull smiles, then death more sowre
To point me out for sport, report my crosse ;
That sight which sometime did me sweetly charme,
Should it become a cause of griefe to me ?
No, none who liues shall glory in my harme,
Since shee will not be mine, she shall not be.
The hatefull Louer hauing vow'd her death,
Did with a Cup of Poyson drowne my Ioyes,
The fairest body from the sweetest breath
Was parted thus (O Ocean of annoyes !)
That Monster Fame, whose many mouthes and eares,
Must know, but not conceale a rare thing long,
And prodigall of ill, most chiefly beares
The worst newes first, inform'd me of this wrong :
For neigh-bouring neere the most vnhappy part,
That had beene spoyld of such a beauteous guest,
As Death had hers, straight Sorrow seaz'd my heart,
Whose paine did spring from that which bred her rest ;
How huge a weight did first confound my Soule
No Tongue can tell ; it still my minde torments,
Rage did of griefe the outward signes controule :
When great windes blow the fire the smoake worst vents ;
Whilst generous Disdaine disguis'd my griefe,
I ranne transported with a mighty rage,
Bent by reuenge, or death to get reliefe,
A tragick Actor for a bloody Stage :
For I was come no sooner to the place,
Whereas I thought the Murtherer to haue found,
But I did meet (O ruine and disgrace !)
Too deare a Friend to catch an Enemies wound ;
Ah Passions ! dimm'd mine Eyes, Wrath led mine Hand,
I was no more my selfe, Griefe had me kill'd ;
The first by Night, who did before me stand,
(As one whose brest with rage *Alecto* fill'd)
By chance encountering, ere he spake a word,
I bath'd his bosome with a luke-warme flood,
And in his brest did drowne the cruell Sword,
Which in anothers body dranke my blood ;
But when a Torch had partly rob'd the Night,
Proud of suppos'd Reuenge (ah bitter Gaine)

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

I saw, I knew, blacke Knowledge, cruell sight,
My Brother was the Man, whom I had slaine ;
O bitter losse, which nothing can repaire !
My Soule with two such monstrous deeds annoy'd,
Griefe, Rage, Spite, Shame, Amazement, and Despaire,
Gaul'd, toss'd, burn'd, dash'd, astonish'd, and destroy'd;
The thought of my Offence doth grieue me most,
Yet am I whiles by my Loues Verdict cleans'd;
And whiles my Brothers violated Ghost,
By dreadfull dreames doth bragge to be reueng'd.

Cræf. Now whil'st this great Disaster did occurre,
What had the Author of your Anguish done ;

Adrast. He hauing heard this lamentable sturre,
Whom selfe-accusing Thoughts conuicted soone,
Straight (wounded by a wonderfull remorse)
Led by mad Loue, or desp'rate Feare to death,
He bent to follow her, or dreading worse,
(Stab'd by himselfe) dy'd to defraud my wrath.

Cræ. Those strange mishaps your Enemies eyes must weete,
And force Compassion from your greatest Foe,
Since many monstrous Circumstances meet
To make a horrid harmony in woe ;
But what doth touch ones selfe, most force doth finde,
For Euils when feel'd, then heard, Griefe more abounds;
This extasie hath so ore-whelm'd my minde,
A melancholy huge all mirth confounds;
Yet such Disasters past, we must omit,
At least no more immoderately lament ;
And as for those which are but comming yet,
Vse ordinary meanes them to preuent.

Adrast. No wonder (Sir) though by all meanes you stroue
From dangerous Actions *Art* to restrain.

Cræf. I will vnto his Youth attendance giue,
Which in my age, may guerdon'd be againe,
If it be possible for mortall States
To stroue against the Starres, and be more strong,
I Fortune must vnarme, and crosse the Fates,
By barring both all meanes to doe me wrong:
I haue commanded vnder paine of death,
That no such Weapon be within my Walles,

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

As I suppos'd should haue abridg'd his breath,
To scape a storme which oft by Fortune falles;
He to frequent the fields must whiles deferre,
And without guards his lodging neuer leaue.
Lo where with countrey men he doth conferre,
We will goc try what they of him would haue,

Act. III. Scene. II.

CHORVS of Countrey-men, CRÆSVS,
ATIS, ADRASTVS,
CÆLIA.

LEnd (Sir) a willing eare to humble words,
Let not our basenes barre vs from your grace,
Which still it selfe alike to all affords,
Who blesse their sight with that Maiestick face;
For simple Subiects Monarkes must take care,
Though this our state be thought but abiect now,
You are our head, and we your members are,
And you must care for vs, we care for you;
Our pouertie to vs is no reproach
Which innocent integritie adorne,
On others states we neuer do encroach,
But liue by labours, prickt with many thornes;
And euer busied for the Countreyes good,
We haue no time to muse of vaine conceats,
But (earning with continuall toyle our food)
Must entertaine the Pompe of prouder states.
And (Sir, though plaine) thinke not our meaning ill,
Who thus dare speake so freely as we do,
Whilst Mediators doe dilate our will,
They wrest it as they will, and wracke vs too;
To countenance such as vs, you need not shunne:
A great man too well grac'd may doe more harme;
And it not staines the glory of the Sunne,
Though oft his beames an abiect obiect warme.

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Cræf. Be not discourag'd by your base estate,
Yee are my people, and Ile heare your plaint,
A King must care for all, both small and great,
And to doe good like God should neuer taint;
The Scepter such as those should chiefly shrow'd,
Not cotages, but Castles spoile the land,
To spare the humble, and to plague the proud,
This is a vertue which makes Kings to stand.

Chorus. Sir, our estate some hastie helpe requires :
In *Missa* neere the celebrated rounds
Of great Olympus which the world admires,
There haunts a Boare the horror of these bounds:
His body big, and hideous is his forme,
Whose fomie jaw with tuskes like jauelins strikes,
And in deformitie all parts conforme,
His backe hath bristles like to iron pikes.
This Natures Monster, wondred at by men,
The forrests Tyrant, and the Countries terror,
Doth murder all, and drawes them to his den,
Who chance to crosse his way by fatall error ;
In teares whilst melting, tender mothers waile,
(The goared Infants tumbling in their blood ;)
This beast to be abhor'd doth them assaile,
And in his bowels buries both for food ;
Then when we flie the Field where he sojourmes,
To haue his hunger, or his rage allay'd,
He wastes the fruits, and ruines all the cornes :
Thus the poore husbands hopes are all betray'd ;
Ere this, of true repose we were the types,
And pasturing on each Plaine our fleecie flockes,
Did make a consort of our warbling Pypes
With mouing christals, playing on the rockes ;
And whiles to ease our toyl's (all rang'd in bands)
With garlands guarded from *Apollos* beames,
We gaz'd vpon *Pastolus* golden sands,
Glasi'd, bath'd, & quench'd our thirst, with his pure streams ;
Whilst we prefer'd, the Riuer seem'd amaz'd,
Euen to his golden bed his grassie banke,
And lay and look'd whereas our cartell graz'd,
Farre from all enuie of a greater ranke ;

That

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

That to repressse Oppression you take care,
 Though we were dumme the publike rest may speake :
 Your Lawes like Spiders Webs, are not a snare
 For litle Flyes, that them the big may breake ;
 Meane Men by them are fenc'd from great Mens Pride ,
 The Heauens continue long your prosp'rous Raigne,
 And suffer not this sauage Boare abide
 To turne that ease which men haue spar'd, to paine.

Cræs. What would you then that should be done by me,
 That may repay your Losse, repaire this Wrong :

Chorus. We craue none of your Wealth, yet wish to see
 This Boare be-blood the Staffe of the most strong:
 Let valorous *Asiu* worthily your Sonne,
 Back'd with the best of all the Lydian Youth,
 Goe to the Fields, before the rising Sunne
 Quench with the Mornings Teares his mid-dayes Drouth;
 And we shall lead them crown'd with Laurell forth,
 Where in strict bounds, but yet a Theater large
 For Men to make a tryall of their Worth,
 They with aduantage may this Monster charge ;
 So may we reape Repose, and they Delight,
 Whil'st that prodigious Body iustly smart,
 Though fearefull once, then made a pleasant sight;
 Whenlike a Wood it planted is with Darts.

Cræs. I may not spare my Sonne for a respect,
 Which is not needfull now to be made know'n,
 But others shall be sent for that effect,
 That this outrageous Beast may be o're-throw'n ;
 The stately Gallants who attend our Grace
 (That by the World their Valour may be view'd)
 This Enterprise will willingly embrace,
 And not returne, till with his blood imbru'd ;
 I sweare this Monster shall when he is dead ,
 A memorable Monument remaine,
 In *Phobes* Church Men shall admire his Head,
 As *Pithon* spoyles, when by her Brother slaine.

Asiu. Ah wherein Father did I thus offend ?
 Or what vile signe of a degener'd Minde
 Haue you but mark'd in me, whose course may tend
 To the reproach of our imperiall kinde ?

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

An abiect Dastard, who for nought auails,
Whose Worth the World must trust, but neuer try,
As one whose Strength, or then his Courage failes,
Must I in vile Repose in-glorious lye,
Lye like a Wanton by vaine thoughts bewitch'd;
Who spoyl'd of Force, effeminatly liues,
A Peacock poore, with painted Pennes enrich'd,
Yet bare of euery thing which Glory giues;
What Glory giue those glorious Styles to me,
Which by succession fall, not by desert;
Should but my Fame with borrow'd Feathers flye;
For come of Kings, a Kingdome is my part;
Who Honour as Hereditary claimes,
Like Bastards base, doth but his Birth-right blote,
I will not beg my Worth from dead Mens names,
Nor conquer Credite onely by my Coate;
What Comforts this to haue the highest Seate,
And all the Blesse that Maiestie imparts,
If those whom onely we exceed in State,
Be our Superiours in farre better parts;
More then a Crowne true Worth should be esteem'd,
One Fortunes gift, the other is our owne,
By which the Minde from Anguish is redeem'd,
When Fortunes Goods are by her selfe o're-throwne.

Cræf. I see what braue Desires boyle in thy Soule,
And make thee thus magnanimous to be,
This hie-bent Courage nothing can controule,
All *Lydia* is not large enough for thee,
Go, seeke an Empyre equall with thy Minde,
Of which a Crowne is due to euery Thought;
But glories Loue whilst courting in this kinde,
I feare by thine, our Ruine may be wrought:
And pardon me (deare Sonne) great is the Loue
Which makes me watch so warily thy wayes,
A Fathers Fancy what may iustly moie,
Whom such a Danger not in time dismayes;
The Heauen of late aduertis'd me by Dreames,
That some sad Fortune threatned thee too soone,
Each Day some ominous Signe attendance claimes,
Which out of time are mark'd, when all is done :

This

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

This was the cause which hastned vs so much
To haue thee bound to *Himen*; hallow'd law;
This was the cause that all our care was such,
Out of our sight all weapons to withdraw:
Scorne not those Comets which amazement notes,
The starres to mortall states doe bounds designe,
And thinke not onely that my loue but dotes:
For if thou fall, my fate depends on thine.

Atu. Would God I had some meanes once ere my death,
To satisfie that infinite desert,
Which I shall hold, so long as I haue breath,
Deepe registred with reuerence in my heart;
Yet (Sir) wee see this is a naturall thing,
That too excessiue loue engenders feares:
A sport like this can no great perill bring,
Where either all delights the eyes, or eares.
If from my former deeds I now should shrinke,
As voide of Vertue to soft pleasure thrall,
Of your two Sonnes what might your Subiects thinke,
One wanting but one sense, the other all;
What fancies might my late spous'd loue possesse,
To see her husband haresfull in mens sights,
And honours bounds thus basely to transgresse,
As womaniz'd whilst wallowing in delights;
Though women would haue men at their deuotion,
They hate base mindes which hatch no noble motion.

Cræs. Well, well, my Sonne, I see thou must preuaile:
Go, follow forth the chase, vse thine owne forme,
Yet stay, or let my words this much auaille,
Walke with more care to scape this threatned storme;
Thy hawtie sprite to tempt all hazards bent,
I feare transport thee to a fatall strife,
I wish to erre, yet the euent preuent,
Lest that thy courage but betray thy life;
And (deare *Adrastus*) I must let him know,
What benefites I haue bestow'd on thee,
Not to vpbraide thee, no, but so to show
How I may trust thee best thus bound to me;
When thou from *Phrygia* cam'st defil'd with blood,
And a fraternall violat ed loue,

When

The Tragedie of Cressus.

When desp'rate quite thou as distracted stood,
Fled from thy Fathers Face, curst from above,
Thou found me friendly, and my Court thy rest,
A Sanctuary which thy Life did saue;
And Dangers scap't when one hath beene distress'd,
A wary Wisedome by Experience leaue;
Yet all that fauour past, was but a signe
Of generous Greatnesse, which would gracious proue;
But in thy Hands my Soule I'll now consign,
And giue the greatest Pledge, which can binde Loue:
Behold how *Atis* of our Age the Shield,
Whose harne as you haue heard, I fear'd ere now,
Is for his pastime to goe range the Field,
And with his custodie He credit you;
I must my Friend euen feruently exhort,
Wait on my Sonne, remember of my Dreame,
This dangerously delectable Sport
Doth make me feare the Griefe exceed the Game.

Adrast. I neuer shall those Courtesies neglect:
It irke's me not to thinke, nor heare the same,
For whilst this Sprite those Members doth direct,
All shall concurre to celebrate your Fame;
Yet were you pleas'd, I would not hence depart,
Who doe all things which Mirth may moue abhorre,
But with my Passions heere (retyr'd apart)
Would waile Woe past, and shunne all cause of more;
For if I would abandon my Annoyes,
I feare my fellowship infect with Woe
Those who themselves would recreate with Ioyes:
Still strange Mishaps attend me where I goe.
But since you will commit this Charge to me,
Your Maiestie I'll study to content,
At least my Faith shall from Defects be free,
And all my paines shall as you please be spent.

Atis. Now bent to see this Monsters ougly Shape,
With an enflam'd Desire my Thoughts doe burne,
And Father feare not; dreame of no Mishap,
I hope with speed victorious to returne.

Calia. Returne? and whither Loue? O deadly Word!
That doth import thy parting from my sight,

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

I heard the name Mishap, ah (my deare Lord)
 Should such strict Limits bound so large Delight &
 O cruell to thy selfe, vnkinde to me!
 And canst thou condescend to leaue me so &
 If ere in doubt abandoned I be,
 It may deferre, but not defraud my woe &
 This might indeed to thee yeeld some reliefe
 To haue thy cares not wounded by my mone,
 But would wound me with a continuall Griefe,
 To feare all things, where I should feare but one;
 Desist in time from this intended strife,
 A course too rash, and not approu'd by me,
 Remember, I haue interest in thy life,
 VVhich thus to venter, I doe not agree;
 Hast thou not giuen a prooffe in thy greene Prime;
 That may content the most ambitious Hopes &
 VVhil'st *Atia* was his owne, then was it time
 To follow Fancies vnconfined Scopes;
 Thy selfe then onely camp'd in Fortunes bounds,
 Thou do'st endanger *Calia* likewise now;
 You sigh her breath, shee suffers in your woundes,
 You liue in her, and shee must dye in you.

Atia. Life of my Soule, how doe such broken speeches,
 From troubled Passions thus abruptly rise &
 I know (my Loue) thy Loue my Minde o're-reaches:
 Affection schoold with Feares, is too too wise;
 I goe alongst the Fields, for sport to range;
 Thy sighes doe but my Soule with Sorrow fill;
 And pardon (Deare) I finde this wondrous strange,
 Thou neuer did till now resist my will;
 If I trespassed in ought against my duetie
 VVhich makes thee thus my constancy mistrust,
 Mistrust not yet the Chaines of thine owne Beantie
 VVhich binde all my Desires, and so they must;
 Are we not now made one & such feares o're-come,
 Thought I would flie, my selfe my selfe doth setter,
 And if that I would flie, from whom & to whom &
 I can loue none so well, none loues me better;
 Haue pittie of those Pearles (sweet Eyes, Soules Pleasures)
 Lest they presage what thou would not haue done,

The

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

The Heauens had not giuen me those pretious Treasures
Of such perfections to be spoyl'd so soone.

CHORVS.

THose who command aboue
High Presidents of Heauen,
By whom all things doe moue
As they haue ordour giuen,
What Worldling can arise
Against them to repine,
Whil'st castel'd in the Skyes,
With prouidence diuine;
They force this peopled Round
Their Iudgements to confesse,
And in their Wrath confound
Proud Mortals who transgresse
The Conenant they made
With Nature in Heauens steade.

Base brood of Earth, vaine Man,
Vvhy brag'st thou of thy might;
The Heauens thy courses scan,
Thou walk'st still in their sight;
Ere thou wast borne, thy deeds
Their Registers dilate,
And thinke that none exceeds
The compasse of his Fate;
Vvhat Heauens would haue thee to,
Though they thy wayes abhorre,
That thou of force must do,
And thou may doe no more:
This Reason would fulfill,
Their worke should serue their will.

Are we not Heires of Death,
In whom there is no trust,
Vvho toss'd with cirkling breath
Are but a dramme of dust;

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Yet Fooles when as we erre,
And doe Heauens Wrath contract,
If they a while deferre
Iust Vengeance to exact,
Pride in our bosome creepes,
And mis-informes vs thus,
That the Eternall sleepes,
Or takes no care of vs :
The Eye of Heauen beholds
What euery Heart enfolds.

The Gods digest no crime,
Though they delaying long
In the Offenders time,
Seeme to neglect a Wrong:
Till others of their Race
Fill vp the Cup of Wrath,
Whom Ruine and Disgrace,
Long time attended hath;
And *Giges* fault we feare,
To *Cræsus* charge be lay'd,
Which I O V E will not forbear,
Though it be long delay'd:
For O sometimes the Gods,
Must plague Sinne with sharpe Rods.

And loe how *Cræsus* still
Tormented in his minde,
Like a Reed vpon a Hill,
Doth quake at euery Winde,
Each step a terrour brings,
Dreames doe by Night afflict him,
And by Day many things,
All his Thoughts doe conuict him;
He his Starre would controule,
This makes Euill not the worst,
Whil'st wounding his own Soule,
With apprehensions first:
Man may his Fate foresee,
But not shunne Heauens decree.

The Tragedie of Cressus.

Act. IIII. Scene. I.

ADRASTVS, CRÆSVS, CHORVS.

C (times,
An Heauen behold one stand to staine these
Yet to the Stygian streams not headlōgs hurld;
And can earth bear one burdēd with such cryms
As may prouoke the Wrath of all the World;
Why sends not I O V E to haue my course confin'd,
A death-denouncing Flash of rumbling Thunder;
Else roaring terrour, clouds of circling Winde,
By violence to teare me all asunder;
What Corner yet vnknown from Men remoon'd,
Both burn'd with Rage, and freezing in Despaire,
Shall I goe now possesse to be approou'd,
Where none but Monsters like my selfe repaire;
I'll goe indeed whom all the World detests,
Who haue no int'rest in the fieldes of blisse,
And barbarize amongst the brutish beasts,
Where Tigers rage, Toades spue, and Serpents hisse;
Yet though in some vaste Zone, I finde a Field,
Where Melancholy might a Monarke be,
Whil'st silent Deserts not one person yeeld
To shrink for horror when beholding me;
Yet of my Deeds which all the World doe tell,
This can not raze the still proclaimed Scroule,
Since in my brest I beare about my hell,
And can not scape the Horrors of my Soule.
Those fearefull Monsters of confus'd Aspects,
Chimera, Gorgon, Hydra, Plutoes Apes,
Which in the World wrought wonderfull Effects,
And borrow'd from infernall Shades their Shapes,
Their deuilish Formes which did the World amaze,
Not halfe so monstrous as my selfe I finde,
When on mine owne deformities I gaze,
Amidst blacke depths of a polluted Minde;
No, but my Minde vntainted still remaines,
My Thoughts in this Delicte haue had no part,

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Which but by accident this foule fact stains,
My hands had no commission from my heart;
Yet whether it was Fortune, or my Fate,
Or some hell-hag, which did direct my arme;
The Lydians plague, I haue vn-done your State,
And am the instrument of all their harme:
Then Mountaines fall, and bruise me by your rounds,
Your hights may hide me from the wrath of Heauen;
But this not needs, since me my fault confounds:
With my offence no torment can be euen.
Ah, of what desert shall I now make choice
To flie the count'nance of an angry King?
I know the venging Sword of *Cræsus* voice,
To wound my Soule, hostes of rebukes doth bring;
The patterne of distresse, I'll stand alone,
A memorable Monster of mishap;
For though *Pandoras* plagues were powr'd in one,
All were too few, so vile a wretch to trap.

Chorus. O how the King is mou'd at *his* death!
His Face the pourtrait of a Passion beares,
With bended eyes, crost armes, and quiuering breath,
His Princely robe he desperatly teares;
Loe, with a silent pirtie-pleading looke,
Which shewes with sorrow mixt a high disdain,
He (whilst his Soule seemes to dissolue in smoake)
Whiles eyes the corps, whiles him who hath it slaine.

Cræf. Thou ruthlesse Tyrant, ruine of my blisse,
And didst thou so disguise thy deuilish nature
To recompence my courtesies with this?
Ah cruell wretch, abominable creature!
Thy Tygrish Minde what wit could well detest?
In mortall breasts so great barbaritie?
What froward Sprite could but such spight suspect?
In hospitalitie hostilitie?
Did I reuiue thee when thy hopes were dead,
When as thy life thy parents had not spared?
And hauing heapt such fauours on thy head,
Is this? Is this? *Chor.* He would say the reward.

Adraff. I grant what you alledge, and more is true,
I haue vnto the hight of hatred runne:

The Tragedie of Cressida.

A blood-stain'd wretch who merite not to view
The rolling Circles, nor the Rayie Sunne;
No kinde of Art I purpose now to vse
To colour this my crime, which might seeme lesse,
Whilst painted with a pittiefull excuse:
No, it is worse then words can well expresse;
Nor goe I thus, to aggrauat my crime,
And damne my selfe, to be absolu'd by others,
No, no, such Rhetoricke comes out of time:
I'le not suruiue his death, as erst my brothers,
Whose fatall fall If I had followed straight,
(As then indeed I dy'd from all delight)
I had not groan'd, charg'd with this inward weight,
But slept with shadowes in eternall night:
Yet must I die at last (though late) growne wise,
This in my minde most discontentment breeds:
A thousand torturing deathes can not suffice
To plague condignely for so haynous deeds,
If that reuenge Elysian Guests delights,
On *Achilles* tombe I'le offer vp my blood:
No fitter offering for infernall sprights,
Then one, in whom they raig'n'd, while as he stood:
The furies oft in me infus'd their rage,
And in my bosome did their Serpents place,
Whose Indignation labouring to assuage,
Huge hellish horrors spoild my thoughts of peace.

Cressida. I finde (poore wretch) when deeply I designe
The fatall meanes which did inflict this wound,
That not thy malice, but some fault of mine,
Of both our griefes hath beene the reall ground.
Whilst barely with a superficail wit
We weigh the out-side of such strange euents,
If but the mediate meanes our Iudgements hit,
We search not the first cause, that much contents:
But when prodigious accidents fall out,
Though they amaze our mindes, and so they must,
The cause of all comes from our selfe no doubt:
Ah man hath sin'd; the Heauens are alwayes iust:
In Iudgment now whilst entring with my Soule,
Those partiall thoughts which flattered me decline:

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Loe, marking of past wrongs the burd'uous scroule,
Free from false colours, which did mock my mind:
O then I see how Heauen to plague me strues,
Whilst vengeance due saue ruine nought can end;
Thus once the Gods must ballance worldlings liues,
Both what we did, and what we did intend:
Sonne, Sonne, my faults they haue procur'd thy fall,
Thus guilty of thy blood, I gaue the wound
Which gaue thee death, and whose remembrance shall
My life each day with many deathes confound.
Of I O V E inuult the Statutes I contemne,
And if I were confronted with the Gods,
Their providence as partiall would condemne,
Who in such sort doe exercise their rods.
He thus now kill'd, with life to let me go,
May breed reproach to all the pow'rs diuine:
But ah they knew no death could grieue me so,
As that, which through his heart was aym'd at mine;
Now all the world those Deities may despise,
Which strike the guiltlesse, and the guilty spare;
Cease haplesse man to plague thy selfe thus wise,
I pardon thee, and pittie thy despaire.

Adrast. O rigorous Iudgment! O outrageous Fate!
Must I suruiue the Funeralls of my Fame?
All things which I behold, vpbraide my state,
Too many monuments of one mans shame,
All (and none more then I) my deeds detest,
Yet some waile want of friends, and I of foes
To purge the world of such a dangerous pest,
Borne but to be an instrument of woes;
To charge this brest where all Helles hostes remaine,
Seaz'd with iust feare (it seemes) none dare dispatch;
Else this base charge as odious doe disclaime
To deale with Death in fauour of a wretch;
Or must I yet till more detested stand,
And fill the World with horror of my name?
What further mischiefe can require my hand?
Must it engraue on others graues my shame?
Or would some bastard thought lifes cause debate,
Which in the blasted field of comfort gleanes:

No,

The Tragedie of Cæsar.

No, no, in spite of Heauen Ille force my Fate,
One, when resolu'd to die, can not want meanes:
Proud Tyrant Death, and must thou make it strange
To wrap my wearied Soule in further strife?
Vnlesse my Courage with my Fortune change,
Though nothing else, I can command my life;
But this (ay me) all hope of help deuoures,
What gaines my Soule by death in those sad times,
If potent still in all her wonted pow'rs,
She must remember of my odious crimes?
Whar though vn-bodied shee the world forsake,
Yet from her conscience can not be diuorc'd,
This will but vexé her at the shadowie Lake,
Till euen to grone the God of Ghosts be forc'd;
But welcome Death, and O would God I had
Lesse famous, or more fortunately liu'd,
Then knowne if good, and kept obscure if bad,
Of Comfort quite I had not beene depriv'd;
Ah haue I liu'd to see my Ladie die?
And die for me, whose faith she neuer prou'ds
Ah haue I liu'd (vnnaturall man) to be
My brothers inurtherer who me dearly lou'd?
Ah haue I liu'd with my owne hands to kill
A gallant Prince committed to my charge:
And doe I gaze on the dead bodie still,
And in his Fathers sight my shame enlarge?
Ah haue I liu'd whilst men my deeds doe scan,
To be the obiect of contempt and hate:
Of all abhorr'd as a most monstrous man,
Since thought a Traitor (or as euill) ingrate;
Yet with my blood I'le wash away this staine,
Which grieke to you, to me disgrace hath brought,
Would God my name from mindes might raz'd remaine
To make my life as an vnacted thought;
Braue *Attus* now I come to plead for grace,
Although thou frown'st on my affrighted Ghost,
And to reuenge thy wrong this wound embrace,
Thus, thus I toyle to gaine the Stygian coast.

Chorus. Lo, how he wounds himselfe despying paine,
With loaden lights, weake legs, and head declin'd,

The

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

The bodie beates the ground, as in disdain
That of her members one hath prou'd vnkinde;
The fainting hand falles trembling from the Sword,
With this micidiall blow for shame growne red,
Which straight the blood pursues, with vengeance stor'd,
To drowne the same with the same floods it shed;
Who of those parties can the combat show,
Where both but one, one both strooke and sustain'd?
Or who triumphes for this most strange o're-throw,
Where as the Victor lost, the vanquish'd gain'd?

Cræ. Cutt'd eyes, what suddain change hath drown'd your
And made your niirth-full obiects mournfull now? (lights
Ye that were still inur'd to stately fights,
Since seated vnder an imperiall brow,
Ah clouded now with vapours draw'n from cares
Are low throw'n down amidst a hell of griefe,
And haue no prospect, but my Soules despair
Of all the furies which afflict me, chiefe.
O dead *Adrastus*, I absolue thy Ghost,
Whose hand (I see) some destinie did charme,
Thou hated by the Heauens, wast to thy cost
An accidentall actor of our harme;
No doubt some angrie God hath lay'd this snare,
And whilst thy purpose was the Boare to kill,
Did intercept thy shaft amidst the aire,
And threw it at my Sonne, against thy will.
Ah Sonne, must I be witnessse of thy death,
Who view thee thus by violence to bleed,
And yet want one on whom to poure my wrath,
To take iust vengeance for so vile a dead?
This wretch, whose guiltlesse minde hath clear'd his hand,
Loe, for his error grien'd, vnforc'd doth fall,
And not as one who did in danger stand:
For still he liu'd till I forgau him all.
Thus haue I but the Heauens on whom I may
Blast forth the tempest of a troubled minde;
And in my Soules distresse I griue to say
That greater fauour I deseru'd to finde.

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Act. I I I I. Scene. II.

SANDANIS, CRÆSVS.



Hy spend you (Sir) with sighes that Princely
breath,
Which nought but words of Sou'raignty should
breed,

O weak reuenge for one when wrōg'd by death
To grace his glory with a mourning weed !
The Tyrant pale, who doth in darknesse raigne,
And shot the fatall shaft, which kill'd your Ioyes,
Should you reare Trophees to adorne his gaine,
And weare his Liurey, wallowing in annoves ?
No, though he might this outward blesse o're-throw,
And you (saue you) of all things else might spoyle,
Yet whilst of one, who yeelds no signe you show,
You still triumph, and he receiues the foyle ;
Those floods of sorrow, which would drowne your Soule,
In baser brests might better be excus'd,
Since wanting sprit their Passions to controule,
As from their birth still to subiection vs'd.
But you, in whom high thoughts by nature grow,
To this decay, how is your vertue come ?
I blush to see my Soueraigne brought so low,
And Maiestie by misery o're come ;
Nor doe I thus to make you stupid sturue,
As one vnaturall, wanting sense to smart ;
No, none a Prince of kindnesse can depriue
The honour'd badge of an Heroike heart.
That pow'r supream, by which great States doe stand,
Should but affection order, not yndoe ;
And I could wish you might your selfe command,
Which though you may not well, yet seeme to doe.

Cræs. I will not heare rehearse enlarging woes,
On what iust Reasons now my grieve I ground,
But still will entertaine my comforts foes,
Whilst many thousand thoughts my Soule doe wound ;
What pensiue pensill euer limm'd aright
The sad conceares of Soule-consuming grieve ?

Ah words are weake to shew the swelling hight
Of inward anguish despr'at of reliefe.
Though many Monarches iealously despise
The rising Sunne that their declining staines,
And hate the heire who by their fall must rise,
As grieu'd to heare of death, or others raignes;
My loue tow'rds *Ant.* otherwise appear'd,
Whom, whilst for him I did my cares engage,
I as a Father lou'd, as King not fear'd,
The comfort, not the combre of mine age;
And had he me (as Reason would) suruiu'd,
Who glanc'd, and vanish'd like to Lightning flashes,
Then Death of Life me could not haue depriu'd,
Whilst such a Phoenix had requiu'd my ashes.

San. Let not those woes ecclypse your Vertues light.

Cæ. Ah Rage and Griefe must once be at a hight.

San. Striue off your sorrowes (Sir) to stop the source.

Cæ. These salt Eie-floods must flow, & haue their course.

San. That is not Kingly. *Cæ.* And yet it is kindly,
Where Passions dominie, they gouerne blindly.

San. Such woefull plaints can not repaire your state.

Cæ. Vnhappie soules at least may waile their fate;
The meanest comfort that you can returne
Is in calamity a leaue to mourne.

San. What Stoick strange who most precise appears,
Could that Youths death with tearelesse Eyes behold,
In all perfections rype, though greene in yeares,
A hoarie iudgment vnder lockes of gold:
No, no man liues, but must lament to see
The worlds chiefe hope euen in the blossome choak'd,
But men can not controule the Heauens decree,
And what is done, can neuer be reuok'd.
Let not this losse with griefe torment you more;
Of which a part with you your Countie beares:
If wailing could your ruin'd state restore
Soules charg'd with griefe should saile in Seas of teares;
Least all our comfort dash against one shelve,
And his vn-timely death occasion yours,
Haue pity of your people, spare your selfe,
If not to your owne vse, yet vnto ours.

Cæ.

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Cræ. When *Sandani* I first thy faith did finde,
Thou dy'd'st so deeply in my bosome then,
That since thou wast entrusted with my minde,
And knew what I conceal'd from other Men:
Behold I goe to open vp to you
(Chiefe Treasurer of all my secrets stil)

What high designe my thoughts are hatching now,
A Physick in some sort to ease my ill,
This may vnto my soule yeeld some reliefe,
And for displeasures past may much content,
Or else must purchase partners in my griefe,
If not for me, yet with me to lament.

Sas. This benefite must binde me with the rest
To serue your Maiestie, and hold you deare,
And I'll be free with you, yet I protest,
That what I friendly speake, you freely heare.

Cræ. Since that it hath not pleas'd the Heauenly pow'rs,
That of my off-spring I might comfort claime,
Yet least the rauinous course of flying houres
Should make a prey of my respected name,
I would engender such a generous brood,
That the vn-borne might know how I haue liu'd,
And this no doubt would doe my Ghost great good,
By famous victories to be requir'd:
I hope to soare with Fames immortall wings,
Vnlesse my hie-bent Thoughts themselves deceaue,
That hauing acted admirable things
I Death may scorne, triumphing o're the graue;
Yet haue I not so setled my conceate
That all opinions are to be despyl'd,
A good aduice can neuer come too late,
This is the purpose which I haue deuiz'd:
Some Scythian sheep-herds in a high disdain,
As trusted Fame yet constantly relates,
To plague some Medes with a remorsfull paine,
Did entertaine them with *Thiebes* meates,
And to content their more then Tigrish wishes,
They with the infants flesh the Parents fed,
Who not suspecting such polluted dishes,
Did in their bowels burie whom they bred,

Then

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Then after this abominable crime,
They fled with haste vnto my Fathers Court,
And first informers courting trust in time,
Did as they pleas'd, of what was past report;
Whilst they (saue what them help'd) all things suppress'd,
Milde Pitié pleading for Afflictions part,
His generous Minde still tendring the distrest,
Was wonne to them by this Sinonick Art.

Sad. Oft men of Iudges thence haue parties gone,
Where both their eares were patent but to one.

Cræs. Then *Ciaxare* Monarch of the Medes,
To prosecute those fugitiues to death,
In indignation of my Fathers deeds:
Did bragge them both with all the words of wrath;
My Father thinking that his Court should be
A Sanctuarie Supplicants to saue,
Did leuie men, that all the World might see,
In spite of pow'r that weakenesse helpe should haue.
Thus mortall warres on euery side proclaim'd,
With mutuall damage did continue long,
Till both the Armies by Bellona tam'd,
Did irke to venge, or to maintaine a wrong:
It chane'd whilst Peace was at the highest dearth,
That all their forces did with furie fight,
A suddaine darknesse courtain'd vp the Earth,
And did by violence displace the light,
I thinke the Sonne for *Phæton* lookt sad,
Else blush'd te-flecting blood, like them he saw:
For (as when wrong'd of old) with grieve gone mad;
He from the World his Wagon did with-draw;
Yet Ignorance which doth confusion breed
By wresting Natures course found cause of feares,
Which error did so happily succeed,
That it a concord caus'd, and truce from teares,
Then straight there was a perfect peace begunne,
And that it might more constantly indure,
Astages the King of *Medias* Sonne,
To be his Queene my sister did procure;
A deadly rancor reconcil'd againe,
With consanguinity would seal'd remaine.

Cræs.

The Tragedie of Cressus.

Cres. He, since his Fathers age-worne course expy'd,
Hath rul'd his people free from blood or stryfe,
Till now a Viper hath his death conspyr'd,
Who from his loynes extracted had his life:
I meane by *Cyrus* base *Cambyses* brood,
Who by a Bitch, nurst with the Countrey Swaines,
No signe obseru'd importing Princely blood:
The doggish nature of his nurse retaines.
He came against his Grand-father to field,
And vn-expected with a mighty pow'r,
His forces forc'd, did force himselfe to yeeld,
Who (captiue kept) now waites for death each how'r.
That you may marke how great my int'rest is,
This ruthfull storie I did largely touch;
Those circumstances shew that shame of his
Doth from our glory derogate too much;
Dare any Prince presume to trouble thus
One whom our Kingdomes fauour should defend:
In strict affinitie combin'd with vs,
Yet not regarded for so great a friend.
This with some Ioy doth smooth my stormy Minde,
Whilst I for Medes against the Persians goe,
I hope that both by braue Effects shall finde
How kinde a friend I proue, how fierce a foe.

San. Though Natures Law you car'd not to transgresse,
Nor this your wrong'd allie would not repare;
Yet the regard to Monarches in distresse
Should moue the mighty with a mutuall care;
Those terrours too which thunder in your eare,
I thinke the Lydians will not well allow,
For when the Cedar falles, the Oake may feare,
That which o're-throws the Medes may trouble you.
And when a Neighbours house they burning view,
Then their owne dangers men may apprehend,
It better is with others to pursue,
Then be when but alone, forc'd to defend.
Ah this is but the out-side of your course,
A dangerous ambush, which ambition plants,
There may come Riuers raging from this source,
To drown your state, whilst fancies nothing daunts;

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

I know those new-borne Monsters of your minde
Haue arm'd your rauish'd thoughts with faire conceats,
Yet may those wonders which you haue diuin'd,
Prone traiterous proiects, painted for deceats;
And (pardon Sir) it is not good to be
Too rashly stout, nor curiously wise,
Least that you leaue that which we certaine see,
And not attaine to that which you deuise.

Cræ. I grant indeed (this very few shall know)
Though I professe but to relieue my friend,
My thoughts designe, as the successe may show,
And not without great cause, a greater end:
You see how Fortune nought but change affects,
Some are reproch'd, that others may be prais'd,
And euery age brings foorth some strange effects,
Some Men must fall that others may be rais'd:
I doubt not, you haue heard who was the first,
For warring with the world, whom Fame reuiues,
Of Soueraignie who had so great a thirst,
That it could not be quenched with thousands liues:
Euen he who first obtain'd the name of IOVE,
And rests reputed for his glorious acts
The most imperious of the pow'rs above,
Who vowes and offerings of the world exacts;
He all his time in state did terroure breath,
Borne to acquaint the world with warre, and dearth,
Whilst fertile still in miserie, and death,
Two fatall furies to afflict the Earth;
Yet since his course (the worlds first plague) was past,
When his proud race had many ages rain'd,
That Empire too did perish at the last,
And what it lost, by martiall Medes was gain'd;
This was the cause of that great Kingdomes fall;
A Prince who could not iudge of Princely parts,
With losse of Scepter, Honour, Life, and all,
To buy base Ioyes, sold all his Subiects hearts;
To that distrest Monarchies decay,
Aspiring Persians purpose to succeed:
But I intend their losstie course to stay,
And that in time, ere that it throughly speed;

The Tragedie of Cæsar.

The Persians once the Lydians force must proue,
And, O! who knowes but that it is ordain'd
At the tribunall of the States aboue
That I should raigne where famous *Ninus* raign'd;
This all the hoste of Heauen oft-times foretels,
To this the Gods of Greece my minde haue mou'd,
And he that in Arabiæ's Desart dwels,
By his response this enterprize approu'd.

See. Thus still in loue with what we minde to doe,
What we affect, we fairest still conceaue,
This feeds our humour, whilst (selfe-flatterers) loe,
To shew our wit, we would our selues deceaue;
Vaine hopes so maske all doubts, you can not spy
What secret danger this designe doth beare;
But whilst well view'd with an indifferent Eye,
There want not grounds, where fore-sight may finde feare:
You vnaduis'dly purpose to pursue
A barbarous people, which are foes to peace,
Who but by robbery to their greatnesse grew,
And would for each light cause, the warres embrace;
No dainty silkes, dyt in Assyrian Dye
Do deck their bodies, to abase their Mindes,
Skinnes rest from beastes them cloath, who danger plye,
Not mou'd by flattering Sunnes, nor bragging Windes;
They simplie feed, and are not grieu'd each day
With stomacks cloy'd, decocting diuerse meates,
They fare not as they would, but as they may,
Of Iudgement sound, not carried with conceates.
Those ancient customes which they strictly hold,
Make all things easie, that they feele no paine,
This cooles the Sommers heate, kils Winters cold,
This makes the Rivers dry, the Mountaines plaine.
Those whose ambition Pouertie did bound,
Of *Lydias* dainties if they once do taste,
Will haue in hatred straight their barren ground,
And all our Treasures insolently waste;
To gouerne such, although that we preuaile,
You shall but buy vexation with your blood,
And doe your selfe, and yours. if Fortune faile,
From Soueraignty (by time secur'd) seclude;

Yea, though this rash desire your Iudgment blindes,
I for my part must praise the Gods for you,
Who haue not yet inspir'd the Persians Mindes
To waste with warre all *Lydia* long ere now.

Cress. Those flames, which burne my brest, must once burst
Your counsell for more quiet mindes I leaue, (out,
And be you still thought wise, so I proue stout,
I'll conquer more, or loose the thing I haue.

C O E L I A.

A H, am I forc'd out of afflictions store,
For my mindes ease a few sad words to straine?
Yet but vn-lode it now, to lode it more,
I empty but mine eye to fill againe;
My Soule must sound euen as my Passions strike,
Whilst sighes and teares would faine afford reliefe,
My brest and eyes are both accurst alike,
The Cabinet of Cate, the Caues of Griefe;
O cruell Heauen, fierce Starre, vnhappy Fate,
Too foule iniustice of Celestiall Pow'rs!
Whose high disdain to me with partiall hate
The comfort of the World (poore World) deuoures:
Curst be the Day in which I first was borne,
When lying tongues affirm'd I came to light,
A monstrous blasphemie, a mighty scorne,
Since where darke Sorrow breeds an endlesse Night;
Would God I then had chanc'd this life to leaue,
The Tombe straight taking what the Wombe did giue,
Then alwaycs buried, changing but the Graue,
I had not liu'd to dye, but dy'd to liue.
What profited to me my Parents Ioyes,
Who with such Pompe did solemnize my Birth,
Since still my Soule must flote amidst Annoyes,
So to defray one dramme of tasted Mirth;
And it did onely serue to make me know
The hight of Horroir, threatening to succeed;
I was but rais'd vp high, to be brought low.
That short-liu'd Ioyes might endlesse Anguish breed;
Whilst

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Whilst nothing did for my confusion lacke,
All my best deeds did but betray my State,
My Vertues too were guiltie of my wracke,
And warr'd against me, banded with my Fate;
For whilst my Virgin-yeeres with praise I past,
Which did (ah that it did) too much import,
My modest Eye told that my Minde was chaste,
Which gain'd the warrant of the Worlds report:
And all should haue a great respect to Fame,
No greater Dowrie then a spotlesse Name.
Faire Beauties Goddesses, thou canst beare record
My Off ring neuer made thine Altar rich;
Lascinious Fancies highly I abhor'd,
Whole free-borne Thoughts no follie could bewitch;
Till happily (ah so it seem'd to some)
Ah but unhappily the end hath prou'd,
All this, and more, to *Atu* eares did come,
Who straight was lyk't, and after lyking lou'd;
He to our eares his purpose did impart,
Not lip sick-louer-like, with words farre sought,
Whole Tongue was but an Agent for his Heart,
Yet could not tell the tenth part that it thought;
And least his trauels should haue seem'd to tend
My Honours Fame by Fancies to betray,
He brought his wishes to a lawfull end,
And in effect affection did bewray,
Their *Iuno* President of wedlocks vow,
And *Hymen* with his odoriferous cote,
With sacred customes did our loue allow,
Whilst ominous Owles no crosses did denote;
The blessing that this marriage did procure,
It was too great to haue continued long:
A thing too vehement can not endure,
Our Ioyes farre past the reach of any tongue;
We euer did full satisfaction finde,
Yet with sauetie were neuer cloy'd,
But seem'd two bodies, manag'd by one Minde,
Such was the happinesse that I enioy'd;
He lou'd me dearly, I obey'd his will,
Proud of my selfe, because that I was his,

The Tragedie of Crasus.

harmony remain'd betwixt vs still,
Who each in others plac'd their soules chiefe blisse:
his moou'd Immortals to a high disdain,
hat thus two worldlings who of Death were heires,
ould in a Paradise of Ioyes remaine,
Which did exceed, at least did equall theirs;
ut chiefly Iuno did despight it most,
Who through a Iealousie still iarres with Iovs,
hat bodie-prison'd Soules of that could boast,
Which she (although Heauens Queen) had not about:
Thus euen for enuie of our rare Delights,
The fatall Sisters (by the Heauens suborn'd)
Of my Soules Treasure clos'd the louely lights,
by which they thought the earth too much adorn'd.
But he is not dead, he liues in me,
ah, but I liue not: for I dy'd in him:
How can the o-ne without the other be?
If Death haue set his Eyes, mine must looke dim;
ince to my sight that Sunne no more appear'd,
from whom my beauties borrowed all their Rayes:
A long ecclypse, which neuer shall be clear'd
hath darkened all the points of my sad dayes;
By me, I liue too long, he dy'd too soone,
Thus still the worst remaine, the best depart,
Of him who told how this blacke deed was done
The words like swords shall euer wound my heart.
Pierce Tyrant Death, who in thy wrath didst take
One halfe of me, and left one halfe behinde:
Take this to thee, or giue the other backe,
Be wholly cruell, or be no way kind;
But whilst I liue (beleue) thou canst not dye,
O euen in spite of Death, yet still my choyce,
Oft with the inward al-beholding Eye,
I thinke I see thee, and I heare thy voyce;
And to content my languishing desire
To ease my minde each thing some helpe affords,
Thy fancied forme doth whiles such faith acquire,
That in all sounds I apprehend thy words:
Then with such thoughts my memorie to wound,
I call to minde thy lookes, thy words, thy grace,

Where

The Tragedie of Cressus.

Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground,
And where thou slept, O sacred seemes that place !
My solitary walkes, my widow'd bed,
My driery sighes, my sheets oft bath'd with teares,
These can record the life that I haue led,
Since first sad newes breath'd death into mine eares.
Though for more paine, yet spar'd a space by Death,
Thee first I lou'd, with thee all loue I leaue:
For my chaste flames, which quench'd were with thy breath
Can kindle now no more but in thy graue,
By night I wish for day, by day for night,
Yet wish farre more, that none of both might be;
But most of all, that banish'd from the light,
I were no more, their constant change to see.
At night whilst pond'ring whyles my desp'rate State,
I go to summe with sighes my wonted Ioyes,
An agony, then in a sad conceate,
Doth blot the blubred compt with new Annoyes ;
When Sleepe the brother most resembling Death,
Of Darkenesse childe, and Father vnto rest,
Doth bound, (though not confine) confused breath,
That it may vent, but not with words exprest;
Then with my sprite thou ent'rest whyles to speake
With suggred speeches to appease my grieffe,
And my hurt heart, which labour'd long to breake,
Doth in this comfort fain'd finde some reliefe ;
Yea, if our soules remain'd vnited so,
This late diuorcement would not vex me Minde,
But when I waken, it augments my woe,
Whilst this a dreame, and me a wretch I finde,
If neuer happy, O thryse happy I !
But happy more had happinesse remain'd,
Yet then excessiue Ioy had made me dye:
Such huge Delights, what heart could haue sustain'd
Why walte I thus, whilst vainely I lament,
The pretious Treasure of that swift past time ?
Ah, pardon me (deare Loue) for I repent
My lingring heere, my Fate, and not my crime!
Since first thy body did enrich the Tombe,
In this spoyl'd world, my Eye no pleasure sees,

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

nd *Miu*, *Miu*, loe, I come, I come,
o be thy Mate, amongst the Mirtle trees.

CHORVS.

LOe all our time, euen from our birth
In miserie all most exceeds:
For where we finde a moments mirth,
A Month of mourning still succeeds;
Besides the Euils which Nature breeds,
Whose paines doe vs each day appall,
Infirmities which frailtie sends,
The losse of that which Fortune lends;
And such disasters as oft fall,
Yet to farre worse our states are thrall,
Whilst wretched Man with Man contends,
And euery one his whole force bends
How to procure anothers losses,
But this torments vs most of all:
The Minde of Man, which many fancie tosses,
Doth forge vnto it selfe a thousand crosses.

O how the Soule with all her might
Doth her celestiaall forces straine,
That so she may attaine the light
Of Natures wonders, which remaine
Hid from our eyes; we striue in vaine
To seeke out things which are vsure:
In Sciences to seeme profound,
We diue so deepe, we finde no ground,
And the more knowledge we procure,
The more it doth our mindes allure
Of misteries the depth to sound,
Thus our desires we neuer bound,
Which by degrees thus draw'n on still,
The memory may not endure;
But like the Tubs which *Danaus* Daughters fill,
Doth drinke no oftner then constrained to spill.

Yet

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Yet how comes this? and O how can
Cleare Knowledge thus the Soules chiefe Treasure
Be cause of such a crosse to Man,
Which should afford him greatest pleasure?
This is because we can not measure
The limits which to it belong,
But (bent to tempt forbidden things)
Doe soare too high with Natures wings,
Still weakest whilst we thinke vs strong;
The Heauens which hold we doe them wrong
To trie what in suspence still hings,
This crosse vpon vs iustly brings:
With knowledge, knowledge is confus'd,
And growes a griefe ere it be long;
That which a blessing is when rightly vs'd,
Doth grow the greatest crosse, when once abus'd.

Ah what anailes this vnto vs,
Who in this vaile of woes abide,
With endlesse toyles to study thus
To learne the thing which Heauen wold hide?
And trusting to too blinde a guide,
To spy the Planets how they moue,
And too (transgressing common Barres)
The constellation of the Starres,
And all which is decreed aboue,
Whereof (as oft the end doth proue)
A secret sight our well-fare marres,
And in our breasts breeds endlesse Warres,
Whilst what our Horoscopes foretell,
Our expectations doe disproue,
Those apprehended plagues, prone such a hell.
That then we would vnknow them till they sell.

This is the pest of great Estates,
They by a thousand meanes deuise
How to fore-know their doubtfull Fates;
And like new Giants scale the Skies,
Heauens secret store-house to surprise;
Which sacrilegious skill we see

The Tragedie of Cæsus.

With what great paine they apprehend it,
And then how foolishly they spend it,
To learne the thing which once must be;
Why should we seeke our destinie?
If it be good, we long attend it,
If it be euill none may amend it:
Such knowledge further rest exiles,
'Tis best to bide the Heauens decree:
For those whom this ambiguous Art beguiles,
May change their Fate, and make their fortune whiles,

And loe of late, what hath our King
By his præpost'rous trauels gain'd,
In searching out each threatned thing,
Which *his* Horoscope contain'd?
For what the Heauens had once ordain'd,
That by no meanes he could preuent;
And yet he labours to finde out
Through all the Oracles about,
Of future things the hid euents.
This doth his rauing Minde torment:
(Now in his age vnwisely stout)
To fight with *Cyrus*, but no doubt
The Heauens are grieu'd thus to hear: told
Long ere the time their darke intent,
Let such of *Tantalus* the state behold,
Who dare I o v s cloudy Secrecies vnfold.

Act. v. Scene. i.

CYRVS, HARPAGVS.



Et vs triumph attended by those thralls,
Whose greatnes brought to end, ours but begins;
They forfeited their glory by their falles;
No hand which fights is pure, saue that which
winnes:
The world which whilst we warr'd did doubtfull stand,
As for the one a destinated prey,

Saw

The Tragedie of Cæsar.

Saw how the Heauens plac'd Lightning in my hand
Those thundring downe who would vs not obey:
Goe, loose our vowes. ere enterprysing more,
The Gods detest a Minde that is ingrate;
And who delight their Deities to adore,
They still are bent to stablish their estate;
Cause burden Altars, smoke each sacred place,
With Bullocks, Incense, Odours of all kindes;
But none can giue the Gods, which flow in grace
A sacrifice more sweet then thankfull mindes.

Harp. Though all who walke on earth, and breath through
Still whilst tapestred with this Azure pale, (Aire,
If for nought else, yet for those gifts least rare,
To serue all pow'rfull pow'rs should neuer faile;
Yet there are some by the successe design'd,
Whose names are written in respected Scroules,
Whom benefites (not ordinary) binde
To loue them more then life, yea, then their soules:
Of those that you are one, your deeds declare,
Of whom amidst innumerable broyles,
Euen from your Cradle they haue had a care,
And led you safe through intricated toyles;
Though of the dangers of your Youth I see
You haue not heard the wonderfull discourse,
I thinke of them, who had the hap to be
An Actor in your Tragick-Comicke course.

Cyru. The accidents which in our Nonage chance,
A ryper age not to remembrance brings,
Like fabulous Dreames which darkenesse doth aduance,
Then are by day disdain'd as friuolous things:
For our conceptions are not then so strong,
That they can leaue impression long behinde,
Yet mixe (deare friend) old Griefes new Ioyes among,
And call afflicted Infancie to minde.

Harp. Who would not wonder at thy wondrous Fate,
Whom ere thy birth destruction did attend,
Whilst ere thou could offend, pursu'd by hate,
Euen then to end what now shall neuer end
Your Mother first her Fathers Minde did sting,
Whilst once he dream'd, which yet his Soule confounds,

That

The Tragedie of *Cræsus*.

That of a tree which from her Wombe did spring
Vmbragious Branches darkened *Asia* bounds;
Then to the Magies straight he gaue in charge
To try what this strange vision did presage,
Who hauing studied their darke Art at large,
Gaue this response with a Propheticke rage:
That once his Daughter should a Sonne bring forth,
Who should (by valour winning great renowne)
Make vanquish'd *Asia* witness of his worth;
But from his grand-father first reauce the Crowne,
This to *Asiages* a terrour bred,
Who (vainely bent to scorne the Heauens decree)
His Daughter would deliberately wed
To some weake stranger of no great degree.
Yet of *Cambyses*, who of her made choyce,
He for his Countrey (then contemn'd) gaue eare,
Whom by your birth the Princesse did reioyce,
And gaue her Father further cause of feare;
Thus tyrannie (their brood whose courage failes)
Doth force the Parents in despaire to fall,
To fight a dastard, proud when it preuailes,
But yet as fear'd of all, doth still feare all;
And Tyrants no security can finde:
For euery shadow moues a guilty Minde.
This Monarch then who scarce could dreame of harmes,
Whose guards did glance all still with Steill array'd,
Then whilst he liu'd secure from forraine armes,
A Babe, scarce borne, come of himselfe, afray'd.
And whilst *Lucina* the last helpe did make,
As if some vglie Monster had beene borne,
A Minotaure, a Centaure, or a Snake,
The peoples terrour, and the mothers scorne;
The Nephewes birth, which vses to impart
To grand-fathers the greatest cause of Ioyes,
It (as a naked hand had pierc'd his Heart)
Did wynd him in a maze of sad Annoyes;
And to preuent a but suspected spight,
By giving cause of a deserved hate,
He sought by robbing you the new-found light,
To make your birth and buriall of one date.

Soone

The Tragedie of Cæſus.

done after this he ſent for me in haſte,
Whom at that time (and not in vaine) he lou'd,
Then told each point of all things that were paſt,
By which his marble-Minde ſeem'd nothing mou'd,
Though our of it, as he would let me know
All ſparkes of pittie, were not quite exyl'd,
ſince that he would this fruteleſſe fauour ſhow,
That with your blood his hands ſhould not be ſyl'd:
Thus hauing lull'd aſleepe the Conſcience, ſtill
The wicked would extenuat their crimes
Not knowing thoſe who but allow of ill
As Actors diſſer but in guilty times.
Yet with his fault he would haue burden'd me,
Whom ſtraight he charg'd an Innocent to ſlay,
I promiſ'd to performe his raſh decree,
Well weighing whom, not what I ſhould obey ;
When I had parted from his Highneſſe Face,
And caried you (then ſwadled) with me too,
Whilſt horreur did congeale my blood, a ſpace
I ſtood perplex'd, not knowing what to doe,
And (as to purge my part) euen ſhedding teares,
By troupes of Paſſions Griefe my Soule aſſail'd,
Thus when diſtreſſ'd for eaſing others feares,
The purpoſ'd death of you, your murd'ers wail'd;
For him I ſent a ſeruant of mine owne,
Who for the time was Heardſ-man to the King,
To whom I made all my commiſſion knowne,
But as enioyn'd to him ſhew'd euery thing;
Deliuering you with an vnwilling breath,
Then with a mantle of pure gold array'd,
I threatned him with many cruell death,
If that your death were any way delay'd ;
Straight then to execute the Tyrants doome,
He from my ſight did all aſtoniſh'd go,
Too great a charge for ſuch a ſimple Groome,
The ſhew of Maieſtie amaz'd him ſo ;
What Man nor wondring can by deedes behold
The providence of all-commanding I o v r,
Whoſe brazen edicts can not be controll'd :
Firme are the Statutes of the States about :

That

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

That mortall whom a Deities fauour shields,
No worldly force is able to confound,
He may securely walke through Dangers fields,
Times and occasions are to serue him bound;
For loe, before the Heardf-man was come home,
His wife had chanc'd a breathlesse Childe to beare,
Who wondred so to see her husband come,
While by his conscience crush'd, he quak'd for feare;
And straight she curious grew to know the forme
How he a Babe so beautifull obtain'd;
Who her of all did suddenly informe,
And to what cruelty he was constrain'd;
She quickly then Occasion to embrace,
(No doubt inspir'd by some Cælestiall pow'r)
Pray'd that her Infant might supply your place,
Yet where no beasts his body might deuoure,
So shall we haue (sayth she) a double gaine,
Since our owne Childe shall get a stately Tombe,
And we a Princely brood, which may remaine
Still nurs't with vs as issue of my wombe.
The husband lykt so well his wues designe,
That he perform'd all what she did require,
And when I had directed one of mine,
This Tragedies last Act, who might enquire:
My Man who spy'd a Babe there breathlesse lye
With that rich Funerall Furniture array'd,
Told what the fellow told, (a generous Lye)
So that thus try'd, I trusted what they said.
In end, Time posting with houre-feathered Wings
Had given you strength; with others of your yeares
You haunted games, not Nephewes vnto Kings,
But for that time admitted for your Peeres,
They saile call Fortune blinde, she sight bewray'd,
And your authority by lot enlarg'd,
In pasturall sports, who still the Scepter sway'd,
And as but borne for that, that best discharg'd
With other children then, as once it chanc'd,
A noble Man of *Medas* Sonne remaind,
Who swolne with enuy to see you aduanc'd,
Your chyldish charge with scornefull words disdain'd;

Yo

You ra
Did p
I doub
The re
Cyr.
Of you
Let per
That w
Har.
How th
And of
As for
But wh
By terre
You bo
To pun
You so
Whilft
That sp
Whose
The fair
Who fe
Where
As if th
Then as
The Kin
And me
That wi
When I
And soo
But for
What fa
When a
The Car
On my S
Then di
What an
A louing
Yet at th
Yo But lay'd

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

You raging at that proud attempt of his,
Did punish him, as it became a Prince,
I doubt now (Sir) if that you thinke of this:
The rest of rashnesse did your dead conuince.

Cyr. Thogh now my brest doth greater thoughts embrace,
Of youthfull sports, yet doe not spare to speake;
Let pensiue cares to pleasure wihles giue place:
That which is bended still, it once must breake.

Har. The childe's great Father did informe the King
How that so base a Boy his Sonne abus'd,
And of the guard one hasted you to bring,
As for an odious cryme to be accus'd;
But when the King expostulating long,
By terrors striu'd to cast your Courage downe:
You boldly saide that you had done no wrong
To punish one who had contemn'd your Crowne;
You so magnanimous amaz'd to finde,
Whilst pausing long with an attentiu Eye,
That speech imperious told the King your kinde:
Whose brood but Eagles durst haue soar'd so hie:
The fained Father to the King was brought,
Who fear'd for torture telling trueth in time,
Where he reward deseru'd, but pardon sought,
As if the sauing you had beene a crime.
Then as it seem'd delighted with the rest
The King did cause a sumptuous Feast prepare,
And me desir'd as his most speciall Guest
That with my Sonne I would to Court reaire;
When I was come, the King great Ioy disclos'd,
And sooth'd my words which did his chance applaud,
But for an other end then I suppos'd:
What fairer cloke then Countessie for Fraud:
When absence of the Sunne did darkenesse breed,
The Candles light inheriting his place,
On my Sonnes flesh they caus'd my selfe to feed,
Then did vpbraid me with his bloodlesse Face;
What anguish, or what rage o're-flow'd my Soule,
A louing Father may imagine best,
Yet at that time I did my rage controule,
But lay'd it high vp in a stormie brest,

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Cyrus. Some of the Wise-men then I heard remain'd,
Who from their former sentence did recoyle,
And said; no danger was, since I had reign'd,
Then did dismisse me for my natie soyle;
Where when I had my blooming season spent,
To weakened wrath your lines did strength afford,
Informing vs that many Medes were bent
For cruelties too great to leaue their Lord;
And wish'd (if to their Scepter I aspir'd)
That I should moue the Persians to rebell,
Which did succeed euen as my soule desir'd:
For they disdain'd in bondage base to dwell;
When my encourag'd troupes all arm'd did stand,
Ere they from Strangers could attend reliefe,
I quickly march'd, encountring with that band,
Of which the King had chanc'd to make you chiefe.

Harp. Loe how those wretches whom the Heauens wold
To Plagues expos'd, of Iudgement are vnarm'd: (wracke,
The King of me his Captaine straight did make,
And look't for helpe of him whom he had harm'd;
Yet was old wrong so rooted in my heart,
My Countreyes thraldome, and mine owne disgrace,
And all the horrors which Death could impart
Seem'd nought to me, so my disdain tooke place.

Cyr. On those whom they haue wrong'd, none should rely:
Iust rancor vn-reueng'd, can neuer dye.

Harp. This enterprife at first so well did speed,
That since, your Greatnesse still began to rise,
Which may by time so braue a storie breed
As may be precious in all Princes Eyes.

Cyrus. Behold how *Cræsus* with his riches blinde,
Durst euen encounter with my war-like band;
And whilst a prosperous course betray'd his minde,
Did not suspect what pow'r was in my hand;
But he and his confederats haue seene
How Victory doth still my Troupes attend,
And *Persia* must be once all *Asiaes* Queene,
Or we shall warre vnto the worlds end.
Now *Cræsus* is o're-come, this Towne surpryz'd,
And *Lydia* charg'd with gold, yeelds vs rich spoyles;

The Tragedie of Cressus.

The league vnprosperous *Egypt* hath despit'd,
This is the happy end of all our toyles.
But ah one sowre vn-seasons all my sweets,
That gallant Man who was my mate in armes,
Whole praise through all the peopled circuit fleets,
And with his loue each generous Courage warms;
Then when (though weake in troupes) in courage strong,
Egyptian Chariots desperately he charg'd;
There (whilst he fought infortunatly long)
Mars from terrestriall bands his Soule enlarg'd.

Harp. No doubt that Dame this trouble hardly beares,
Who onely seem'd for him to like of Life,
I heard him (whilst she bath'd his brest with teares)
Oft wish by prooffe to merite such a wife.
When their fare-well was seal'd, last speeches spent,
She kiss'd the Coach which did containe her trust;
And with Eyes big with Pearle, gaz'd where he went,
Still till her sight was choak'd with clouds of dust.

Cyrus. And haue you then not heard how his death prou'd
The blacke beginning of a bloody Scene;
His wife *Panthea* at the first not mou'd,
Seem'd as she had some marble Image beene;
The bodie which had oft her fancies fir'd
She caus'd beare out of sight, still deare, though dead;
But where the Riuer ranne, when once retir'd,
She twix her bosomes Rounds entomb'd his head;
And then from Rage she borrowed some reilese:
For Sorrow by degrees, a passage seekes,
Vapouring forth sighes, which made a cloud of grieve,
A mighty storme of teares rain'd downe her cheekes;
Then whilst her Eyes the wonted object mis'd,
With heauie lookes resoluing fatall hast
Pale senselesse lippes she prodigally kiss'd
With as great ardour then as in times past.
I posted thither, bent to haue relieu'd
This Lady of a portion of her woes,
Heauen beare me witnesse, I was greatly grieu'd,
Who would to saue one friend, spare hostes of foes;
She first a space me passionatly ey'd,
Then with those words, her lips did slowly moue,

My

The Tragedie of Cæſar.

My husband, loe, hath valorously dy'd,
As of your friendship, worthy of my loue.
My coming but increaſt griefes ſtaruing ſtore:
For till that Paſſion of it ſelfe expyre,
All kinde of comfort but augments it more,
Like drops of Oyle throwne on a mighty Fire,
A conſtant count'nance though I ſtriu'd to make,
And what her woes diminifh might, did tell;
That comfort which I gaue, I could not take,
And ſcarcely could throw forth my laſt fare-well;
When I had left her but a little ſpace,
She did diſcharge the Eunuches from her ſight,
Then pray'd her nurse to bury in one place
Her and her Lord, as they deſeru'd of right;
Laſt looking on his corpes, ſhe drew a Sword,
And euen as if her Soule had flow'n in him,
Stab'd by herſelfe, bow'd to embrace her Lord,
Whiſt Beauties blubbred Starres were waxing dim;
Then bent to fall, when her they could not riſe,
As ſcorning to ſuruiue their proſp'rous State,
In emulation of their Ladies praiſe,
The Eunuches did præcipitate their Fate.
O ſweet Panthea, rich in rareſt parts,
I muſt admire thy Ghoſt though thou be gone!
Who mightſt haue made a Monarchie of hearts,
Yet loath'd vnlawfull Lones, and lou'd but one;
O wondrous wonders, wonders wondrous rare!
A woman conſtant, ſuch a beautie chaſte:
A Minde ſo pure, ioyn'd with a Face ſo faire,
With Vertue Beautie in one perſon plac't;
Both were well match'd as any could deuife,
Whoſe death confirms the vnion of their life;
He valorous, ſhe vertuous, both wiſe,
She worthy ſuch a Mate, he ſuch a Wiſe.
And *Harpagus*, leſt that it ſhould be thought,
That of braue Mindes the memory may die,
Cause build a ſtately Tombe with Statues wrought
Where both their bodies with reſpect may lye.
Harp. Ile riſe a Pyramide of *Cæſar*'s ſpoyles,
Where of their worth each part ſhall be compris'd,

But


The Tragedie of Cræsus 3

But how to doe in these tumultuous broyles
Now time requires that you were well aduise'd:
Your aduersary doth attend your will;
This hautie Towne for feare to fall doth bow,
And therefore pardon, ranfome, quite, or kill,
Doe what you please, none can controule vs now.

Cyrus. As for old *Cræsus*, I am else resolu'd
He with some captiues whom I keepe in store
Shall haue their bodies by the fire dissolu'd,
As offerings to the Gods whom I adore.
My Souldiers paines this Citie shall defray,
Since by their meanes it hath beene brought to bow,
I yeeld it vnto them, as their iust pray,
Who taste the sweetnesse of their trauels now;
Of other things we shall so well dispose
That our renowne through all the world shall shine,
Till *Cyrus* name giue terrour to all those,
Who dare against his Soueraignty repine.

Act. v. Scene. ii.

NUNTIVS, CHORVS.

 H to what part shall I my steppes address
Of bondage base the burden to eschue?
Lo, desolation, ruine, and distresse
With horroure doe my natiue home pursue;
And now poore country, take my last farewell,
Farewell all Ioy, all Comfort, all Delight.

Chor. What heauie tydings hast thou now to tell,
Who tear'st thy garments thus? what forc'd thy flight?

Nunt. I tell the wracke of vs, and all who liue
Within the circuit of this wretched soyle.

Chor. A hideous shout we heard the Citie giue,
Haue foes preuail'd, doe they her beautie spoyle?

Nunt. They may it spoyle. *Chor.* And is our Soueraigne

Nunt. No, but scarce scape doth liue in danger still. (slain)

Chor. Then let our mindes no more in doubt remaine,
And must we yeeld to that proud strangers will?

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Nunt. You know how *Cræsus* at advantage lay,
Still seeking meanes to curbe the Persians pride,
And how Assyrians had assign'd a day
When led by him, they battell would abide;
But *Cyrus* hauing heard how that they would
Against his State so great an armie bring
Straight raising forces, prouidently bold,
Preuents, inuades, o're-comes, and takes our King.

Chor. This shewes a Captaine both expert and braue,
Who wisely doth aduise, performes with speed;
No circumstance (Friend) vnrelated leaue,
Which with our Kings did our confusion breed.

Nunt. When *Cræsus* saw that *Cyrus* came so soone,
He stood a while with a distracted minde,
Yet what time would permit, left nought vndone,
But made his Musters, march'd his foe to finde,
Our stately troupes which glistred all with gold,
And with vmbragious Feathers fan'd the Aire,
They insolent, vncircumspectly bold,
(The battell scorn'd) how to triumph tooke care.
The Lydian horse-men neuer stain'd, but true,
And for their worth, through all the world renown'd,
Them chieflie *Cyrus* labour'd to subdue,
And this deuice for that effect was found:
Vntrusting all their baggage by the way
Each of the Camels for his charge did beare
Agrim-fac'd Groome, who did himselfe array
With what in *Persia* horse-men vse to weare;
To them Infanterie did follow next,
A solide Squadron like a brasen wall;
But those in whom all confidence was fixt,
The braue Cauallerie came last of all,
Then *Cyrus* by the raines his courser tooke,
And brauely mounted, holding out his hands
With an assured, and imperious looke
Went kindling Courage through the flaming bands;
He them desir'd, who at Deathes game would striue
To spare none of their Foes in any forme;
But as for *Cræsus* to take him aliue,
And keepe him captiue for a greater storme;

Where

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Where famous *Hellus* doth towards *Hermus* post
To giue another both his Strength and Name;
Our armie ran against a greater hoste
To grace it likewise with our force and fame.
Each troupe a time with equall valour stood,
Till giuing place at length we tooke the chace,
While as the Riuer ranne to hide our blood,
But still his borders blusht at our disgrace;
For when the Camels to the field were come,
Our horses all affrighted at their sight,
Ranne raging backe againe, and of them some
Disordering rankes, put many to the flight;
Yet some who had beene vs'd with Martiall traines
The Stratagem (though out of time) perceiu'd,
And lighting downe (red hights rais'd from green plaines)
Did vengeance vrge of those who them deceiu'd;
There whilst the world prou'd prodigall of breath,
The headlesse tronkes lay prostrated in heapes;
This field of Funerals sacred vnto death
Did paint out horroure in most hideous shapes:
Whilst men vn-hors'd, horses vn-mastred, stray'd,
Some cald on those whom they most dearely lou'd,
Some rag'd, some gron'd, some sigh'd, roar'd, promis'd, pray'd,
As blowes, faintnesse, falles, paine, hope, anguish mou'd.
Those who then scap'd (like beasts vnto a Den)
A fortresse tooke where valour none renownes:
Wallies are for women, and the fields for men,
No Towne can keepe a Man, but Men keepe Townes;
And we were scarcely entred at the Ports,
When straight the Enemies did the Towne enclose,
And quicklie rear'd huge artificiall forties,
Which did to the besieg'd more paine impose:
All Martiall Engines were for batterie found,
At like encounters, which had earst preuail'd,
Whilst both they vs'd the vantage of the ground,
And borrow'd helpe from Art, where Nature fail'd,
They alwayes compassing our Trench about
Still where the Wallies were weake, did make a breach,
Which straight repairing darts were thundred out,
To kill all those who came where we might reach;

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

There all the bolts of Death, edg'd by disdain,
Which many curious wits inclyn'd to ill,
Whilst kindled by reuenge, or hope of gaine,
Had skill to make, were put in practice still;
Yet as we see it oft-tymes hath occur'd,
Where least we did suspect we were surpris'd,
Whilst Fortune and the Fates in one concurr'd,
That in their rolles our wrack might be compris'd:
That side of *Sardis*, farre from all regard,
Which doth towards *Tmolus* ly, and thought most sure,
Through this presumption, whilst without a guard,
All *Lydiaes* o're-throw did with speed procure:
As one of ours (vnhappily it chanc'd)
To take his helmet, which had scapt his hand,
Alongst that steepie part his steppes aduanc'd,
And was returning backe vnto his band;
He was well mark'd by one, who had not spar'd
To tempt all dangers, which might make vs thralls:
For *Cyrus* had design'd a great reward
To him whose steppes first trode the conquer'd walles;
And this companion seeing without stay
One in his sight that craggie passage clim,
Straight on his footsteppes followed all the way,
And many a thousand hasted after him;
Then all that durst resist, were quickly kill'd,
The rest who fled, no where secure could be:
For euery street was with confusion fill'd;
There was no corner from some mischiefe free.
O what a piteous clamour did arise
Of Virgins rauish'd, and of widow'd wiues!
Who pierc'd the Heauens with lamentable cryes,
And hauing lost all comfort, loath'd their liues.
Whilst those proud Victors would themselues haue stain'd
With all the wrongs that Pride, or Power could vse,
They by a charge from *Cyrus* were restrain'd,
And durst no more their captiues thus abuse.

Chor. No doubt but high mishaps did then abound,
Whilst with disdain the Conquerors bosome boyl'd,
As some the Sword, some did disgrace confound,
Not onely Houses, Temples too were spoyl'd.

What

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

What miserie more great can be deuif'd
Then is a Cities when by force surpris'd;
But whilst that stately Town was thus distress'd,
What did become of our vnhappy King;

Narr. Then when the Enemy had his State possess'd,
And that confusion seiz'd on euery thing:
He scarcely first could trust his troubled sight,
His fortune past, transported had him so,
Yet hauing Eyes who can deny the light;
He saw himselfe inferiour to his foe;
And apprehending there whilst left alone,
How that his Iudgement long had beene betray'd,
(As metamorphos'd in a Marble stone)
His ravisht thoughts in admiration stray'd;
But such a weight of woes not vs'd to beare,
He first was griev'd, then rag'd, and last despair'd,
Till through excessiue feare, quite freed from feare,
He for his safetie then no further car'd;
And neuer wisht he so to haue long life,
But death farre further was affected now,
Still seeking Danger in the bounds of Strife,
So he were sure to die, he car'd not how;
Whilst Furies thus were fostred in his brest,
Him suddenly a Souldier chanc'd to meet,
As insolent as any of the rest,
Who drunke with blood, ranne raging through the street,
And wanting but an obiect to his Ire,
He sought to him, and he to him againe;
I know not which of them did most desire,
The one to slay, the other to be slaine;
But whilst so base a hand towring aloft,
Did to so great a Monarch threaten death,
His eldest Sonne, who (as you haue heard oft)
Was barr'd from making benefire of breath:
I can not tell you well, nor in what forme,
If that the Destinies had so ordain'd,
Or if of Passions an impetuous storme
Had raz'd the strings, which had his tongue restrain'd;
But when he saw his Syre in danger stand,
He with those words a mighty shout did giue:

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Thou furious Stranger stay, hold, hold thy hand,
Kill not King Cræsus, let my Father liue;
The other hearing this, his hand retir'd,
And call'd his Kings Commandement to minde,
High were those aymes to which his thoughts aspir'd,
Whom for great fortunes this rare chance design'd;
Now when that Cræsus, who for death long long'd,
Was quite yndone, by being thus preseru'd,
As both by life, and death, then doubly wrong'd,
Whilst but by Fates for further evils referu'd;
He with sad sighes those accents did accord:
Now let the Heaucus doe all the euill they can,
Which would not vnto me the grace afford
That I might perish like a priuate Man,
Ah must I liue to sigh that I was borne,
Charactring shame in a deiected Face?
Ah, must I liue, to my perpetuall scorne,
The abiect object, pointed for disgrace?
Yet this vnto his Soule more sorrow bred,
He (Scorne pretending state) as King array'd,
Was with great shouts ridiculously led
Backe to the tent whereas their Emp'rour stay'd:
Then that he might his miserie conceaue,
Those Robes so rich, were all exchange'd with chaines,
And Prisons strictnesse brag'd him with the graue
So soone as death could make a choice of paines;
They caus'd in haste a pile of wood to make,
And in the midst where all men might him spy,
Caus'd binde the captiue King vnto a Stake,
With fourteene others of the Lydians by,
There (as if offerings fit to purge the State)
Foes sought with flames their ruine to procure,
Though I o v z prapost'rous Pietie doth hate:
No Sacrifice is sweet, vnlesse first pure.
Now whilst the Fire was kindling round about,
As to some pow'rfull God, who pray'd, or vow'd,
With Eyes bent vp, and with his hands stretch'd out:
O, Solon, Solon. Cræsus cry'd aloud;
Some hearing him to utter such a voyce,
Who said that O v z curious was to know

When

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

When dying now what Deitie was his choice,
Did him request his last intent to show:
His exclamation was (said he) on one,
With whom he wisht (their frailtie so to see)
That all who euer trusted in a Throne,
Had but conferr'd a while as well as he;
Then there he told what *Solom* had him showne,
Whilst at his Court (which flourish'd then) arriv'd,
How worldlie blesse might quicklie be ore-throwne,
And not accomplisht was, while as one liv'd;
Whilst forth salt Floods attending Troupes did powre,
He shew how much the Wise-man did disdain
Those who presum'd of Wealth, or worldly pow'r,
By which none could a perfect blisse obtaine;
This speech did *Cyrus* moue to ponder much
The great vncertaintie of worldly things,
As thinking that himselfe might once be such,
Since thrall'd to Fortunes Throne, like other Kings;
Then such a Patterne standing him before
Whom enuy once, then pitie did attend,
He to our King did liberty restore,
And with his life did *Solons* fame extend.
Yet him the fire still threatned to deuoure,
Which rising high could hardly be control'd,
But O Deuotion then appear'd thy pow'r,
Which to subdue the Heauens makes worldlings bold!
To quench the flames, whilst diuerse toyld in vaine,
(I o v e r mou'd by prayer) as *Cræsus* did require,
The azure Cisternes opened did remaine,
And clouds fell downe in floods to quench the fire.
Then whilst the Souldiers did the Citie sack,
To saue the same, as to his Countrey kinde,
The haplesse *Cræsus* thus to *Cyrus* spake,
With words which Pitie melted from his Minde:
Great Prince, to whom all Nations now succumbe,
And doe thy yoke so willingly embrace,
That it some comfort giues to be ore-com'd
By one whose glory graces our disgrace;
And since I am constrain'd your thrall to be,
I must conforme my selfe vnto my fate,

The Tragease of Croesus.

And can not hold my peace, whereas I see
That which may wrong the greatnesse of your State;
Your State neere spoyl'd by not suspected pow'rs,
If this rich Citie thus doe rest o're-throwne,
Which now no more is mine, no, it is yours:
And therefore (Sir) haue pitie of your owne;
Yea, though the losse of such a populous Towne,
Both rich, and yours, your minde could nothing moue,
Yet thinke of this, which may import your Crowne,
A piece of policie which time will proue:
The barbarous Persians borne with stubborne mindes,
Who but for pouertie first followed you,
Their matchlesse worth in armes large *Asia* findes,
Their feare is fall'n vpon all Nations now;
But if you suffer them in such a sort
To be made rich with plenteous *Lydiaes* spoyles,
Not able then their Conquest to support,
The vanquish'd by their fall the Victor foiles;
Rue that our wealth hath rauish'd so their sights:
Rest Wealth, Wealth Pride, Pride War, War Ruine breeds,
Whilst faint through Pleasures, weakened with Delights:
No thought of honour from base breasts proceeds.
Then *Cyrus* straight approving what he spake,
His Souldiers were from pretious spoyles restrain'd,
Whilst he the tenth part did pretend to take:
A fatall Offring for the Gods ordain'd.
This is the summe of our disastrous state,
We must a Stranger serue, as thrall'd long since;
With losse of all which he possesse of late
Our King bought breath, a poore thing for a Prince.

Chor. O wretched people, O unhappy King!
Our Ioyes are spoyl'd, his happinesse expyr'd,
And no new chance can any comfort bring
To those, whose fall hath beene by Fates conspir'd.
Goe woefull Messenger, hold on thy course,
For, to haue heard too much, it irkes our cares;
And we shall note of this thy sad discourse
With sighes each accent, and the points with teares.

The Tragedie of Cressus.

CRESSVS.



Oe, I who late did thunder from a Throne,
Am now a wretch on whom Confusion raines;
My Treasure, Honour, State & Freedome gone;
No kinde of Comfort, no, nor Hope remains,
And after me, let none whom Greatnes shrouds
Trust tumide Titles, nor ostentiuue Showes:
Sailes swolne with Windes, whilst amulating Clouds
Oft that which puffes them vp, at last o're-throwes.
O had this pretious wit enrich'd my minde,
Which by experience I haue dearly bought,
Whilst Fortune was within my Court confin'd,
And that I could not thinke a bitter thought;
Then satisfy'd with Soueraignty earst prou'd,
I had disdain'd new Dangers to embrace,
And cloath'd with Maiestie, admir'd, and lou'd,
Had liu'd with pleasure, and had dy'd in peace.
But what more wonderfull in any State
Then to see one haue power, yet free from pride;
But chiefly those who liue securely great,
They oft may erre, since Fortune is their guide.
What could the world afford, or man affect,
Which did not smooth my Soule, whilst I was such;
Who now am past the compasse of respect,
By prospering plagu'd, staru'd onely with too much;
Long lull'd asleepe with scornefull Fortunes lyes,
A slaue to Pleasure, drown'd in base Delights,
I made a Couenant with my wandering Eyes
To entertaine them still with pleasant sights;
My heart enioy'd all that was wish'd of late,
Whilst it the hight of Happinesse did cloy,
Still seru'd with daintie, but suspected meate,
My Soule with Pleasure sicke, was faint for Ioy;
There wanted nought which might procure mine ease:
All did diuine my will, ayme at my thought,
And strine to doe what might my fancies please,
Which, if I but allow'd, no more was sought;

What

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

What euer come of me, was held of weight,
My words were ballanc'd, and my lookes were mark'd,
Those whom I grac'd, were had in honour straight,
And in my praise all speeches were imbarck'd:
For pompe and pow'r far passing other Kings,
Whilst too secure with drouisie thoughts I slumbred,
My Coffers still were full of pretious things,
Of which (as wealth least weigh'd) gold was not numbred;
I rear'd rare Buildings, all embost with gold;
Made Pondes for Fishes, Forrests for wilde Beastes;
And with vaine thoughts which could not be controll'd,
Oft spent the day in sport, the night in feastes.
I toss'd the Elements with power like Iovvs,
Driu'd water vp, Aire downe, a pleasant change;
For, stately Fountaines, artificiall Groues,
As common things were not accounted strange.
With me (what more could any Monarch craue?)
In all the parts of pompe, none could compare:
My Minions gallant, Counsellours were graue,
My Guards were strong, my Concubines were faire;
Yea, whilst my State did fortunat abide,
I had all that could breed (as now I finde)
In others wonder, in the owner pride;
So puffing vp the flesh to spoyle the minde.
Thus with delight long pressing Pleasures Grapes,
With Fortune I carroul'd what men deare hold,
But ah from miserie none alwayes scapes,
One must be wretched once, or yong, or old;
Then weary to be well, and tyr'd of rest,
To waken trouble I occasion sought;
And yet to cloake the passions of my brest,
Did with deuotion long disguise my thought:
Of all the Oracles I did enquire
What was to come of this intended Warre,
Who said (as seem'd to second my desire)
That I a mighty Monarchie should marre.
Those doubtfull words I wresting to my will,
In hope to breake the hautie Persians pow'rs,
Did ruine quite (whilst all succeeded ill)
What many age had gain'd, euen in few houres;

And

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

And this may be admir'd as more then strange,
I who disdain'd an equall of before,
(What can not Fortune doe, when bent to change ;)
Then Seruants lesse must dreame content no more ;
What Eye not big with scorne my State surueyes,
Whom Fates haue fore'd thus to suruine my shame ;
And bound euen to my foe for some few dayes,
Which borrowed are with int'rest of my fame.
Though this sweet gale of Life-bestowing windes
Would seeme a fauour (so it seemes to some)
Who by the basenesse of their muddie Mindes
Shew from what vulgar stocke their kinde doth come ;)
I scorne vn-like my selfe thus to be seene ,
Though to my comfort this appear'd to tend,
As if that all mis-fortunes past had beene
A Tragicke entrie to a Comick end.
Of all that plague my State, what greater pest
Then seruile Life, which faints from Earth to part ;
And hath in one vnited all the rest
To make me die each day, yet liue to smart ;
Life in my brest no comfort can infuse:
An En'mies gift could neuer come for good,
It but giues time of miserie to muse,
And bath my Sorrowes in a bitter flood :
Ah had my breath straight vanisht with my blisse,
And clos'd the Windowes which gaue light to Life,
I had not borne (to misery submisse)
The hight of those mishaps, which now are rise,
Whilst with a thousand sighes I call to minde
The death of *Mim*, and mine owne disgrace,
In such an agony my Soule I finde
That Life to Death would willingly giue place ;
But since I see refer'd for further spight,
I with sad thoughts must burden yet my Soule,
My Memorie to my distracted Spright
Of all my troubles shall present a scroule,
Of which, while as accounts I goe to cast
The many crosses numbring of my Fate,
I'll whiles looke backe vpon my Pleasures past,
And by them ballance my (now) haplesse State.

CHORVS.

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

CHORVS.

IS't not a wonder thus to see
How by experience each man reeds
In practiz'd Volumes pen'd by deeds
What courses still inconstant be;
Yet whilst our selues continue free,
We ponder oft, but not apply
That pretious Oyle, which we might buy
Best with the price of others paines,
Which (as what not to vs pertaines)
To vse we will not condescend,
As if we might the Fates defy
Still whilst vntouch'd our State remains;
But soone the Heauens a change may send:
No perfect blesse before the end.

When first we fill with frutesfull seed
The apt conceauing wombe of Earth,
And seeme to banish feare of dearth,
With that which it by tyme may breed,
Yet dangers doe our hopes exceed:
The Frostes may first with Cold confound
The tender Greenes which decke the ground,
Whose wrath though Apriles smiles assuage,
It must abide Eolian rage,
Which too o're-com'd, whilst we attend
All Ceres wandring tresses bound,
The Raines let from their cloudy Cage
May spoyle what wee expect to spend:
No perfect blesse before the end.

Loe whilst the Vine-tree great with Grapes,
With Nectar'd liquor striues to kisse
Embracing Elmes not lou'd amisse,
Those clusters loose their comely shapes,
Whilst by the Thunder burn'd, in heapes
All Bacchus hopes fall downe and perish,

Thus

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Thus many things doe fairely flourish,
Which no perfection can attaine,
And yet we worldlings are so vaine,
That our conceates we highlie bend
If Fortune but our spring-time cherish,
Though we must diuerse stormes sustaine
To Haruest ere our yeares ascend:
No perfect blesse before the end.

By all who in this world haue place
There is a course which must be runne,
And let none thinke that he hath wonne
Till first he finish'd hath his race;
The Forrests through the which we trace,
Breed rauinous beastes, which doe abhorre vs,
And lye in waite still to deuoure vs,
Whilst Brambles doe our steppes beguile,
The feare of which though we exile,
And to our marke with gladnesse tend,
Then balles of Gold are laide before vs
To entertaine our thoughts a while,
And our good meaning to suspend:
No perfect blesse before the end.

Behold how *Cræsus* long hath liu'd
Throughout this spacious world admir'd,
And hauing all which he desir'd,
A thousand meanes of Ioy contriu'd;
Yet suddenly is now depriu'd
Of all that wealth; and strangely falles:
For euery thing his Sprite appalles,
His Somes decease, his Countreyes losse,
And his owne State, which stormes doe trosse,
Thus he who could not apprehend
Then whilst he slept in marble Walles
No, nor imagine any crosse,
To beare all those his brest must lend:
No perfect blesse before the end.

And we the Lydians who design'd

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

To raigne ouer all who were about vs,
Behold how Fortune too doth flout vs,
And vttterly hath vs resign'd,
For, to our selues we that assign'd
A Monarchie, but knew not how,
Yet thought to make the world to bow,
Which at our forces stood afray'd,
We, we by whom these plots were lay'd,
To thinke of bondage must descend,
And beare the yoke of others now;
O it is true that *Solon* said:
While as he yet doth breath extend,
No man is blest; behold the end.

FINIS.

S^t. W. A.



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
DARIVS.

By S^r William Alexander
Knight.

Carminē dī superi, placantur carminē manes.



LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.
1616.

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

To raigne ouer all who were about vs,
Behold how Fortune too doth flour vs,
And vterly hath vs resign'd,
For, to our selues we that assign'd
A Monarchie, but knew not how,
Yet thought to make the world to bow,
Which at our forces stood afray'd,
We, we by whom these plots were lay'd,
To thinke of bondage must descend,
And beare the yoke of others now;
O it is true that *Solon* said:
While as he yet doth breath extend,
No man is blest; behold the end.

FINIS.

S^r. W. A.



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
DARIUS.

By S^r William Alexander
Knight.

Carminē dī superi, placantur carminē manes.

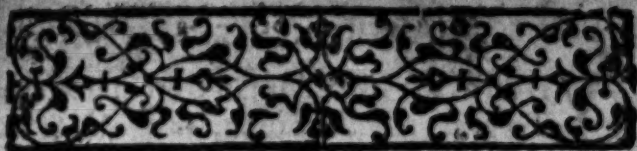


LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.
1616.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
DARIUS

By S. William Alexander
Knight

London:
Printed by W. Miller, Stationer.
1716.



In praise of the Authour,
and his Poeme.

A SONNET.

Give place all ye to dying *Darius* wounds
(While this great Greek him in his throne en-
Who fell before seven-porter *Thebes* wals, (stals
Or vnder *Ilions* olde sky-threatening Rounds,
Your sowre-sweet sighes nor halfe so sadly sounds,
Though I confesse, most famous be your fals,
Slaine, sacrific'd, transported, and made thrals;
Precipitate, burnt, banisht from your bounds:
Whom *Sophocles*, *Euripides* haue song,
And *Aeschylus* in statelie Tragick tune:
Yet none of all hath so diuinely done
As matchlesse *Menstris* in his natiue tounge.
Thus *Darius* Ghost seemes glad now to be so
Triumphant on twise by *Alexanders* two.

IO. MURRAY.

A S O N N E T.

When as the Macedonian Conqueror came
 To great *Achilles* Tomb, he sigh'd, & said
 Wel may thy Ghost, braue Champion, be appay'd
 That *Homers* Muse was trumpet of thy fame.
 But if that Monarch great in deeds and name,
 Now once againe with mortall vaile array'd,
 Came to the Tomb where *Darius* hath been lay'd
 This speech more iustly sighing might he frame:
 My famous foe, whom I lesse hate, then pittie,
 Euen I, who vanquish't thee, enuie thy glory,
 In that such one doth sing thy ruines story,
 As matcheth *Homer* in his sweetest ditty:
 Yet ioyn I that he *Alexander* hight,
 And soules in thy orethrow my matchles might

W. Quin

Eiusdem in nomen Authoris

Gulielmus Alexander,

Anagramma.

I, LARGVS MELLE EXVND.

Tetrasticon.

Cum tibi det Genius, Musa, ingeniumque Poësis
 Floribus è variis, Attica mella legas;
 I, largus melle exunda, mellitæque funde
 Carmina: sic facias nomine fata iubent.

THE



THE ARGVMENT.

DARIUS, the fourth son of Cyrus King of Persia, being after the death of Darius, for his singular valour, from the government of Armenia, advanced to the Persian Empire, became so arrogant (Fortune as it were, setting him forward to confusion) as he sent to demand tribute of Philip then King of Macedonia: who being of a haughty nature, and inferiour to none of that age in courage, or military discipline, requited this contumelious message with as disdainfull an answer; threatening that he would come and deliver it in Persepolis. But being preceeded by death, he left the execution of his designe to his sonne Alexander, who for the great victories, which thereafter he obtained, was surnamed the great. He inheriting the hatred of his Father towards Darius, and far surmounting him in ambition, past in person to Asia, with an army of thirty thousand men onely.

After his arrivall, Darius wrote to him in a proud and contemptible manner, ascribing to himselfe the title of the King of Kings, and kinsman of the Gods, and naming Alexander his servant; Hee also in vaunting manner, bragged that hee would have that mad boy, the sonne of Philip (for so in derision hee termed him) bound, and beaten with rods, and after brought to his presence apparelled like a Prince. For performance whereof he directed one of his Minions, with forty thousand, to make impediment to his passage at the River of Granick; where by the wonderfull valor of Alexander they were overthrowne. Darius being advertised of this, came himselfe in proper person, accompanied with infinite (but euill ordered) numbers, & encountered Alexander beside Issus, in the strait of Cilicia: where having fought a doubtfull and bloody battell, in end by the invincible valor, and neuer-failing fortune of Alexander his army was defeated, himselfe put to flight, & his mother, wife, & children made captives.

THE ARGUMENT.

They were most courteously entertained by Alexander: who was with standing their exceeding great beauty, yet would not abuse them, or suffer them to be abused by others: nor visited he them more then once (and that to comfort them) all the time of their imprisonment.

Darius, notwithstanding of all his losses (his courage being in the full, whilst his fortune was in the waine) wrote very proudly to Alexander, taking still the title of a King to himselfe, but not giving it him, offering him as much gold, as Macedon could containe, for ransom of the captives. Which being very disdainfully refused by Alexander, he having re-enforced his troups, and comming forward to fight with greater force then before, was informed how his wife had died in prison, whose death he bewailed with exceeding great sorrow. And understanding what courtesy Alexander had used towards her, he sent to sue for peace, not for any feare of his force, but allured (as he alleged) by his courtesy. This suite being likewise refused, he fought beside Arbella, with no better fortune then before. Yet for all these misfortunes, being of an invincible courage, and despairing of peace, he re-assembled all his forces, which were augmented by the comming of the Bactrians, and was comming forward, with intention at last either to die, or prevaile. But in the meantime, two traiterous subiects of his owne, to wit, Bessus, whom he had promoted to be gouernour of Bactria, and Nabarzanes, one in speciall credite with him, conspired his death, Which danger, though it was revealed to him by Patron, captaine of the Greeces, yet he could not, or rather would not eschue. At length, these two Traitors tooke, and bound him with golden chaines, and cast him in an old chariot, with purpose to present him to Alexander. But they hearing how he would not accept their present, and how he was comming to invade them, threw their darts at Darius, and desir'd him for dead. In this estate he was found by Polistratus, and after the deliuey of some few words dyed. Alexander having exceedingly lamented his miserable and undeserued end, directed his body to his mother Sisigambis to be honourably buried.

r: who
ould not
fied he
sume of

ing in
proudly
has not
uld con-
lisdain-
trouper,
ere, was
bewas-
at cour-
peace,
by his
ide Ar-
se mis-
peace,
he com-
ansen-
me, two
ad pra-
in spe-
danger,
treches,
ose two
nd east
ander.
nd how
ius, and
stratus,
der ha-
ed end,
ably bu-



The persons names that speake.

anarius.

sigambis, his mother.

atira Re. his wife.

riotes, their Eunuch.

abarzanes.

essus.

atron, Captaine of the Mer-
cenary Greekes.

untius.

Alexander.

Parmenio, his Lieu-
tenant.

Hephestion, his Mi-
nion.

Polistratus, a souldier

Artabazus, a noble
man of Persia.

Chorus, all Persians.

The Scene supposed in Babilon.





THE TRAGEDIE OF D A R I V S.

Act. 1.

D A R I V S.



Hat thundring pow'r grow'n iecalous of my State
Which (hauing wonne the Earth) perchance
Heauen feares,
Thus arm'd with Lightning, breathing flames of
hate,

Big with Disdain, high Indignation beares.
Long smooth'd of all whilst I (pale cares despis'd)
In Fortunes lap asleepe, of Greatnesse dream'd,
Euen in that calme, my State a storme surpris'd,
And ere I wakt, my ruine was proclaim'd;
Thus I, whose onely name amaz'd my foes
As Idole of the world, ador'd ouer all,
Am so inuolu'd in Euils, ore-whelm'd with woes,
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall;
Ah, then indeed I fell, when Gallants stood,
And Phoenix-like renew'd their Lives by death,
Who hauing seal'd their force, and faith, with blood
Would rather die, then draw a borrowed breath;
Yet I, but then not I, did view, not venge
Those monstrous Mountaines of my Subiects flaine,
Though euen my Enemies must my courage cleanse,
Which flames of fury lightned forth in vaine,

The Tragedie of Darim.

Through greatest dangers Death I did pursue
Till heapes of slaughter'd bodies barr'd my way,
And chang'd my Chariot to a scarlet hue
Ere wounded honour could be drawn away ;
O how I enuy yet their happy Ghostes,
Who died whilst hope of victory remaind,
And in the presence of two famous hostes
Left bloodie tokens that they died vn-stain'd !
Shall I suruiue that memorable shame
Which *Perfides* glory with disgrace confind ?
No, rather let me die, and let my Name
As vaine quite vanish, raz'd from euery minde.
Starre-boasting *Babylon*, blush to behold
Thy King ou'r-com'd, and in an abiect state,
How may thy Tow'rs but tremble when it's told ?
Thy Prince entreats, whom Princes did entreat,
But yet not vassall-like by pow'r appall'd,
Though all my Empire to a period come,
Yet none shall vaunt that euer I was thrall'd:
Hearts holding courage, are not all o're-come.
Should I whose Soueraigntie so oft was sworne
Be seene submisse to scape a Minutes paines,
No, let them bow, who but to bow were borne :
For *Darim* this Indignitie disdaines,
Since I was once iudg'd worthy to command
Shall I descend a Subjects state to trie ?
No, whilst a sword yeelds homage to this hand
I scorne to grant a greater Man then I.
Braue Sprites, who now possesse the pleasant bowres,
And glorious gardens of Elvsiā plaines,
For (if deserts may moue infernall pow'rs)
That happy shade your shadowes now containes :
Those fatall fields, which spred your praises forth
But burie bodies, haue enlarg'd your fames,
Men shall adore the relickes of your worth,
And Trophees reare to your immortall names;
I'll sacrifice as Incense to your soules
His dying sighes, and sorrowing parents teares,
Who now, whilst none his prospering pride controules,
Our conquer'd ensignes in his triumph beares.

For it may ease your Ghostes to ease his grones,
 Whilst Earth o're-burden'd sends rebounding backe
 A wailing Echo stor'd from woods, and stones,
 With wounded words to sound that armies wracke.
 Why spend I speeches to disturbe your rest
 As but with words (an idle speaker) pleas'd?
 A mighty furie hath enflam'd my brest
 And I will rage, till by reuenge appeas'd.
 Did I that strong Cadusian first affront
 Who durst aduance himselfe to braue our bands,
 Then turn'd applauded, and in high account
 Charg'd with his spoyle, the honour of my hands?
 What, could I then (all kinde of doubt remou'd)
 Aduenter onely to an Armies shame?
 And should I now (that ancient praise improv'd)
 With squadrons compast, loose that glorious name?
 Blinde Fortune, O thy Stratagemes are strange!
 Which spoyle my pow'r, and staine mine honour too,
 And (hauing made my state the stage of change)
 Hast acted all Ineonstancie could do;
 Loe I, who late of swarming troupes did boast,
 Neere left alone, haue Fortunes fraud disclos'd;
 And those made captiues whom I fancie most,
 To vaunting Victours are by Fates expos'd:
 O torment but to thinke, death to beleue
 That any may command my dearest part,
 And I, wretch'd I, not able to releue
 The Iewell of mine Eye, Ioy of mine Heart;
 Deare obiect of my thoughts, my life, my loue,
 Sweet spring of my Delights, my One, my All,
 Bright Image of excellencies aboue,
 What's do'st thou breathe, and com'st not when I call?
 And can I be, and not be where thou art?
 Hath Heauen the force me from thy Face to barre?
 Or are my Hands growne Traitours to my Heart?
 That they should shrink from doing what it dare:
 O could my minde but distribute a space
 Those animulating thoughts, whichASSE my brest,
 To pointlesse Cyphers, who but spend a place
 Then I alone might animat the rest,

Since in this great disgrace, I chanc'd to fall,
 Now nothing rests to raise my fame forlorne,
 But by some desperate course to hazard all;
 I'll liue with praise, or by my death shie scorne;
 Some prosp'rous issue afterward may purge
 This crime, with which Mischance would burden me,
 This crime which carries with it selfe a scourge:
 No greater torment then the want of thee;
 But Fortunes course, what Mortall can restraine
 Who Diademes through dust for sport doth roule?
 A Stranger now ouer my Delights doth raigne,
 And may extort the Treasures of my Soule;
 Now, not till now, I apprehend my harmes,
 When I imagine how my best belou'd
 Must entertaine my Enemie in her armes,
 And I so farre from offering aide remou'd;
 A hoste of Furies in my brest I finde
 Which doe my Soule with dreadfull horrors fill,
 Whilst Melancholy fosters in my Minde
 Strange apprehensions which affright me still;
 And this turmiz'd disgrace, growne throughly strong,
 Reades hourelly in mine eares a hatefull scroule
 Of an imagin'd, yet a helplesse wrong,
 Such poyson'd thoughts like Serpents sting my Soule;
 Blinde Loue beguiles me not, sharpe sighted Feares
 Thee to suspect, too great apparance giue,
 Would God I had no Heart, nor Eyes, nor Eares,
 Which thy vnkindnesse must conceiue, yet liue;
 This aggrauates the weight of my despaire,
 When doubt objects to breake Loues last defence,
 How he is yong, and fierce, she yong, and faire,
 He to offend, the subiect to offence;
 From wronging me, both can not long abstaine,
 Her beautie is sufficient to allure,
 His brauery is sufficient to obtaine,
 Captaines will force; and Captiues must endure.
 O *Alexander*, tender my renowne
 Though thus thou trauell to vsurpe my Throne,
 I rage to haue a Riual in my Crowne,
 But in my loue I can comfort with none;

That

boundlesse flame which in thy bosome boiles,
 parch'd with ought saue blood, as base I blame:
 Fortunes take, but spare her honours spoiles,
 Aske not thy glory, yet must breed our shame.
 Pardon Deare that which grieved thoughts burst forth,
 To bright thy fame, that darkned is my State,
 In many meanes Men muster may their worth:
 Woman onely with a wretched Mate:
 All Mindes still pure, doe then most firmly stand
 As fortified with wedlockes sacred band.
 Let me doubt, or let me leaue to loue,
 Feare the worst it is Affections part,
 Nor mistrust thy truth: yet it may proue
 Face betray thy Faith, thy Hap thy Heart;
 On thy faith my confidence relies,
 It doth dissolue suspitions power againe;
 It repell reports as stand'rous lyes
 Which would my Iudgement, or thy vertue staine,
 Though Fortune now my ruine doth designe,
 With that Traitesse scorne to be coniu'd,
 Whome may helpe her fault, thou neuer thine,
 Helpe for Honours woundes, all else are cur'd.

CHORVS.

O More then miserable Minde
 Which of all things it selfe worst knowes!
 And through Presumption made quite blinde
 Is puffed vp with euery winde,
 Which Fortune in derision blowes,
 Such one no stable blisse can finde,
 Whose Heart is guided by his Eye,
 And trusts too much betraying shewes,
 Which seeme not as they be,
 Oft short prosperitie
 Breeds long aduersitie:
 Who abuse the first, the last ore throwes.
 A dead security all care exyles;
 Tis no small danger to be happy whyles.

Who

Who on himselfe too much depends
And makes an Idole of his wit:
For euery fauour Fortune sends,
Selfe-flatterer himselfe commends,
And will no sound aduice admit,
But at himselfe beginnes, and ends:
And neuer tryes a moments leasure
To try what fault he may commit:

But, drunke with frothes of pleasure
Thirsts for praise aboue measure,
Imaginary treasure,

Which slowly comes, and soone away doth flit;
And what is most commended at this time,
Succeeding ages may account a crime.

A Potentate who is respected,
And by his Subiects thought a God,
Thinks as his name on high erected,
Hath what he list at home effected
It may like wonders worke abroad,
O how this folly is detected!
For though he sit in Royall seat,
And as he list his Vassals lod,

Yet others who are great,
Liue not by this conceat,
Nor weighes what he doth threat,
But plague his pride oft ere he feare the rod;
There are rare qualities requir'd in Kings,
A naked name can neuer worke great things,

They who themselues too much esteeme,
And vainely vilipend their foe,
Oft finde not Fortune as they deeme,
And with their treasure would redeeme
Their errour past, behold euen so
Our King of blame doth worthy seeme,
Who his aduersary to scorne
Thought he who in his name did go
The Laurell should haue worne
His triumphes to adorne.

The Tragedie of Darius.

But he with shame hath shorne
fruits of folly euer ripe with woe :
An Enemie (if it be well aduis'd)
Though he seeme weake, should neuer be despis'd.

But what are the Minions of our Kings
Who spake at large, and are beleecued,
Dare brag of many mighty things
As they could flie, though wanting wings,
And deeds by words may be atcheeued;
But Time at length their lies to light
Their Soueraigne to confusion brings:
Yet so they gaine, they are not grieu'd,
But charme their Princes sight,
And make what's wrong seeme right,
Thus ruine they his might
That when he would he cannot be relieued,
Moe Kings in chambers fall by flatteries charmes,
Then in the field by aduersaries armes.

What the successe hath since approu'd
By *Charidemus* was fore-showne,
Yet with his words no man was mou'd,
For good men first must be remou'd,
Before their worth can well be knowne;
The King would heare but what he lou'd,
And what him pleas'd, not did despise,
So were the better sort ore-throwne;

And Sycophants vn-wise
Who could the truth disguise,
Were suffered high to rise,
That him who rais'd them vp, they might cast downe:
Thus Princes will not heare, though such deceive the
Things as they are, but as theselues wold haue the.

The Tragedie of Darius.

Act. II.

ALEXANDER, PARMENIO



Ehold, the Heauens with a benigne aspect
To prosper this braue enterprise intend
And with propitious Starres seeme to direct
This great beginning to a glorious end.
Who would be famous, must of force asse
All those (a stonish) who my troupes doe view
Doubt of those two, which most they should admire
My coming, or my conquering with so few ;
So mighty mindes whilst for great actions bent
Force Fortune oft to fauour them in all,
Where breasts more base diuining euill euent
Through superstitious feares procure their fall.
O how I wonder, when I call to minde
That monstrous campe, which not so much as doubt
Dimme seem'd the Sunne, while-as their armour shone
Men had not heard the thunder, whilst they shouted
Auant-courours aduanced to examine
When they so meane my numbers had perceiu'd,
Did thinke them small to satisfie the famine
That their huge hoste of slaughter had conceiu'd;
And yet in end this prou'd a poysond food
Which of their owne to their confusion yeelds
Huge Mounts of murdered corpes, and sea. of blood
Vn-buried bodies buried all the fields.
So now, that few whom they contemn'd so farre
(See how mortalitie it selfe deceiues)
Haue quite ore-match'd their multitudes in warre;
And made the world neere waste to people graues.
Then, deare *Parmenio*, since the Fates afford
So faire an entrie to our first designs,
Let vs goe follow Lantern'd by the sword
That Fortune which the Heauens our hopes assignes.
Parm. This high attempt, as we would wish succeed
What hostes haue we ore-throwne, what Cities raz'd

The Tragedie of Darins.

Loe, populous *Asia* trembles at our deeds,
 And Martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd,
Greece which both *Mars*, and *Pallas* did defend
 A prostrat supplicant before thee falles,
 Rebellious *I hebes*, which durst with thee contend
 Lyes now entomb'd within her broken walles,
 That sea-commanding *Tyre*, reposing much
 In liquid Castels, and a wauiing maine,
 Hath now confirm'd thy forces to be such
 That nothing can resist thy iust disdain.
 No doubt the ancient Grecians Ghosts are glad
 To see the fierce Barbarians brought so low,
 Yet are for enuy of thy Fortune sad,
 And though vn-bodied blush at this ore-throw.
Miltiades by all men was admir'd,
 Who once in *Greece* their flying troupes pursued,
 And he who with a stratagem retir'd
 And *Salaminæes* straites with blood imbrued;
 But yet for all the Captaines of that Age,
 The Easterne Monarkes Empire was enlarg'd,
 Who in their Countrey flaming all with rage
 The sea with Shippes, the land with armies charg'd,
 He with moe swarmes of Men, then Autumnes Clusters
 Dranke Riuers dry, and march'd on *Neptunes* backe,
 By measure, not by number, made his musters,
 Did scourge the winds, striu'd Mountaines Plaines to make;
 All *Europe* fear'd then to be forc'd to bow,
 Whilst Earth did groane to beare so great an hoste;
 But thou hast come, seene, and ouer-com'd them now,
 When in the bounds wherein their might was most.
 That hautie foe, who vilipended oft
 Our Predecessors powers, and scorn'd our owne,
 Now laid as low, as he was once aloft,
 With his disgrace, must make thy valour knowne,
 He doth by this acknowledge his distresse,
 Labouring first to haue his friends restor'd,
 His message (mightie Prince) imports no lesse,
 By his request thy conquest is decor'd:
 For the recovery of his captiu'd Queene
 He offred hath innumerable gold;

And

The Tragedie of Darius.

A masse so great that such was neuer seene,
More (as they bragge) then *Macedon* may hold:
My counsell is, that you accept his offers,
And with his Daughters render her againe,
Who would make warre, must not haue empty coffers:
Where one for Glory, thousands fight for Gaine;
And if those Ladies guarded captiues stay
It cost and trouble breeds to fit their state;
Thus more to charge, or charges to defray,
To vex or ease aduise, and not too late.

Alex. If come to trafficke in a seruile sort,
And like a Merchant bent but to embrace
(All else despis'd) that which might gaine import,
Then your opinion purchase might a place :
But soone I surfet of such melting things,
And famish but for Fame, and Crownes of Kings,

Parm. If *Alexander* I, so would I doe.

Alex. If I *Parmenion* were, so would I too,

Parm. So you bind Souldiers let them Dames redeeme,

Alex. Saue thanks, or praise, no treasure I esteeme.

Parm. Euē good proues euill when done vnto a foe.

Alex. What greater glory then to conquer so ?

Parm. Gold is the God which conquers in all parts.

Alex. True magnanimity doth rauish Hearts.

Parm. Rich Treasures serue for sinewes of the warre.

Alex. No, but couragious Hearts, which all things dare.

Parm. The want of wages makes a mutinous band.

Alex. But who dare disobey, when I command.

Parm. Those are thought fooles, who richesse do disdain

Alex. A gallant Minde likes Glory more then gaine.

Parm. But who delights in such an aerie store ?

Alex. If I be singular, I seeke no more.

Parm. The truth by Princes is not vnderstood:

But yet I heare your souldiers oft exclaime
That your ambition but exhausts their blood,
Who perish all to purchase you a name ;
Yet carelesse what they loose, so you may winne,
That like your Minde your Kingdome may want bounds,
One battels end, another doth beginne,
Whilst you the glory gaine, they nought but wounds;

From

The Tragedie of *Darius*.

Such rash reports oft blowne in euery eare
Doe breed base grudge, and loftie tumults too,
When leauing reuerence, duety, loue and feare,
What dare not mutinous troupes attempt to doe ?
Retire in time while as the Heauens are cleare,
You haue perform'd, perform'd, and that euen soone
More then your owne could hope, your foes could feare,
Yea (yet more strange) then some can trust though done;
Your worth in warre (as bright as glory) showne,
Which euen by enuy neuer could be stain'd,
Your skill in peace would likewise now be knowne :
Calme Vertue ruling, what sterne Valour gain'd:
A state well rul'd the fame of Kings doth raise
No lesse then foughten fields, or batter'd Townes,
More hard it is, and doth deserue more praise
To guide, then get, to keepe, then conquer Crownes.
In Fortunes spheares chiefe hight your glory plac'd,
Can now not moue vnlesse it be more low,
And if it once descend, then quite disgrac'd,
Each Artizan your statues will o're-throw;
For in the warre as you may well perceiue
There doth no litle part depend on Fame,
If we but once the least small check receiue
The world will gather to procure our shame:
Then tempt not Fortune further then you need,
Your rashly mounting thoughts let reason raine,
Least whilst your hopes with Trophees fain'd you feed
A moment loose what many dayes did gaine.
Let *Darius* proue all Monarkes patterne now
(What wandering Starre doth sway the course of Crownes)
That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow,
Him onely now his miserie renownes;
Scarce mou'd to call you King, though twise o're-throwne
At last to match with you he doth agree,
And with his Daughter hath for dowrie shown
That great Euphrates shall your border be;
Or otherwise he condescends to giue
Great store of gold, or what your selfe desires,
If that his Mother, wife, and children liue,
To haue them rendred as he oft requires:

The Tragease of Darius.

And let not loffie thoughts cloud Reasons Eyes,
Remember what strange Realmes will him embrace,
Which scarce he knowes by name, or neuer sees,
Where if he fled, your troupes would tire to chace.

Alex. Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou mak'st me rage

With those thy words not worthy of our cares,
It seemes the coldnesse of decaying Age
Hath kil'd thy courage with a frost of Feares:
Did I abandon thee my native soile,
And made my ensignes shadow forraine fields,
As fear'd for danger, or else tyr'd of toile,
That I should turne whilst yet our foe not yeelds?
Then all my labours are but lost at last,
Which haue but bred an appetite of praise,
That I might die displeas'd, the time once past
When meanes remain'd a state like I o v e s to raise:
No, I will raigne, and I will raigne alone,
From this designe my fancie neuer wanders:
For (as the Heauens can hold no Sunne but one)
The Earth can not containe two *Alexanders*;
The spacious circuit of this peopled Round
Seemes not sufficient to confine my thought,
And O would God there could mo Worlds be found
That many might to decke our deeds be brought;
● I could wish the Ocean were firme land
Where none but hideous Giants had retreat,
Such as at *Phlegra* field in stufe did stand
Against the Gods for the etheriall seat:
These could encourage Martiall mindes to strike,
Who when subdu'd would yeeld eternall praise,
I conquer Men, but many did the like:
And alter-ages may my equall raise:
But since none such my triumphes are to grace,
Such as there are, I le to subiection bring,
And as a Pest, I vow to flie all peace,
Till all the world adore me for their King.
Let them retire in time who danger dread,
Yet thinke on this (whilst glory bent to wed)
That ye abandon'd me in time of need,
And that I stay'd to fight when as ye fled.

The Tragedie of Darius.

Pass home in darkenesse, seruile rest to finde,
I measure not my courage by my numbers.

Par. Your Maiestie doth much mistake my minde,
You know what I endur'd, what cares, what cumbers;
And for my part, I to your eyes appeale,
Which well can witness what my hands haue wrought,
All what I spake, proceeded of a zeale,
And not of cowardice, or feare of ought;
Nor match I vile repose with honest paines,
My courage yet is not become so cold,
That wonted vigour hath not left my veines
Which spurr'd my sprite in youth, though I be old.

Alex. 'Tis not inough that you your selfe be so,
To be the same you should the rest exhort;
Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to goe
And view the captiues, what doth he report?

Par. As we haue heard of him who hither went,
While they as yet not of support despair'd,
And controulelie were led vnto a tent
Which we of purpose caus'd to be prepar'd:
Euen in the way one fortun'd there to spy
The Diademe which *Darius* earst had borne,
Though glorious once, which low on Earth did lie,
As earst for pompe, then wondred at with scorne.
Straight they imagin'd from his Royall head
Whose dignity it some-time did decore,
None could it cast except himselfe were dead,
And if so were, they long'd to liue no more.
When they had entred in the tent to weep,
Your seruant came, and at the entrie knock'd,
They stood so still, he thought an yornie sleepe
Had clos'd their eyes, or else that he was mock'd;
At length by force he made a patent way
And was aduanc'd them louingly to greet,
When (loe) the Ladies prostrated all lay,
And with a flood of teares be-dew'd his feet.
Then said (by death expecting to be free)
Let vs entombe great *Darius* like a King;
Then when we first his funerall honour see,
Death must to vs a great contentment bring.

Acte 2d
Scene 2d

The Tragedie of Darinus.

This oft they vrg'd, though he attested there
That *Darinus* was not dead (as they suppos'd)
But liu'd with hope his ruines to repaire,
And in the pow'r of other Realmes repos'd.
Then did he vrge what comfort and reliefe
They might attend depending on your Grace.
Thus hauing tovl'd to mitigat their griefe,
It seem'd they long'd to see my Soueraignes face.

Alex. I pitie still, and not insult ou'r such,
(Though once my Enemies) who are humbled so;
And lest weake feare oppresse their minde too much
To comfort them straight to their tent I goe.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

OF all the passions which possesse the Soule
None so disturbes vaine Mortals Mindes
As this ambition which so blindes
The light of them, that nothing can controule,
Nor curbe their thoughts who will aspire;
This raging vehement desire
Of Soueraigntie no satisfaction findes,
But in the breasts of men doth euer roule
The restless stone of *Sisiph* to torment them,
And as his heart who steal'd the Heauenly fire
The Vulture gnawes, so doth that Monster rent them,
Had they the World, the World would not content them

This race of *Ixion* to embrace the clouds
They scorne the state wherein they stand,
And saue themselves, would all command;
As one desire is quench'd, another buds.
When they haue trauel'd all their time,
Heapt blood on blood, and crime on crime,
There is a higher power who guides their hand.
More happie he whom a poore Cottage shroudes
Against the tempest of the threatening Heauen,
He stands in feare of none, none enuies him;

The Tragedie of Darius.

His Heart is vp-right, and his wayes are euen,
Where others states are still twixt fixe and seuen.

That damned wretch vp with Ambition blowne
Then whilst he turnes the wheele about,
Whiles throwne within, whiles throwne without
In striuing for the top is tumbling downe.
Those who delight in climbing hie,
Of by a præcipice doe die,
So doe the Starres sky-climbing worldlings flout;
But this disease is fatall to a Crowne,
Kings, who haue most, would most augment their bounds,
And if they be not all, they can not be,
Which to their damage commonly redounds
Too great a state her proper weight confounds.

The mighty toying to enlarge their state
Themselues exceedingly deceiue
In hazarding the hap they haue
For a felicitie which they conceat;
Though their Dominions they increase,
Yet their desires grow neuer lesse,
For though they conquer much, yet more they craue,
Which fatall fortune doth attend the great,
Whose eye-beguiling pompe is all but fume,
Such glorious shewes disguise the mindes distresse;
And who to conquer all the Earth presume
A litle earth shall them at last consume.

And if it fortune that they die in peace,
(A wonder wondrous rarely seene)
Who conquer first, their Empire last
Is ruin'd by some persons of their race,
Who comming to the Crowne with rest,
And hauing all in peace possesse
Doe straight forget what bloody broiles haue pass
Ere first their Fathers could attaine that place;
As Seas doe flow and ebbe, States ryse, and fall,
And Princes when their actions prosper best,

The Tragedie of Darius.

For feare their greatnesse should oppresse the small,
As of some hated, enuyed are of all.

We know what end the mighty *Cyrus* made,
Whom whilst he stru'd to conquer still
A Woman did with rigour kill,
And in a bloody vessell rol'd his head,
Then said (whilst many wondring stood)
Since thou didst alwayes furnish for such food,
Now quench thy thirst of blood with blood at will.
Some who succeeded him, since he was dead,
Haue raign'd a space with pompe, and yet with paine,
Whose glory now can do to vs no good:
And what so long they labour'd to obtaine
All in an instant must be lost againe.

Loe, *Darius* once so magnified by fame
By one whom he contemn'd o're-come,
For all his brauery now made dombe,
With downe-cast Eyes must signifie his shame ;
Who pufte vp with pernicious pride
Thinke Fortune bound to serue their side:
They can not scape to be a prey to some;
Such spend their prosp'rous dayes, as in a dreame,
And as it were in Fortunes bosome sleeping,
They in this dull security abide,
And of their doubtfull state neglect the keeping,
Whilst fearefull ruine comes vpon them creeping.

Thus the vicissitude of worldly things
Doth oft to vs it selfe detect,
When heavenly pow'rs exalt, deiect,
Confirm, confound, erect, and ruine Kings.
So *Alexander* mightie now
To whom the vanquish'd world doth bow,
With all submission, homage and respect,
Doth flie a borrow'd slight with Fortunes wings;
Nor enters he his dangerous course to ponder,
Yet, if that Fortune bend her cloudie brow,
All those who at his strange successe doe wonder,
May gaze as much to see himselfe brought vnder.

The Tragedie of Darius.

Act. III. Scene. I.

SISIGAMBIS, STATIRA REGINA
STATIRA VIRGO.



Dismall day detested be thy light,
And would to God (but gods neglect our case)
The world were wrapt in a Cimmerian night,
That no proud Ey might gaze on our disgrace.

Why did the Heauens reserue my feeble age
To make my burden more, when strength growes lesse;
Could nothing but my shame their wrath asswage,
Thus offred vp on Altars of distresse?
Ah, haue I spent my youth in Pompe and Pleasure,
And had my spring-time grac'd with pleasant flowres
That Autumne which should reape the Sommers Treasure
Might be distempred with such stormie showres;
And did smooth calmes and Sunne-shines for a space
Make all my voyage through the world a sport,
That I should fall when neere to end my race,
And toss'd with stormes euen perish at my Port;
Yet for all this, were I expos'd alone
The wretched object of Ioues thundring armes,
I should not thinke I had iust cause to mone,
When I but waild mine owne, not others harmes;
Ah me, on those whom more then life I loue
The state-disturbing blasts of Fortune fall,
Yet each of them some seuerall losse doth moue,
But I in anguish beare a part with all,
I suffered when I saw *Oxatres* slaine,
My louing Sonne, and most entirely lou'd,
I dy'd in *Darius*, when he try'd in vaine
What Fates would doe, yet still their hatred prou'd;
The Heauens to plague me more, yet make me breath,
O rigour rare! what tortures racke my brest?
Who feeles the sowre, but not the sweet of death,
Still cour'd, not kill'd, for feare to breed my rest,
Yet, Ioue, if this may dis-enflame thine ire,
Let all thy Lightning light vpon my head,

The Tragedie of Darius.

To be consum'd with a Celestiall fire

Some comfort were, since that I must be dead,

Stat. Reg. Leauē mother those complaints, as fit for me,
Who still must grieue my friends, and grace my foes:
Whose fortune is infortunate to be :

Euen hell it selfe may borrow of my woes.

Loe, that deare Lord and treasure of my thought,

Whose presence I my Paradiſe esteem'd,

To such a præcipice is headlong brought

That with the world his glory dead is deem'd ;

Ah, on what prop can I repose my trust

When of his state I first the greatnesse ponder :

Next, how his Diademe drencht in the dust

Was Fortunes Trophee, and all *Asia* wonder :

He whose imperious speech the World respected,

And as an Oracle had in regard,

He vanquish'd now, and with contempt neglected,

Euen as a supplicant can scarce be heard;

And yet I know this more doth grieue his soule

Then all the harme which happned to his state

His pow'r ou'r me, that any can controule,

Who (as his Idole) was ador'd of late ;

Shall he (pure quintessence of my best part)

Then onely testifie the loue he beares?

No, by mine eyes I will distill my heart,

And for his sake dissolue my selfe in teares;

Would God my breſt might still transparent be,

That as through Cristall all might marke my minde,

And of my loyall thoughts the secrets see,

Whose great affection can not be confin'd.

This prisons worst hath bounded but mine eyes,

And banish'd them the obiect of their Ioy,

My fierie heart well wing'd with fancies flies,

And where thou goest doest still thy steps conuoy;

Deare, whilst thou do'st enioy this common aire,

Those who me captiue thinke, they doe but erre:

For whilst thou liu'st, how can thy Queene despair,

Whom thou to Soule, and Scepter do'st preferre ;

Yet flatter I my selfe who am accurst :

Of those mishaps which make my thoughts to stray

The

The Tragedie of Darins.

The memorie may serue to make me burst,

Ah, ah, I faint, I feeble my sprites decay.

Sis. Helpe, helpe, alace, alace the Empresse falles.

Stat. Vir. O day of darkenesse ! what a world of woes !

Sis. This sight so sad my panting heart appalles:
Heauen, Earth and all, are now become our foes.

Stat. Vir. No creature hath more cause to mone then I
Whose fathers fortune oft afflicts mine eares,
Whilst I my Mothers miserie must spy,
So that of both my brest the burden beares.

Stat. Reg. What inhumane humanitie is this
With such a cruell pitie to oppresse,
To bring pale Ghostes backe from the fields of blisse
Yet to be plung'd in Oceans of distresse ?
O vnkinde kindenesse which by sauing slayes,
And would with louelesse Loue, my loue controule,
Ah, of this brauing Sunne the loathsome rayes
Doe cleare mine eyes, but to confound my Soule.

Sis. Deare Daughter, stroue your passions to restraine,
Lest that the torrent of your griefe grow such
That both it cary you where Horrors raigne;
And him o're-whelme for whom you mourne so much;
No doubt but he, if we rest captiues thus
Disdaining those Indignities of ours
To venge himselfe in re-obtaining vs
Will hazard all his Orientall pow'rs;
But ah, what comfort can a wretch afford
Whose care-worne brest the worst of wo containes ?
Yet though my Heart would faine impugne my word
I hopelesse speake of hope, to ease her paines.

Stat. Reg. Plagu'd with what is, what may be neuer pause
Since we must hold our griefe our greatest good,
And doe not feed false hopes, for we haue cause
Yea to sigh out our soules, and weepe our blood.

Sis. I waile my sonne. *Stat. Reg.* And I my husbands fall.

Stat. Vir. I waile my Father, and in him vs all.

Sis. No woe like mine, mine can not be relieu'd,
I waile his woe who should my woe assuage,
Who liues by me, by whom I should haue liu'd,
Sport of my youth and pillar of mine age.

Stat.

The Tragedie of Darins.

Stat. Reg. No woe like mine, who faithfull to my pheere
Had for the loue of him all others left;
But what a pheere: my selfe, or one more deare,
Yet from my selfe, my selfe by force am rest.

Stat. Vir. No woe like mine, who borne a Monarkes child
Thought by my birth of Fortunes best to boast,
Yet are my Hopes euen at the hight beguild,
And what I hop'd in most, hath harm'd me most.

Sis. I mourne for him who in my wombe was form'd.

Stat. Reg. I mourne for him in whom loue me transform'd.

Stat. Vir. I mourne for him who did giue forme to me.

Sis. Shall I no more in him my Image see?

Stat. Reg. Ah shall I neuer in his Ioy reioyce?

Stat. Vir. Ah shall I neuer heare his chearefull voyce?

Sis. Would God my ruine might his ransom be.

Stat. Reg. Would God my life my lifes life might set free,

Stat. Vir. Would God the life he gaue him life might giue.

Sis. Must those gray haire my Sons green youth suruine?

Stat. Reg. Left twise made die, I le first preuent his fall.

Stat. Vir. Shall I liue last to suffer for you all?

Sis. But whiles our wretched state we iustly mone

We may lament this Infant too a space,

Who in mishap inferiour were to none,

If he could apprehend his Tragicke case.

Stat. Reg. O then how can my heart but bursted be

Whom Nature moues most to bemoane his harmes;

I thinke the Hostes of Heauen I thundring see

On me, my mate and him here in my armes:

Deare Image of my selfe, in whom I liue,

Thy shapè not shames the greatnesse of thy Syre,

But of thy birth cleare euidence doth giue

Thy sowe-sweet sight addes coales to my desire.

Thou who should'st comfort most, torment'st thou me?

Huge hostes of passions now my soule assembles;

O how I grieve, and yet am glad to see

Thee, though not him, whom thy sweet face resembles!

Go, beare this Babe from hence, a wound too deepe

Hath pierc'd me with compassion of his part,

Yet let him stay, I ioy to heare him weepe,

This Mothers passion melts my wounded heart,

The Tragedie of Darius.

Of many woes this last is not the least,
That vn-begun thy glory thus must end:
Thy fortunes Sunne (my Sonne) set in the East,
Whilst all the World thy rising did attend;
Ah, must this Innocent taste of mishap,
Whose tender age can not discern his state,
And thus be plagu'd, yea, in his nurses lap,
Inherit woe by birth: ah cruell fate!
If thou could'st hope, what great Hopes hast thou lost
Who art defrauded of so high a Throne?
Ah, in thy Cradle must I see thee crost
Whom I design'd so great when we were gone:
Yet happy haplesse childe, who canst not know
From whence the fountaine of our Sorrow flowes,
Nor what it is that men call lie, or low,
Nor on what thorne the rose of Honour growes;
Yet hast thou felt the pricke before the smell,
Is this the benefite thy birth-right brings
A captiue here in miserie to dwell:
Then better not be borne, nor come of Kings,
O what a noyse is that which me affrights:
I thinke of teares the torrent to restraine,
(Since foules when sad a iust complaint delights)
They still would plague, yet stop me to complaine;
Or is it one who doth lament our case
And is (a rare thing) in affliction kinde:
Who would behold how we can death embrace:
Death Soueraigne Physick for a troubled minde.
Sis. By many signes we may our selues assure,
Tis *Alexander* whom we long'd not for.
Stat. Re. What? ah I die, and must mine Eyes endure
That odious object which I most abhorre:
Sis. Spare such speeches now lest all goe wrong,
We are enuiron'd with outragious hostes;
Those who are weake must yeeld vnto the strong:
For Victors rage when as the vanquish'd boasts;
I will intreat him too, not for my selfe
(Age bowes my bodie to embrace pale Death)
But that you may eschue this wrackfull selfe,
Whose youth, and beauty merite yet to breath.

The Tragedie of Darius.

Act. III. Scene. II.

ALEXANDER, SISIGAMBIS,
STATIRA REGINA,
HEPHESTION.

Rise Mother, rise, and calme those needles care
I come to cure, not to procure your woe,
The duty which I owe those silver haire
Doth grieve my minde to see you humbled so.

Sis. Most gracious Prince, forgive me if I er'd
In taking him for you, who stands you by.

Alex. I finde no fault to see my friend prefer'd
Even to my selfe, this is another I.

Sis. My sorrowes so confounded haue my minde
That scarce I know my selfe, another lesse,
My Soule in such an agony I finde
As to the Earth a Mountaine did me presse.

Alex. I pray you Mother set those plaints apart,
They vex me more then sterne *Bellonaes* broiles.

Sis. This tender name of Mother wounds my heart,
Whilst nam'd by him, who of that name me spoiles,
I was (woe that I was) a Mother late
Of two faire Sonnes (faire Sunnes) Lights of my life,
But one is dead, and in a worse estate
The other liues, inuolu'd in woe, and strife;
Like to the trunk of some disbranched tree
Which *Eolus* hath to confusion brought,
Since spoyl'd of those braue Impes which sprung from me
Vnprofitable stock I serue for nought.

Stat. Reg. I serue for nought since seruing him no more
Who onely may my blasted Hopes reuiue,
So quite confounded, farre from what before,
Who him of me, me of my selfe depriue,
I liue without my halfe, without my whole,
Prodigious Monster, whom the world admires,
I want the point, the Pilote, and the pole
Which drew, addrest, and bounded my desires:

The Tragedie of Darius.

Toss'd by sad sighes in floods of bitter teares
I (saue from ruine) looke for no reliefe,
By what I feele still plagu'd, but worse with feares
All comfort loath'd, my glory is my griefe:
My Soule seemes to presage disastrous chances,
And warring with it selfe hath neuer peace,
My heart furcharg'd doth faint in deadly trances,
My eyes must grace the ground of my disgrace.
Hell hath assembled all her horrors heere;
Ah, in the Dongeons of this desp'rat brest,
As in the darke Tartarian groues, appeare
A thousand shadowes to bereaue my rest.

Alex. Faire Princessse spare those passionat complaints,
Which may augment, but not amend your harmes;
This voice which with your woe the world acquaints
Doth moue me more then all the Persians armes.
Take courage (Madame) be afraid of none:
That you may hope what helpe I can afford
I sweare by I o v e s inuiolable Throne,
And doe protest by my imperiall word,
Though for a while barr'd from your royall seat
You compast here with troupes of strangers stand,
Yet shall you still be vs'd as fits your state,
And may (as earst in your owne Court) command.

Stat. Reg. Ah, how can I command whilst I am thrall?
What can I haue, who wanting one want all?

Alex. Though braue it seeme in some proud Victors sight
To plague their captiues, and triumph in ill:
The larger grow the limits of my might
The more I labour to restraine my will.
What can be fear'd by them whom I defend?
Foes haue not pow'r, and who with me remaine
They dare not wrong, nor offer to offend
The least in ranke who doth attend your traine;
If any would impugne what I appoint,
Or would in ambush for your honour lye,
Or discontent you but in any point,
As *Alexander* liues that wretch shall die.

Stat. Reg. O what a hoste of Evils where e're I goe
Are still encroaching to o're-throw my state!

Al,

The Tragedie of Darus.

Ah, must I be beholden to my foe,
And owe him loue, to whom my Loue owes hate,
Should he helpe me who still his ruine plyes;
Heauens curse my heart, if slain'd with treason thus,
Let Death in darkenesse first entombe my eyes
Ere such a sight accepted be by vs.
I (Lord) am thine, and thine I will remaine,
Thy loue was planted in a fertile field,
Which now growne great to guerdon thee againe
From flourish'd faith chaste flames for fruites doth yeeld;
Yet doth misfortune this good fortune bring,
My constancie shall now be clearely knowne,
Another might haue lou'd a happy King:
But I will loue thee though thou be o're-throwne.

Alex. I labour much to comfort in some measure
This mourning Queene, and mitigat her paine,
Whose woe doth make my victorie no pleasure,
But hath en-sow'd the sweetnesse of my gaine.

Sis. Most mighty King, thou do'st deserue indeed
That (as for *Darus*) we should pray for thee,
Who do'st so much in clemencie exceed,
That thou bewail'st our losse, no lesse then he;
Not onely thou surmount'st all other Kings
In glory rising from thy labours gone;
And for those benefites which Fortune brings,
But in all Vertues worthy of a throne;
Thou do'st vouchsafe on me (more then I craue)
The title of a Queene, and mother still,
But I confesse my selfe thy humble slaue,
Whose life hath now no Limits but thy will;
The dreamed good which Greatnesse gaue forgot,
My count'nance shall be free from clouds of cares;
And I'll allow of this my present lot
As one who for my fate my force prepares,
Yea, if this woefull woman heere were free,
Who hath no Heaven except her husbands face;
I could content my selfe (great Prince) to be
The meanest hand-maid, which attends your Grace.

Alex. As if your Sonnes, command all which is mine,
And I will seeke to second your desire.

The Tragedie of Darius.

Sis. Heavens recompence this courtesie of thine,
Which in all ages Vertue shall admire.

Alex. Those captiu'd Princesses haue pierc'd my Soule,
Which euen amidst our Heaven haue found a Hell.

Hep. His passions so what Stoick could controule
Whom now to weepe their teares would not compell;
What age could earst such stately beauties show,
Which of perfection hold the highest place,
And borne to bring, though now they be brought low,
Doe Beautie beautifie, giue Griefe a grace;

Syr, such a victorie hath not beene seene
As you haue gain'd, since conquering (as appeares)
The largest Kingdome, and the fairest Queene,
That *Asia* vaunted off, these many years.
Durst *Ledaes*, or *Aganors* brood compare
With that sweet Queene, the honour of her kinde;
But as she is aboue all other faire,

As farre her Daughters make her goe behinde;
It seem'd at first that sorrow had beene sleeping,
Then whilst those Virgins in their Grand-dames bosome
With weeping beautie, and with beauteous weeping,
Did with a haile of Pearle, blast Beauties blossome:
So large a pow'r, no Prince on Earth can haue,
As hath Loues Empire in their face confin'd.

Alex. What, what *Tephestion*, what doth thee deceaue;
Dare folly seeke to bragge so braue a minde;

Dare *Cupid* enter in an armed campe,
And them who *Mars* haue match'd for sport appall;
Must his soft seale euen through hard mettall itampe
And make who conquere Men, to Women thrall;

Hep. We dare resist (whilst many thousand dies)
The Steele tempests of a world of Men,
But if from yuorie orbes two Sunnie Eyes
Doe charge the Soule (I know not how) O then
A secret pow'r compos'd of hopes and feares
So charmes the minde that it strange thoughts conceales,
And straight the heart quaff'd drunke by eyes and cares,
Doth staggering rage, and full of fancies raues.

Alex. But yet in my conceit, I scorne all such
And doe disdaine to yeeld my selfe at all;

Yea,

The Tragedie of Darins.

Yea, in that sort to bow I loath so much,
Let rather *Mars* then *Cupid* make me fall:
Should I be bound with fraile Affections chaines
As one obliuious of my former fame;
No, no, this purpose still my soule retaines
To ballance nothing with a noble name;
O what a great indignity is this
To see a Conquerour to his lust a slaue!
Who would the title of true worth were his
Must vanquish vice, and no base thoughts conceiue:
The brauest Trophée euer man obtain'd
Is that, which ou'r himselfe, himselfe hath gain'd.
Heph. I ioy, my Soueraigne, that as you excell
Not onely Men, but *Mars* himselfe in armes,
That from your minde you likewise may repell
The flattering pow'r of *Catheras* charmes,
That vertue rare, whose rayes shine in your words
Rests sonken in the center of my Soule,
And ouer my selfe to me such pow'r affords
That straying thoughts I'll trauell to controule.

ACT. III. Scene. III.

BESSVS, NARBAZANES.



N *Arbazanes* now ere the time be gone
Let vs accomplish that which we intend,
And ioyne our wit, our force, and all in one
Ere knowne begunne, that it may quickly end:
You see, Occasion (if our course we keep)
To raise rare fortunes points vs out the way,
Yea blames our sluggishness that as a sleepe
So great a purpose do so long delay.
Loe, angry I o'v'r, our Princes part disproues:
For, the successe what euer he attempt
From following him the peoples minde remoues:
Scil is Distresse attended by contempt.
What boundes so large which should our thoughts confine,
Whose Hearts to hatch high Hopes, the Heauens entise f

For

The Tragedie of Darius.

Our Kings confusion since they do designe,
We by his fall may finde a meane to rise.

Nar. I will most willingly performe my part,
For, I the same most willingly allow:
Deare Wealth and Honour, Idoles of my heart
If you I may enioy, I care not how;
Yet that this course may best be kept obscure,
Our thoughts must seeme all for our countrie bent;
When mask'd with zeale crimes are reputed pure,
A show of good doth vulgar mindes content,
In dangerous plots where Courage ioynes with Art
Let slow aduice, a quicke dispatch be vs'd:
Nought (saue successe) can iustifie our part
Who must command, or come to be accus'd.

Bess. To *Alexander* one was sent of late
To speake of peace, whose speech was spent in vaine,
So that thus toss'd, most desp'rat is his state,
Who peace can not obtaine, nor warre maintaine;
To cleare his thoughts which many doubts doe sway,
He now craues each Mans minde who Squadrons leads,
This for our purpose must prepare the way:
Those who would compasse Kings, need craftie heads:
And to atchieue that which we thinke to do
A course more fit we by no meanes could finde
Then crooked counsell seeming vpright, to
Disguise our practises, and maske our minde;
He must (aduif'd by some) renounce a space
The show of pow'r, and from affaires retire,
That for a fashion one may vse his place,
Not as vsurp'd, but at his owne desire:
So may he try if others can bring backe
That which his fortunes ebbe hath borne away,
Then he againe, his Diademe shall take,
And (as before) the regall Scepter sway.

Nar. Well, then amongst our selues to flie debate,
Which such great actions oft-times vnder-mines,
I yeeld that you possesse the highest seate,
And will my faction frame for our designs.

Bess. All that is one, which of vs two receiue it,
Since euery thing doth equally belong vs,

The Tragedie of Daniels.

Ile take it for the forme, not that I craue it,
For we will part his Kingdomes all among vs,
But if he condescend to this we craue,
To Iudgements rash, which would at first seeme good,
Let him not thinke vs two such fooles to leaue
That which so many else haue bought with blood;
Who once aduanc'd would willingly goe downe,
And prop'd with pow'r, not loue in state to stand;
This not the custome is to quite a Crowne
When one hath knowne how sweet it's to command;
This name of faith but to get credite fain'd
(If weigh'd with Kingdomes) lighter then a Crowne,
In them whose thoughts are most by zeale restrain'd,
A Scepters weight would presse all conscience downe.

Nar. Yet of my thoughts some doubt aduise ment claime
And with huge horror aggrauats disgrace:
The staine of treason still attends our names,
And with our error burdens all our race;
Our purpose must accomplish'd be with paine,
And we (though pompe a space appease our soules)
Shall finde afflictions to disturbe our raigne,
And be when dead, defam'd by famous scroules,
The sacred title of a Soueraigne King
Doth strike a terrour in my troubled thought,
And Maiestie to braue my minde doth bring,
Whose Count'nance onely strange effects hath wrought.

Beff. To idle sounds and friuolous reports
Giue thou a passport, for they last not long,
And what thou do'st alledge not much imports;
A Crowne may couer any kinde of wrong;
What hainous thing so odious is by nature
Which for a Kingdome not committed is;
To be a King, let me be call'd a Traitor,
Faith (if for ought) may broken be for this.
Those are but feeble braines which fancies loade
With timorous dreames which bare surmising brings;
Who feare vaine shadowes, must not walke abroad,
Too warie wits dare neuer worke great things.
If our braue proiect happily succeed
(As now I doubt not but it shall doe soone)

The Tragedie of Darius.

We straight will numbers finde to praise our deed,
And sooth vs vp in all that we haue done.

Nar. Now that the time and manner may be sure,
The Bactrian bands shall still attend in armes,
Yet saue a cause that he may liue secure,
And be surpris'd not looking for alarmes.
Then through the campe a rumor must be spread,
That hopelesse *Darius* hath despair'dly gone
By violence to dwell amongst the dead,
Which (as much grieued) we must appeare to mone.
The *Persians* may with promises be pleas'd,
So to disarm him of his natiue pow'rs,
Then taking him our thoughts may all be eas'd,
For whilst he is his owne, we are not ours;
Till strong with titles we with pow'r command
His shadow shrouds, while rights are forc'd or fain'd,
And his to daunt, or Strangers to gainstand,
To raise our state his show must be maintain'd,
To *Alexander* after we will send
And offer him his foe to bondage brought,
Then craue that vs his fauour may defend
As those whose course all for his well is wrought;
Then if we thus his grace can not procure,
But that he vs with rigour will pursue,
With *Darius* death we will our states assure,
Then first our force, and next the warres renewe.
Beff. Let vs hence-forth for nothing be disnaide,
But strine our selues couragiously to beare.
This dangerous action would not be delay'd,
Lest time make him to doubt, and vs to feare,

Exunt.

The Tragedie of Darins.

CHORVS.

TIme, through IovEs Iudgement iust
Huge alterations brings:
Those are but fooles who trust
In transitorie things,
Whose tailes beare mortall stings
Which in the end will wound;
And let none thinke it strange,
Though all things earthly change:
In this inferiour Round
What is from ruine free?
The Elements which be
At variance (as we see)
Each other doe confound:
The Earth and Aire make warre,
The Fire and Water are
Still wrestling at debate,
All those through cold, and heate,
Through drouth, and moisture, iarre.
What wonder though men change and fade,
Who of those changing Elements are made.

How dare vaine worldlings vaunt
Of Fortunes goods not lasting,
Evils which our wits enchant
Expos'd to losse and wasting;
Loe, we to death are hastning
Whilst we those things's discusse,
All things from their beginning
Still to an end are running,
Heaven hath ordain'd it thus;
We heare how Heaven doth thunder,
We see Earth burst asunder,
And yet we neuer ponder
What this imports to vs:
Those fearefull signes doe proue
That angrie pow'rs about

The Tragedie of Darius.

Are mou'd to Indignation
Against this wretched Nation
Which they no longer loue:
What are we but a puffe of breath
Who liue assur'd of nothing but of death :

Who was so happie yet
As neuer had some crosse &
Though on a throne he sit,
And is not vs'd with losse,
Yet Fortune once will trosse
Him, when that least he would;
If one had all at once
Hydaspes precious stones,
And yellow *Tagus* gold,
The Orientall Treasure,
And euery earthly pleasure,
Euen in the greatest measure,
It should not make him bold:
For while he liues secure
His state is most vnure,
When it doth least appeare
Some heauie plague drawes neere
Destruction to procure.

We may compare worlds glory to a flowre
Which both is bloom'd, and blasted in an houre.


In what we most repose
We finde our comfort light,
The thing we soonest lose
That's precious in our sight,
For honour, riches, might
Our liues in gadge we lay;
Yet all like flying shadowes,
Or flowres enambling medowes
Doe vanish, and decay.
Long time we toile to finde
Those Idoles of the minde,
Which had, we can not binde
To bide with vs one day :

The Tragedie of Darius.

Then why should we presume
On treasures that consume,
Difficult to obtaine,
Difficult to retaine,
A dreame, a breath, a fume
Which vexeth them most who them possesse,
Who starue with store, and famish with excess.

Act. IIII. Scene. I.

DARIUS, TIRIOTES.

 H, must I poyson now my Princes eares,
With newes the worst that euer burden'd Fame
Had I as many tongues, as I haue teares,
All would not serue my sorrowes to proclaime.

Dar. Great signes of griefe I in thy face discerne,
And spare not to report this heauie crosse
To one (I feare) whom it doth most concerne:
Is't death, disgrace, destruction, treason, losse &
Tell on the summe of horreur at the first,
With no ambiguous words my paine prolong:
A wretch for comfort craues to know the worst,
And I haue learn'd to be vnhappie long;
What least I speake, and yet suspect too much,
Art thou the Trumpet to proclaime my scorne
Which must wound me? (but ah) no torment such
As this to them who that disgrace haue borne.

Tir. She was not wrong'd as you haue wrong conceiu'd
The Gods from harme did studie to preserue her,
She from your foe such fauour hath receiu'd
As from her Subiects who were bound to serue her;
But what a vllie doth my voice prepare
Of woes to charge your eares & woes full of dread,
Would God ere I my message can declare,
That I may die in saying she is dead.
And was it not enough (poore wretch alas)
That I beheld her die, and would haue dy'd?

The Tragedie of *Darius*.

But that I must arm'd with sad tydings passe
To wound all them who heare what I haue spy'd
See how he stands dash'd with those words of mine,
As if by griefe arrested vnto death.

Dar. Yet doth the Sunne on my affliction shine,
And cleare the Aire though tainted by my breath
And can I liue, and looke them in the face
Who haue my ore-throw (shamefull o're-throw) scenes
And how I vanquish'd, vanquish'd with disgrace,
Did lose at once my Kingdome, and my Queene
Heauen bruse me all to powder with thy Thunder,
That I no more may in the world remaine
The obiect of thy wrath, and Fortunes wonder,
Spoil'd of all hope, yet kept for greater paine,
Ah, art thou dead? and doe I liue behinde thee?
Thy faultie husband, think'st thou so to flie?
If it be thus, then know I where to finde thee,
This onely grieues me that too late I die.
O *Alexander* what such hainous ill
Haue I done thee, that thou requir'st me thus
Whom of thy friends or kinred did I kill?
This crueltie comes vnderfer'd of vs,
Though iustlie thou intended had this warre,
Mars from his rage made women alwayes free,
This tyrannie shall all thy Trophees marre,
And still to thy reproach reported be.

Tir. Thus of that Prince, you without cause esteeme,
I know her death him grieuoullie displeas'd,
A wondrous thing which few, or none would deeme,
He wail'd it long, and could not be appeas'd.
Euen as my Soueraigne now, then did he smart,
And when he came to calme your Mothers griefe,
As acting not his owne, but euen your part
He seem'd to need, and not to giue reliefe.

Dar. If any sparkes of that respect remaine
Which should with reason moue thy minde to ruth,
I pray thee (*Tiristes*) now be plain,
Or else strange torments shall exact the truth,
I loath to let this question scape my mouth,
Which both I blush to craue, and long to know.

The Tragedie of Darius.

And can it be so insolent a youth
Not vrg'd to haue that which I onely ow ?
Could this fierce Prince euen in his flaming age
Haue such a beaurtie purchas'd by his toiles,
And yet not seeke (forc'd by Affections rage)
Her honours ruine, and my pleasures spoiles ?
Speake franklie now, and tell what fatall selfe
Hath crush'd my treasures Barke, and me defac'd:
The feare of euill is worse then euill it selfe,
They doe die twise, who die, and die disgrac'd.

Tir. Let not those loue-bred feares abuse your thought,
By all the world no fable I contriue,
If partially I speake, or lie in ought,
Earth open wide, and swallow me aliue:
He, whom your grace so wrongfully suspects,
No, not in thought, hath once your Queene abus'd,
But as his Sister still in all respects
As chaste, and as honourable vs'd;
When angrie I o v n subuerted had our state,
And view'd our thundred troupes disordered flight,
Light Fortune then who flattered vs of late
Did make our state a mirrour of her might,
For hauing found a Crowne foil'd on the ground,

Dar. O endlesse shame which neuer can be cur'd !

Tir. We straight imagin'd that some cruell wound
Had kill'd our Lord, and wail'd it as assur'd.

Dar. Would God I then had dy'd, as I desir'd,
To haue preuented those ensuing harmes,
Whilst ere my honour and my hap expy'd
A Crowne my head, a Queene enrich'd my armes.

Tir. But *Alexander* hauing heard our cries,
Sent one to craue the cause which mou'd our woe;
Who finding whence our errour did arise,
Gau full assurance that it was not so.
Then he himselfe did to our tent resort,
And with as courteous words as one could craue,
Your Mother, Wife, and Children did exhort,
Such terrors vaine (since but surmiz'd) to leaue;
And he protested that they should expect
No harme of him their courage to appall,

The Tragedie of Darius.

Then all things did with great regarde direct
That no man might endamage them at all.
Thus when they were against all dangers arm'd,
I thinke for feare: for who would not haue fear'd
Lest such rare graces might his minde haue charm'd?
He neuer more before her face appear'd;
Else generous Vertue iealous of each thing
Which tempting Reason senses might allure,
(What rare restraint in a victorious King)
He fled what fault, or scandall could procure,
He doth his fame about all things preferre,
And will not be where it may blemish finde,
Nor giue his eyes commoditie to erre,
Lest thoughts impure might strue to stain his minde.
He whilst that she was sicke, did loath delight,
And grauely griev'd all pompe and pleasure left.

Dar. O hateful Heauen that with such hellish spight
The worlds chiefe treasure, Natures glory rest,

Tir. When he beheld Deaths triumph in that face
Which had triumph'd o're such a Monarkes heart,
With witness'd woe euen passionate a space
The lookers on did much commend his part;
And when some dayes his dolour had o're-come
Her funerall rites solemnelie to decore,
He vs'd such honour, as might well become
The Persian pompe in prosp'rous times before.

Dar. O pow'r supreme, that of great states disposhest,
And ratifiest thy will with fearefull thunder,
Who as thou pleasest, placest, and deposhest
Vncertaine worldlings, whiles about, whiles vnder:
I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,
If that inhabitants of Heauen can heare
The plaints of those who this low point possesse,
Or that Immortals can giue Mortals care,
This last request I onely doe require:
Establish first the Scepter in my hand:
But if through my desert, or thy desire,
The race of *Cyrus* must no more command,
Since angry Heauen so high a hate contracts,
That I must needs my Diademe forgoe,

The Tragedie of Darius.

Let him succcede who proues in all his actes,
So milde a Victor, and so iust a foe.

Act. IIII. Scene. II.

DARIUS, ARTABAZVS,
NABARZANES, PATRON,
BESSVS.



I Ioynd by Fates with Men of dastard mindes
Who to a noble death base life preferr'd,
I should not waste my words amongst the winds,
But labour would that time might be deferr'd;
Though still resolu'd, your courte confirms me
Whom no disasther could diuorce from me, (much
What Man can doubt whom Heauens doe baake by such,
When brag'd with bondage fighting to be free;
My courage swelles to see you marching forth,
Whose force, and faith, which all the world doth sing,
(Oft clea'd by prooffe, though Fortune enuy Worth)
Might serue to make, farre more to keepe a King.
He giues our rebels townes, not mou'd by loue:
Each Prince though vsing them, all Traitors hares.
But that their course to take, this might you mole,
His turne once seru'd, so forfeiting your states.
Ye to my fortune haue not had regarde,
As of my peace, so partners of my warres,
Which, though that I might not, I o v e would reward,
And all the world extoll you to the starres.
How long shall I a vagabond remaine,
And flie a stranger who my right would reauce,
Since by one battell we may re-obtaine
All that we lost, or loose all that we haue;
Like those vile Traitors, whom I will arraigne,
To hold me vp, shall I go cast me downe;
Must *Darius* onely by entreatie raigne:
No, none hath pow'r to giue, nor take my Crowne.
I shall not my authoritie suruiue,
Nor will I proffer a submissiue breath.

The Tragedie of Darins.

My hand shall hold a scepter while I liue,
My head shall beare a Diademe till death,
If those franke thoughts which doe possesse my soule,
Such flames of courage kindled haue in you,
A Macedonian shall not vs controule,
Nor with disdainefull smiles brag whilst we bow:
My state may testifie fraile Fortunes change,
May she not him o're-whelme, aswell as me ?
At least our hands beare death, if not reuenge,
Braue mindes when no more rests may still die free.
Now call your valorous Ancestors to minde,
Who from the Grecians tribute still requir'd,
And of whose deeds rare monuments we finde,
Whose merites make their memories admir'd;
Shall of your deeds Posteritie be dombe,
Your Fathers names which doth (though dead) adores
I am resolu'd, my triumph, or my tombe,
A Laurell, or a Cipresse shall decore.

Art. What doubtfull silence thus your thoughts detaines?
We need aduise with nought, but with our swords,
He who the Persians wonted worth retaines,
Will answere now with deeds, and not with words.
Let vs accompany our King in armes
Through bloody squadrons to this fatall strife:
No profit can be had without some harmes,
By slaughter onely we must looke for life;
And when our hoste, (as I hope) doth preuaile,
Our countrey shall haue peace, we praise of right,
And if our fortune (not our courage) faile,
We die with honour in our Soueraignes fight;
Let vs (if vanquish'd) scorne base breath to buy,
A noble death may greater glory giue,
Doe to o're-come, and yet not feare to die:
Tis needfull that we fight, not that we liue.

Nar. My words will first your Maiestie displease,
Yet duetie makes me speake where silence spilles;
The fine Physician cures a sharpe disease
With some sowre potion which corruption killes;
The skilfull Pilote when he feares a storme
To saue the ship will cast out pretious things,

The Tragedie of Darius.

You in some sort may imitate this forme,
And spare a part since all in ballance hings,
Since bent against the Gods, how can we speede ?
To all our actions Fortune is oppos'd,
We must of force some other way proceede,
So haue the Heauens of our affaires dispos'd :
Deare Syr, giue ou'r the state, at least the stile
To some more happie man, not in effect,
But with your shadow cloath him for a while,
Till he your Realmes from ruine doe protect.
This storme once calm'd that now disturbes your state,
And *Asia* free from any forraine hoste,
He shall with haste resigne the Soueraigne seat,
These Kingdomes gain'd againe, which you haue lost:
All *Bactria* yet abides at your command,
The Indians, loe, would die to doe you good,
Yea, many thousand thousands armed stand
Bent for your well to sacrificize their blood;
What should we rush like beasts to needlesse strife ?
Be well prepar'd, and then your fortune try,
Braue mindes should death despise, not loathing life :
For feare of danger cowards craue to die.
But Vertue first all Hopes accounts doth cast
And of each meane to helpe maturely thinks,
Then, when all else is done, Death is the last,
The which to meet true Courage neuer shrinks.
Now for the time let *Bactria* be our seate,
To *Bessus* for the forme your Crowne resigne,
Who, when he once had re-aduanc'd your state,
Shall with your foes o're-throw his charge confine.

Dar. Wretch trauelest thou thy Soueraigne to betray ?
Such treason dar'st thou to our eares impart ?
Such treason vnder trust ? stay Traitor, stay,
My sword shall search what lurkes within thy heart.

Art. Sir raine your rage: this but new trouble breeds,
And weigh well what they are, what is the time ;
It may be this from ignorance proceeds,
In thought, and not in word, consists a cryme;
Since that against your enemies you goe,
Be not seuer in cens'ring subiects parts,

The Tragedie of Darins.

But tolerat your owne, to grieue your foe,
Now must we strue to win, not lose mens hearts.
It by all meanes shalbe exactly try'd
How first his braine such fancies did embrace,
And if but simplie, not puffed vp with pride,
He must be pardon'd, and restor'd to grace.

Dar. And of my subiects I would rather haue
Then one to punish, them to guerdon all.

Nar. If I haue err'd, no pardon (Sir) I craue.
First heare, and if I faile then let me fall,
I call the Gods to testifie my part
Who can (commenting thoughts) cleare trueth afford,
If euer treason harbour'd in my heart
Straight let me die, not pitied, but abhor'd;
I counsell gaue according to my skill,
It was my vpright minde which made me bold,
And though my wit not answer'd to my will,
Still zeale what it conceales must needs vnfold.
We should be loath to speake in great affaires
Where words are damn'd, or ballanc'd by euent:
For: if things faile, the fault is still thought theirs;
Who gaue aduice though of a good intent,
Great Prince forget this not well grounded grudge:
Who dare be free if thus for words reiect'd?
At least examine first before you iudge,
I rather die absolu'd, then liue suspect'd.

Dar. Your fond opinion iustly might be fear'd,
Which seem'd indeed sinistrously inclinde;
For, at the first your speech to me appear'd
The poyson'd birth of some malicious minde.
But your purgation now hath taken place,
And of your faith I will no further doubt,
But hold you in the same degree of grace
That you enioy'd, before those words chanc'd out.
I think that Patron lookes with speaking eyes
As if his minde were mightily perplex'd,
Come, Patron, tell what in thy bosome lyes,
By which thou seem'st so wonderfully vex'd.

Pa. Sir, I would speake in private if I could

The Tragedie of Darius.

Let silence seal what friends with feare vnfold;
Take you my thoughts, none else shall haue my words:
Though onely bound by voluntarie choice
We follow you (all other hopes quite lost)
Your bodies shadowes, Echoes of your voice,
As faithfull now as when you flourish'd most.
For where you are we must remaine with you:
Since both our lots are in one vessell throwne,
I wish our Tent were made your lodging now,
And we will saue your life, or lose our owne.
We haue abandon'd Greece our native soile,
And our retreat no *Bactria* now attends,
But those who vs would of your person spoile,
Spoile vs of all, whose all on you depends.
Would God all yours were bent to doe their due,
Fame big by Feare doth bring forth rumours rise;
I grant it grosse, if that his owne were true
To trust a stranger with a Monarkes life.

Dar. What sudden danger doth of late dismay you,
Such inconueniences that you fore-casts

Pa. Sir, *Bessus* and *Narbazanes* betray you,
This day to you, or them will be the last,
They faine repentance onely for the forme
Till euery thing be for the fact prepar'd,
The clouds are gathering else, which boast a storme,
And they ere night minde to inuade your garde.

Dar. I trust thy words, but yet I can not wrong
Those who by Nature loue to me should beare,
Shall I leaue them who follow'd me so long?
Then they may thinke, I merite what I feare.
I will await on what the Heauens will send,
For who can stand when Fates his fall conspire,
And with mine owne, at least, least giuen'd I'll end,
I liue too long if they my death desire.

Bes. Take heed in time (Sir) to this subtile Greeke,
The Grecian faith to all the world is knowne,
I am enform'd he by all meanes doth seeke
To gratifie your foe as borne his owne;
And maruaile not though Mercenarie men
Who sell themselues, sell all, this is not strange,

The Tragedie of Darins.

ords: They haue no God but gold, nor house, how then
Can they be constant who doe liue by change;
Though this vaine man pre-occupie you thus,
And such as wold themselves abuse your grace,
Faith shall be found vntainted still in vs,
When our accuser dare not show his face.

Dar. Of *Alexander* those who hope for gaine
By trait'rous meanes they doe themselves deceaue,
Since none in Earth doth Traitors more disdain,
Nor treason can in greater horroure haue.

Bes. Well, Sir, you shall know shortly what we are,
I will goe see your ensignes all displaid.

Dar. It better is since things are gone so farre
Then seeme but to mistrust, to be betraide.

Loc. *Artabazus* I haue acted here
My part of greatnesse, and my Glasse is runne,
Now *Patrons* speech doth euident appeare
I see my end, yet can their counse not shunne.

Art. The *Bactrians* onely haue imbarck'd in this,
Go straight to Greekes, which if with courage done,
When once your danger manifested is,
The *Persians* all will follow after soone.

Dar. And what if I were gone to *Patrons* Tent,
And had the Greekes for guard as you desire,
He hath but thousands foure which are well bent,
They thirty thousand who my fall conspire,
And (doing this) I should their deed excuse
In giuing them a cause who else haue might,
They may indeed my lenitie abuse,
But by my deed they shall pretend no right.

Art. O Prince to be bemon'd, who can but weepe
To see thee thus inuolu'd in such a state.

Dar. Retire you all, and seeke your selues to keepe,
I here attend the issue of my fate.

Ye wonder that a wretch yet breathing stands,
To whom the Heauens no comfort can impart;
Feare shall not make me fall by mine owne hands,
No, let another sinne though I must smart,
None of you all haue falsified your troth,
But loyall still vnto the end abide,

The Tragedie of Darins.

Now I you all disburthen of your oath,
Leaue me alone, and for your selues provide.

DARIVS.



Stormie state of Kings, vaine Mortals choice,
The glorious hight whēce greatnes grones to fall
Ah we (who courting Fame, doe hunt each voice
To seeme but Soueraigne must be slaues to all:
Yet blowne like bladders, with Ambitions winde,
On enuy'd scepters weakelie we rely;
And whilst swolne fancies doe betray the minde,
Not onely Earth, but Heauens themselues defy.
Whilst loslie thoughts tumultuous mindes doe tosse,
Which are puffed with popular applause,
A state extended by our neighbours losse,
For further trouble but procures a cause;
If Fortunes darke eclipse cloud glories light,
Then what auails that pompe which pride doth claime?
A meere illusion made to mocke the sight
Whose best was but the shadow of a dreame;
Of glasse Scepters let fraile greatnesse vaunt,
Not scepters, no, but reeds, which glancing breake,
And let eye-flattering shewes our wits enchant,
All perish'd are, ere of their pompe men speake;
Those golden Palaces, those gorgeous halles,
With furniture superfluouslie faire,
Those stately Courts, those sky-encountering walles
Doe vanish all like vapours in the aire.
O what affliction iealous greatnesse beares,
Which still must trauell to hold others downe,
Whilst all our guardes not garde vs from our feares,
Such toyle attends the glory of a Crowne.
Where are they all who at my feet did bow,
Whilst I was made the Idole of so many?
What Ioy had I not then? what haue I now?
Of all once honour'd, and now scarce of any.
Our painted pleasures but apparell paine;
We spend our nights in feare, our dayes in dangers,

The Tragedie of Darins.

Balles toss'd by Starres, thralls bound to Fortunes raigne,
Though known to all, yet to our selues but strangers.
A golden Crowne doth couer leaden cares,
The Scepter can not lulle their thoughts asleepe,
Whose soules are drown'd with floods of cold despaire,
Of which base vulgars can not sound the deepe.
The bramble growes, although it be obscure
Whilst lustie Cedars feele the blustering windes,
And milde Plebeians they way liue secure,
While mighty tempests tossse Imperiall Mindes;
What are our dayes but dreames, our raigne a glance,
Whilst Fortunes feauer makes vs rage and raue,
Which with strange fittes doth to a hight aduance,
Till, ere Paine vs, we first our life must leaue;
For glistering Greatnesse by Ambition lou'd,
I was the wonder of all gazing eyes,
But free from shadowes (reall essence prou'd)
States iust proportion ruine onely tryes.
Loe, charg'd with chaines which though they be of gold
My States distresse diminish not the more
When this præpost'rous honour I behold
It but vp-braids me what I was before,
And what was I before (as now I see)
Though what afflicted was not clearely knowne)
But still in fetters, whilst appearing free,
And in a Labyrinth of labours throwne.
Was I not forc'd to serue a thousand humours,
To scape the censure of a Criticke storie,
Still clog'd with cares, enrag'd with many rumours,
O glorious bondage, and O burd'nous glorie!
That dignity which Deified me late,
And made the World doe homage to my name.
It not oppugnes that which pursues my state,
But by my fall giues feathers vnto Fame,
My best was but a momentarie blisse
Which leaues behinde this euer-lasting sting,
That of all woes no woe is like to this
To thinke I was, and am not now a King.
No man with me in all accomplish'd Ioyes
Which satisfie the soule, could once compare,

The Tragedy of Darius.
No man may match me now in sad annoyes,
Nor in no crosse which can procure despaire.
Thrise Fortune did my gallant troupes entrap,
And I to fall did desperatlie stand,
Yet could not be so happie in mis-hap
As to haue dy'd by some renowned hand;
But for my greater grife, disgrace, and scorne,
(The mindes of men so apt are to deceaue)
They whom aloft my fauours wings had borne,
Euen they haue made their Master thus a slaue.
Ah, did not death in prison from me reauē
The sacred Soueraigne of my soules desires?
And I (wretch'd I) not present to receaue
The last cold kisse, which should haue quenched my fires?
Yet O thrise happie thou, who hast not liu'd
To beare a burden of this great disgrace!
More then a thousand deathes this had thee griu'd,
To know I dy'd, and dy'd in such a case.
Ah, doe the pledges of our mutuall loue
(The onely comfort which the Fates haue left)
Rest prison'd yet? and may I not remoue
My Mother thence, as of all pow'r quite rest?
My paines are more then with my pleasures euen,
Since first my Head was burdend with a Crowne;
Was I exalted once vp to the Heauen,
That to the Center I o' v^s might throw me downe?
My ample Empire, and my Princely birth,
My great magnificence, and yaine excessse,
All cannot yeeld my minde one minutes mirth
To ease me now in this my great distresse.
Loe, here, reduc'd vnto the worst of illes,
Past helpe, past hope, and onely great in grife,
Two abiect Vassals make me waite their willes,
Not looking, no, not wishing for reliefe.
If that my honour had beene first repair'd,
Then what though death had this fraile fortresse wonne?
I waile my life (since for disgrace prepar'd)
Not that it ends, but that it was begunne:
What fatall conflict can my count'nance marre,
Though me to bragge, death all his horrors bring?

The Tragedie of Darius.

I neuer shall wrong Maiestie so farre,
As ought to do which not becomes a King.

CHORVS.

Some new disaster daylie doth fore-show
Our comming ruine: we haue seene our best,
Now Fortune bent vs wholly to o're-throw,
Throwes downe our King from her wheelles hight so low,
That by no meanes his state may be redrest:
For, since, by Armes his pow'r hath beene repress,
Both friends, and seruants leaue him all alone:
Few haue compassion of his state distrest,
To him themselues a number false doth show,
So foes, and faithlesse friends conspir'd in one,
Fraile Fortune and the Fates with them agree:
All runne with Axes on a falling tree.

This Prince in prosp'rous state hath flourish'd long,
And neuer dream'd of any euill successe,
But was well follow'd whilst his state was strong;
Him flattering *Cyrens* with a charming song
Striu'd to exalt then whilst he did possesse
This earthlie drosse, that with a vaine excesse
He might reward their mercenarie loue;
But now when Fortune driue him to distresse
His fauorites whom he remain'd among
They straight with her as hers their faith remoue;
And who for gaine to follow him were wont,
They after gaine by his destruction hunt.

O more then happy tenne times were that King,
Who were vnhappy but a litle space,
So that it did not vtter ruine bring,
But made him proue (a profitable thing)
Who of his traine did best deserue his grace:
Then could, and would of those the best embrace,
Such Vultures fled as follow but for prey,
That faithfull Seruants might possesse their place.

The Tragedie of Darins.

All gallant mindes it must with anguish sting
When wanting meanes their vertue to bewray,
This is the griefe which bursts a generous heart;
When fauour comes by chance, not by desert.

Those Minions oft to whom Kings doe extend
Aboue their worth immoderate good-will,
The buttes of common hate oft hit in end,
In prosp'rous times they onely doe depend
Not vpon them, but on their fortune still,
Which if it change, they change, then though they fill
Their hopes with honour, and their chests with coyne;
Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill,
Those whom they rais'd will not with them descend,
But with the side most strong doe straight-way ioyne,
And doe forget all what they gaue before,
When once of them they can expect no more.

The trueth hereof in end this strange enent
In *Bessus* and *Narbagenes* hath prou'd,
On whom their Prince so prodigallie spent
Affection, Honour, Titles, Treasure, Rent,
And all that might a honest minde haue mou'd.
So bountifull a Prince still to haue lou'd
Who so benignely tendred had their state,
Yet Traitours vile all due respects remou'd,
They him to strike strength which he gaue haue bent,
So as he now may rue, although too late,
That slie Camelions changing thus their hue,
To seruants were prefer'd, who still were true.

But though those Traitours for a space doe speede,
No doubt the Heauens once vengeance will exact;
The very horror of this haynous deed
Doth make the hearts of honest men to bleed,
Yea euen the wicked hate this barbarous act:
The Heauens no higher choller can contract;
Then for the forcing of a sacred King,
Whose state (if rage doe not their mindes distract)
Must feare and reuerence in inferiours breede,

The Tragedie of *Darius*.

To whom from him all what is theirs doth spring;
But though on Earth men should neglect this wrong,
Heavens will those Traitors plague ere it be long.

Act. v. Scene 1.

HEPHESTION, ALEXANDER,
POLISTRATVS.



What Storie, or what Fable can record
Of such a num'rous troupe so strangely lost?
I know they quak'd to know it was my Lord,
Whose name alone is worth anothers host:
It scarce can trusted be in many parts,
But Traitors feare though all the world them backe,
They were but bodies destitute of hearts:
Moe prisoners they were then men to take.
Who would belecue so few durst striue to meete
So great an Armie, and the Armie shrinks?
But Glories flatterie, and Fames soundes are sweet,
True valour dare attempt all that it thinkes.

Alex. In this encounter to haue had the best
It would content more then a common minde;
But since we want the chiefe, what of the rest?
I must in all a satisfaction finde.
Those Traitors thought to finish thus the warre
By giuing me their Lord whom they haue bound,
But I who marche with confidence so farre
Doe scorne to build vpon so base a ground;
To venge my wrongs dare others then designe?
Since *Darius* was ordain'd my prey to be,
How durst they but haue aym'd at ought of mine?
His o're-throwes glory did belong to me.
Whilst in himselfe he onely did confide,
I by all meanes did striue to make him bow,
But since his hard estate abates that pride,
Turn'd is my furie to compassion now;
Though he contemn'd me oft, and did me wrong,
Yet am I grieu'd that he was thus deceiu'd,

The Tragedie of Darius.

If but acknowledg'd once to be more strong,
I not his blood, nor yet his Kingdome craue.
And if those Traitors haue not kill'd him straight,
Yet his deliuerie shall my name renewe,
I would not lose a Subiect of such waight,
By which my clemencie might be made knowne.

Po. Sir, now your comming can not doe him good.

Alex. What? all are fled, none haue my force withstood?

Po. Yet can not *Darius* be redeem'd againe.

Alex. Why, haue they set him free, or is he slaine?

Po. Now he enioyes a libertie at last;

But ransom'd is by offering vp his breath.

Alex. Then is all *Asias* expectation past?

Tell on at length the manner of his death.

Po. The boyling ardour of the ryling Sunne
Did (marring moisture) breed so great a drouth,
That from the way I had a little runne
To finde some fountaine to refresh my mouth;
There, by the borders of a ryling brooke,
Which shadow'd was from *Tusans* raging beames,
From liquid Cristals I a tribute tooke,
Which seem'd to murmur that I forc'd their streames;
When (loe) I saw (a lamentable sight)
Two wounded Horses draw a bloody Coach,
Which clad with skinnes, shewd horreur at the height;
It whilst to spy I doubtfull did approach:
One was within, who could not long time scape
The fatall passage of infernall gates;
Yet Maiestie triumphing o're mis-hap,
He seem'd to bragge both Fortune and the Fates.
And to so base a state as first not borne,
Then whilst his blood abundantly deual'd,
He bursted forth those words in Fortunes scorne,
As one whose courage could not be appal'd:
You gaze to see (and haue good cause wherefore)
A Man no Man, a King no King: what change?
Now lesse then nought who once was both and more;
This would seeme wondrous; but no state is strange;
And yet amidst my euils I must reioyce,
That this last comfort doth forgoe my end,

The Tragedie of Darius.

I speake to one who can conceiue my voice,
And not in vaine my dying speeches spend:
I am, but how^e in name, and not in pow'r,
That wretched *Darius* (which I should suppress)
Once happie (as was thought) but at this houre
A liuely patterne of extreame distresse,
Then hauing paus'd (he said) my griefe is great,
Tell *Alexander* friend (as now I spy)
That though of me he neuer had but hate,
Yet am I forc'd farre in his debt to die:
The fauour past extended to my Queene,
And that poore remnant my suruiuing rest,
(When weighing well what I to him haue beene)
I wish continu'd, but can scarce request;
They to his foe belong, and yet he grieues
To haue them honour'd now, as in times past;
But those who held of me both states and liues
Of state and life haue me depriu'd at last.
Entreat him too that vn-reueng'd below
I wander not, as haplesse in all things;
Let men his iustice, and their treason know;
This (as a common cause) concernes all Kings.
Beside the glory which he shall acquire
In plaguing them whom he haue betraide my trust,
His magnanimitie men shall admire,
And feare to grieue him whom they finde so iust.
As warrie Rounds which rise and reele in raine
Do swell, then burst, still flote, are fraile, though bright,
Last, leaue (when fall'n) no token saue a staine:
Pompe quickly thus both courts and scornes the sight:
And since my glasse is runne, my glory gone,
I dead vnto the World, the World to me,
I wish (saue his) that Earth adore no Throne:
But from his raigne what Subiect would be free?
Then drowping downe, faint, blood-lesse, and halfe dead,
He pray'd me for some water that ranne by,
(A small request by such a Monarke made)
Which when that he had got: yet, ere I die
This crosse must come (said he) to kill me quite,
Though many Nation once me homage ought,

The Tragedie of Darius.

I haue not now the pow'r but to requite
This little benefite, that thou hast brought:
But *Alexander* shall reward thee well,
And him the Heauens, still yeelding his desires,
Since that his foes (though enuie burst) must tell
That courtesie, which all the world admires.
Now none hath pow'r his pleasure to controule,
But if he vse them well whom he retaines,
It will procure contentment to my soule,
And make him famous whilst the world remaines.
When breath abandon'd hath this brittle clay,
Then cause some friend defray my funerall cost,
That churlish *Charon* force me not to stray
Where darkenesse dwelles an vnregarded Ghost.
Last, giue my corpes to her who brought it forth
Who may it with my Ancestors entombe,
And since she lou'd me much, though little worth,
May waile this burden which once grac'd her wombe;
And to thy Prince whose state I wish to stand,
In signe of loue which all my thoughts doe send,
My soule giues him my heart, it thee my hand:
Thus though I liu'd his foe, I die his friend:
I had but held his hand a little space,
When like a torch whose waxe, and weeke is spent,
In spite of paine euen with a Princely grace,
His hands still seem'd directing as he went.

Alex. Who could refrain from teares whilst thou declar'd
The huge mishappes which all at once did light;
Haue Subiects slaine their Prince, whom strangers spar'd:
Vs hath he fled, that perish thus he might!
I for his fall am wonderfullie sorie,
Whom first I fore'd, but last would haue maintain'd,
I enuie Death, because it rob'd the glory
Which I (by giuing him his life) had gain'd.

Her. Since Death hath put a period to his woes,
That fauour which to him you would extend,
Let it with furie flame against his foes,
For, your designs can haue no fairer end:
So shall you both the peoples loue obtaine,
Whilst by your meanes reneng'd their Soueraigne rests,

And

The Tragedie of Darius.

And likewise may the more securely raigne,
The state well purg'd from such contagious pests;
If but one vertue did adorne a King,
It would be Iustice; many great defects
Are vail'd thereby, whereas each vertuous thing
In one who is not iust, the world suspects.

Alex. Though this your counsell, nor yet his request,
Had not the pow'r to penetrate my care,
A generous stomacke could not well digest
So great a wrong which Courage stormes to beare.
My Sprit (impatient of repose) disdaines
That they so long this infamie suruiue:
But I will punish with most grieuous paines
The monstrous treason, which they did contriue.
What? do they think, though back'd with numbrous bands,
That *Bactria* is a Bulwarke for mine Ire?
Flie where they list, they can not scape my hands,
My wrath shall follow like consuming fire.
Such damned Soules the Heauen can not receaue,
I'll force Helles Dongeons, as *Alexides* did,
And they on Earth no bounds but mine can haue,
I'll search them out though in the center hid.
And when as threatening now, I once may strike,
Betwixt the bending boughes of some strong tree,
To Traitors terrours who intend the like,
They shall by violence dismembred be.

Pol. Sir, may it please your Grace to take some care
That some his funerall Offices performe.

Alex. Goe presently, and euery thing prepare
As best becomes the militarie forme.

The Tragedie of Darius.

Act. v. Scene. II.

SISIGAMBIS, NVNTIVS,
CHORVS.

His looke alas, hath charg'd my soul with feares,
Speake, for my life doth on thy lippes depend,
Thy count'nance (ah) a dolefull copie beares
Of some sad summons to denounce my end.

Starue not mine eares, which famish for thy words,
Which yet when swallow'd may but make me burst.

Nun. The message (Madame) which my Soule affords
Must once be knowne. and once knowne still accurst.

Sis. Be not a niggard of euill newes. *Nun.* And why?

Sis. Fame will tell all the world. *Nun.* But first to you.

Sis. Tell soone. *Nun.* Your Son is dead. *Sis.* Then let me

Cho. Her Ioyes and pleasures all are perish'd now. (die.

Sis. Why opens not the Earth straight to deuoure

A hopelesse catiue who all good hath lost;
The longer that I liue, my griefe growes more,
As but to mischiefe borne, kept to be crost;
Would God this masse where miserie remains
A weight of Earth from sight of men might keepe;
Or that the Seas all rageing through the plaines
Would make my tombe amitt their tumide deepe,

O *Alexander*, hast thou rob'd his life,
Yet entertain'd me still in hope to finde him?
Why didst thou not first kill this poore olde Wife,
Who was not worthie to haue liu'd behind him?
That I should liue till thou my Sonne hadst slaine
Was all thy kindnesse for this cause imploy'd?

Nun. You wrong that Prince, for he with haste in vaine
Came him to helpe whom others had destroy'd.

Sis. What impious thoughts durst dreame so vile a deed,
A Monarkes murder, *Asias* glories end,

Nun. Two whom he rais'd did his confusion breed,
He found his friend a foe, his foe a friend.

Sis.

The Tragedie of *Darius*.

Sis. Tell on thy message, messenger of death,
And loade my minde with mountaines of distresse,
That teares may drowne my sight, sighes choak my breath,
Whilst all my senses sorrow doth possesse.

Nus. When *Alexander* (who at peace repin'd)
Did (saue submission) hold all offers vaine,
Bent of sterne *Mars* to try the doubtfull minde;
A generall muster *Darius* did ordaine,
And (in one battell bent to venter all)
He caus'd his will be publickely proclaim'd,
Whilst two vile Traitors did conspire his fall,
Who *Bessus* and *Narbazanes* were nam'd;
Those two in counsell did discouer first
Some portion of the poyson of their heart,
Which caus'd the King suspect but not the worst,
Yet with a sword he sought to make them smart.
But hauing scap'd what first was fear'd from rage,
They seem'd so much their error to lament,
His Indignation that they did assuage
(False hypocrites) pretending to repent.
Whilst *Artabazus* as an honest man
Who iudg'd of others by his vpriight minde,
(No fraud conceau'd) sought more to scape then scan
What they with craft to compassse Crownes design'd.

Cho. A minde sincere is euer least suspitious
These thinke all faultie, who themselves are vicious.

Nus. They vrg'd him with the King to intercede
That in his fauour he would giue them place,
And did protest that by some valorous deed
They labour would to gaine againe his grace;
Then *Artabazus* came and told the King
That in the battell he might try their faith,
And both before his Maiestie did bring
Who, when submisie did quickly calme his wrath.
With hands stretch'd vp to Heauen, and humbled knees,
With teares like those which Crocodiles doe shed,
Woe in their face, and pittie in their eyes
Did for compassion (though from rigour) plead.
The King of Nature mild did them receaue,
And them (who thus but for the forme) complain'd

Not

The Tragedie of Darins.

Not onely all (relenting) quite forgauē;
But wept in earnest too whilst they but fain'd.
When in his Coach from all suspicion free,
With count'nance sad long following on behinde
(As still pretending supplicants to be)
They bow'd to him whom they were bent to binde;
The Greeian Captaine curiously neare
(When mark'd a suter) crau'd what he requir'd,
By pregnant proofes did euidentlie cleare
What treason was against his state conspir'd:
He told what way their purpose might be try'de,
And how the Bactrians were for trouble bent,
Then for his safetie pray'd him to prouide,
By straight with him retiring to his tent;
But in the King who did neglect his state,
No kinde of care this friendlie offer bred:
So that (it seem'd) he by some pow'rfull Fate
Was head-long forward to confusion led:
The Greeke past thence despairing him to win
Who thus the meanes to saue himselfe refus'd;
With subtle words then *Be Jus* did begin
To purge himselfe, and errors past excus'd;
Old *Artabazus* happ'ning to approach,
The King to him did *Patrons* speech report,
Who then perceiu'd what danger did encroach,
And wish'd he would where Greekes were strong resort.
But in his brest this purpose firmly plac'd
That from his Subiects he would neuer flie,
With mutuall teares they tenderlie embrac'd,
And parted there like two, who went to die.
Now silent Night in pitchie vapours cled,
Had mustred mists, and march'd out of the West;
(Dayes beauties dark'ning, shadowie horrors spread)
The Sentinels were set, and all at rest
When (loe) a terrour did distract the host!
Whose bands to murmure were dispers'd in parts,
With soundes resembling shippes in stormes neere lost
Whilst each to other cause of feare imparts.
Those who their King appointed were to guard
From what was due, all false or fear'd did stray;

The Tragedie of Darius.

And to his danger hauing no regarde
His Fortunes Minions fled with her away.
The desolation then growne wondrous great,
With some few Eunuches *Darius* left alone,
(No strength remaining, nor no signe of state)
He thus them spake who for his fall did mone:
Goe, part in peace ere further harme be had,
Lest that my mine likewise you surpise.
They hearing those sad words (as men gone mad)
Went howling through the hoste with dolorous cryes,
So that all those who heard what plaints they made
Thought that they had their Soueraignes death bewail'd;
And forcing trust, some forg'd reports were spred,
That he had kill'd himselfe, all hope quite fail'd.
The Persians grieu'd whilst these things did occurre,
Did first encourage all their countrey bands
To helpe their Prince, but yet they durst not sturre
For feare of falling in the Bactrians hands.
Euen in the time when this confusion was
The Traitors to deferre the fact no more
Did to their Soueraignes Tent with Squadrons passe,
And tooke, and bound him whom they seru'd before;
Who in a Coach of gold once proudly rode,
Was throwne in one for common cariage vs'd,
And who of late was honour'd like a God
Two of his owne (as if their slaue) abus'd:
Those royall Hands to beare a Scepter borne
Were basely bound, and which the more him grieu'd
(Thus miserie can hardly scape from scorne)
With bonds of gold, which burden'd, not relieu'd.
When *Alexander* (great with courage) spv'd
Our Armies slay, which he (in hope) had chac'd:
To finde ys out all meanes with haste were try'd,
Base seem'd the conquest which no danger grac'd;
But when at last at length by some inform'd
How he was made a captiue to his owne,
At this indignitie he highly storm'd,
As if by it his hopes had beene o're-throwne.
Out of his hoste he did select a few
Who were best hors'd, and fit for such a sight,

With

With whom his foes he did so fast pursue
 That ere they could suspect he came in sight;
 The Traitors vex'd when spying him appeare:
 Came to the Cart whereas the King did stay,
 And call'd to horse in haste, since foes were neare,
 Lest that they else might finde him for a prey.
 He look'd aloft, and cry'd aloud, I see
 That *Nemesis* is frowning from above;
 Should I with Traitors as a captiue be?
 And flie from him, who but braue warres doth moue?
 Then those in whom Impietie abounds,
 Throw'd darts at him (vile beasts to be abhor'd)
 And hurt the horses with an hundred wounds
 Then men more trustie, dying for their Lord;
 As false in hearts, so feeble with their hands,
 When Guilt and Danger doubled had detpaire,
 The Traitors first then all their trait'rous bands
 Did flie a number, lesse by halfe then theirs.
 But to the bounds of Deaths pale Kingdome brought,
 The King retir'd where least by people spy'd,
 More wounded with Ingratitude then ought,
 Did flie the World, whose folly he had try'd;
 The last diuorce which lasts was scarcely made
 Twixt soule and body whilst that eyes grew dim,
 When *Alexander* came and found him dead,
 Who labour'd had so long to ruine him.
 Yet (whilst his teares a generall mourning mou'd)
 That stately vesture which himselfe array'd,
 (Much fear'd for valour, more for vertue lou'd)
 With his owne hand on *Darius* Corpes he lay'd;
 Then wailing long as for a brother lost
 To haue his Funerals furnish'd like a Kings.
 He bids you vse his wealth, and spare no cost;
 For, you shall want no necessarie things.
 He hath his body hither sent by me,
 And farall rites solemnely bent to do,
 He thinks that they may best accomplish'd be
 Whilst who him bred doth see him buried too.
Cho. Behold how grieve hath her of sense bereft,
 Whilst breath for passage struggling is with grones,

No will, nor pow'r to liue, iust griefe hath left,
Since all her weale hath vanish'd quite at once.

Sif. Ah, shall I see (no let me first be blind)
That bodie breath-lesse, which I brought to light;
Where would my soule a force sufficient finde
That could encounter with so sad a sight;
O flintie heart, what hinders thee to breake,
Since crush'd with cares a stranger to repose,
Why part'st thou not (poore soule) that whilst I speake
In opening of my lippes mine eyes might close?
This heritage of death, this withred stocke
Is but a place appointed for despaires,
A torture to it selfe, a stumbling blocke,
Whose aged furrowes fertile are in cares.
Once for good fortunes, now for bad design'd
To state betray'd drawne forth from calme repose,
To haue beene happie most afflicts my minde,
Who rais'd to fall, got much the more to lose.
Ay me, malicious Fates haue done me wrong,
Who first come to the World, should first depart;
And ah, why should the old o're-lieue the yong?
This Nature wrongs by a preposterous Art,
Ah, why should Death so indiscreet be found
To spare a Catiue, and to spoyle a Prince?
My halfe-dead body, bending to the ground,
Through griefe is growne ripe for the graue long since.

CHORVS.

What makes vaine worldlings so to swell with (pride,
Who come of Earth, & to the Earth returne
So hellish Furies with their Fire-brands burne
Proud, and ambitious men, that they diuide
Them from them-selues, and so turmoile their mindes,
That all their time they studie still
How to content a boundlesse will,
Which neuer yet a full contentment findes;
Who so this flame within his bosome smothers
He many fancies doth contriue,

And

The Tragedie of Darius.

And euen forgets himselfe aliue
To be remembred after death by others;
Thus while he is, his paines are neuer ended,
That whilst he is not, he may be commended.

What can this helpe the happinesse of Kings
So to subdue their neighbours as they do;
And make strange Nations tributaries too;
The greater state, the greater trouble brings,
Their pompes and triumphes stand them in no stead,
Their Arches, Tombes, Piramides hie,
And statues are but vanitie,
They die. and yet would liue in what is dead;
And while they liue we see their glorious actions
Oft wrested to the worst, and all their life
Is but a stage of endlesse toyle, and strife,
Of tumults, vproares, mutinies, and factions;
They rise with feare, and lie with danger downe,
Huge are the cares which waite vpon a Crowne.

And as Ambition Princes vnder-mines;
So doth it those who vnder them rule all,
Wee see in how short time they rise and fall,
How oft their light ecclips'd but dimmely shines,
They long time labour by all meanes to moue
Their Prince to value much their parts,
And when aduanc'd by subtile Arts,
O what a danger is't to be aboue!
For straight expos'd to hatred, and despight
With all their skill they can not march so eauen;
But some opprobrious scandall will be giuen:
For all men enuy them who haue most might;
And if the King dislike them once, then straight
The wretched Courtiers fall with their owne weight.

Some of a spirit more poore who would be prais'd,
And yet haue nought wherefore to be esteem'd,
What they are not indeed would faine be deem'd,
And indirectly labour to be rais'd,
Thus crue each publicke place of honour haunts,

The Tragedie of Darius.

And changing garments every day
Whilst they would hide, doe but bewray
With outward Ornaments their inward wants,
And men of better iudgement iustlie loath
Those, who in outward shewes place all their care,
And decke their bodies, whilst their mindes are bare,
Like to a shadow, or a painted cloth,
The multitude who but apparell notes,
Doth homage not to them, but to their cotes.

Yet Princes must be seru'd, and with all sorts:
Some both to doe, and counsell what is best,
Some serue for Ciphers to set out the rest,
Like life-lesse Pictures which adorne the Ports;
Faire Palaces replenish'd are with feares,
Those seeming pleasures are but snares,
The royall Robe doth couer cares,
Assyrian Dye deare buyth he who it beares,
Those daintie delicates, and farre-fetch'd food,
Oft through suspicion saour out of season,
Embroidred beds, and tapestries hatch treason,
The golden Gobblers mingled are with blood.
Such shewes the shadowes are when Greatnesse shines,
Whose state by it the gazing World diuines,

O happie he, who farre from Fame at home
Doth sit securely by a quiet fire!
Who hath not much, nor doth not much desire,
Nor hath no care to learne who goe, or come,
For, satisfied with what his Father left
His minde he measures by his store,
And is not pyn'd to gape for more,
Nor eates he what Iniquitie hath rest,
He hath his litle cleanly, and in peace,
And lookes not with a iealous eye,
No poyson comes in Cups of trewe,
No treason harbours in so poore a place;
No troublous dreame doth interrupt his sleepe,
A quiet conscience doth his Cottage keepe.

The Tragedie of Darius.

He doth not studie much what stormes may blow,
Whose pouertie can hardly be impair'd,
He feares no forraine force, nor craues no guard;
None doth desire his spoyle, none lookes so low,
Whereas the great are commonly once crost,
As *Darius* hath beene in his flowre,
Or *Sisgambis* at this houre,
Who hath scap'd long, and now at length is lost:
But how comes this that Potentates oft fall,
Forc'd to confesse this trouble of their Soule?
There is some higher pow'r that can controule
The Monarches of the Earth, and censure all,
Who once will call their actions to accompt,
And them repress who to oppress were prompt.

FINIS.

Sr. W. A.



THE
ALEXANDRÆAN
TRAGEDIA.

By S^r William Alexander
Knight.

Carminē dīj superi, placantur carmine manes.



LONDON;
Printed by WILLIAM STANSEY.
1616.

THE
HISTORY OF THE
AMERICAN PEOPLE

BY
ALEXANDER

THE

BY S. WILLIAM ALEXANDER
KING

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE
BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER
KING



THE ARGUMENT.



When Alexander the Great, after all his Conquests (shining with the glory of innumerable victories) was returned backe to Babylon, where the Ambassadors of the whole world did attend his coming, as one who was destinied to command over all: there, being admired by the Grecians, ador'd by the Barbarians, and as it were drunken with the delights of an extraordinary prosperitie, he suffered himselfe to be transported with an inundation of pleasure: till sitting at one of his feasts by the meanes of the sonnes of Antipater, one of his Cup-bearers, in the best both of his age and fortune, he was suddenly poisoned.

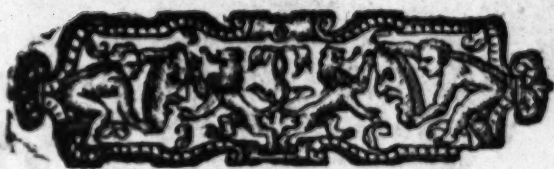
Incontinent after his death, those who were in great estimation with himselfe during his life, and then with the armie, assembled themselves together neglecting for a long time his funerals, whilst busied about the disposing of his Empire: at last (after diverse opinions) it was concluded, that if Roxane, the widow of their Soueraigne who was then at the point to be deliuered of her birth) happened to beare a sonne, he should succeed in his Fathers place, and till he were come to some maturity of age, Perdiccas, Leonatus, Craterus, and Antipater were appointed to be his Tutors: But the souldiers in a disdain, that their aduise was not required, proclaimed Arideus, Alexanders bastard brother, King, and gaue him a guard, of which Meleager procured himselfe to be made Captaine. At this sudden alteration, the horse-men being troubled, they following Perdiccas, pitched their campe without the City yet in the end, this tumult being by the eloquence of Perdiccas appeased, all the Captaines re-assembled themselves, and hauing diuided the Prouinces, made an agreement which lasted not long: For, such was the vehement ambition of those great men, that with all manner of hostilitie, they studied how to vn-

THE ARGUMENT.

dermine one another, and first of all Meleager after a pretended reconciliation, (though having fled to a Temple for refuge) was slain by the appointment of Perdiccas, who after aspiring to a superiority ouers the rest, whilst he went to warre against Ptolemy in Aegypt, by a sudden mutinie of his owne souldiers, was miserably murdered. Then the onely Captaine of his faction who remained aliue, was Eumenes, a man singularly valorous, who encountering with Craterus and Neoptolemus, by the death of them selues defeated their armie, whereby being highly aduanced, he was greatly enuid: and (Leonatus having lately before dyed in a conflict betwixt him and the Athenians.) Antigonus in the name of the rest, was sent against him with a great armie, betwixt whom there hauing passed diuers skirmishes with a variable success, and some private conference without agreement: In the end, he was betrayed by his owne souldiers, and deliuered bound to Antigonus, who shortly after caused take his life.

Then Antigonus (his rivals in the authoritie being removed out of his way) did aspire to that himselfe, from which he was sent to seclude others, & hauing murdered diuers of the gouernours he disposed of their Prouinces as he pleased: whereof Cassander, Ptolemy, & Lisimachus, aduertised by Seleucus, who fled for feare of incurring the like danger; they entred all together in a league against Antigonus.

Now at this time Olimpias plagued all the faction of Cassander in Macedonie, hauing caused Arideus and his Queene Eurydice to be put to death; by which, and other cruelties (having lost the fauour of the people) she was constrained, when Cassander came against her, to retire herselfe within a Towne; which (by reason of the scarcitie of victuals, not being able to defend, she rendered, together with her selfe to Cassander, by whom notwithstanding of his promise to the contrary) she was violently deprived of life, & so hauing proceeded so farre in wickednesse, he thought it not time to retire till he had extinguished all his masters race; he caused Roxane and her sonne to be murdered, & soone after, Hercules, Alexanders bastard sonne; which multitude of murders, gaue to him the Crowne of Macedonie, & so ends the subject of this Polistragick Tragedie.



In laudem Authoris.

*Ecquis Alexandri laudes & fortis facta
Præter Alexandrum dicere dignus erat:
Scilicet inuictus dimissus ab orbe Britannus,
Orbis victorem dicere dignus erat.*

R. W.



The persons names who speake.

The Ghost of Alexander,	[Perdiccas,	} his greatest Captains.
Olimpias his mother,	Meleager,	
Roxane his wife,	Ptolomie,	
Aristotle his master,	Antigonus,	
Phocion his old friend,	Eumenes,	
Philastrus a Chaldean,	Lisimachus,	
Chorus,	Selencus,	
	[Cassander.]	



THE
ALEXANDREAN
TRAGEDIE.

Act. 1.

The Ghost of Alexander the great.

Backe from vmbagious Caues (still rob'd of rest)
Must I returne, where *Phebus* gildes the fields;
A Ghost not worthy to be *Plutoes* Guest,
Since one to whom the world no buriall yeelds.

O what a great disgrace is this to me,
Whose Trophees Fame in euery corner keeps,
That I (contemn'd) cannot trans-ported be,
A Passenger for the Sulphurean deepes,
Dare churlish *Charon* (though not vs'd to bow)
The raging torrent of my wrath gainstand;
Must I succumbe amidst Hels Dungeons now,
Though all the World accustom'd to command;
But it may be that this hath wrought me harme,
What blood-lesse Ghosts doe stray on Stygian bankes,
Whose falles (made famous by my fatall arme)
Gaue terrour oft to many Martiall rankes.
Yet for a prey expos'd to rauinous beasts
Could neuer haue the honour of a Tombe;
But (though for such rude Guests to precious feasts)
Were basely buried in a brutish wombe.

Thus

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Thus (as it seemes the horror of such deeds
With like indignity attends my spirit;
What stormie brest this thirst of vengeance breeds
To plague for that which valour did acquite:
Ah, might *Alcmenas* sonne (as sonne of *Iov*)
Once force the drierie forts of endlesse Night
To match sterne *Diu* in the Tartarian groue,
And draw forth foaming *Cerberus* to light?
Then leading *Thesew* through the Dongeons darke,
A second rape aim'd for their rauish'd *Queens*,
Durst he (Hels terrour) force the fatall Barke,
By Squadrons pale (an enuy'd victor) scene:
And in my rage may I not toss this Round
Till roaring Earth-quakes all the World affright?
Heauen stain'd, Hell clear'd, Earth torne, all to confound
(Enlightning Darkenesse, or else darkning Light)
What, though I from terrestriall Regions swerue,
Whom in this state (it may be) some mistake?
May not the voyce of *Alexander* serue
To make Earth tremble, and the Depthes to shake:
Or, straight return'd shall I my fortune trust,
And Earth dispeople, slaughtring scattred Hostes;
Then *Pluto* plague, all charg'd with blood and dust,
When Men are kil'd to be a King of Ghostes:
O how I burst to thinke how some aboue,
Who for their glory did my steppes attend,
My off-springs tittle labour to improue,
And to my Chaire by violence ascend:
Ingratitude doth grieue a generous Sprite,
Would God therefore that with a body stor'd
I might returne their courses to acquite,
My backe with armes, my hand charg'd with a sword:
As when I entred in a populous Towne,
To warre alone with thousands in my wrath,
Whilst (prizing Honour dearer then my Crowne)
Each of my blowes gaue wounds, each wound gaue death:
Then thundring vengeance on rebellious bands,
I would make them redeeme my grace with grones,
Where now my Ghost (empal'd with horror) stands,
Lesse grac'd then those whom I commanded once;

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

And yet the glory by those Captaines had,
Whom first my ensignes did acquaint with Fame,
Doth make my Soule a thousand times more sad,
Then all the sufferings that the Hells can claime.
O now I see what all my Minions findes,
To grace my Funerals that they take no paine,
My state (betraying me) distracts their mindes,
Who haue forgot all loue, saue loue to raigne;
But *Ptolomie* doth yet by time intend
To *Alexandria* to transport me once,
Not mou'd by loue, no, for another end,
In hope my fortune will attend my bones,
And must I then so great a trouble haue
(To whom the Earth did all belong before)
For some few footes of Earth to be a graue
Which meane men get, and great men get no more.
Though many thousand at my signe did bow,
Is this the end of all my conquests then
To be debar'd that litle circuit now,
A benefite euen common vnto men ?
But of those Kingdomes which were thrall to me,
Left that a litle part my bodie bound,
Earth arch'd with Heauen my fatall bed should be,
As neuer march'd but by the starrie Round.
O blinde Ambition ! great mindes viprous brood,
The scourge of man-kinde, and the foe to rest,
Thou guilty art of many Millions blood,
And whilst I raign'd, didst raigne within my brest ;
This to my Soule but small contentment brings,
That I some Cities rear'd, and others raz'd:
And made Kings Captiues, Captiues to be Kings,
Then whilst the wendring World did stand amaz'd.
All that doth now but torture after death,
Which rais'd my fame on pillars more then rare;
O costly conquest of a litle breath,
Whose flattering sounds both come and goe with aire!
Can I be he who thought it a disgrace
To be but weigh'd with other Mortals euen,
Who would be held of an immortall race,
The off-spring of great *I o v b*, the Heire of Heauen ?

By many meanes I all mens mindes did moue,
 For Altars (as a God) with offrings stor'd,
 Till of his glory I o v e did iealous proue:
 All Kings should reuerenc'd be, but not ador'd.
 Ah whilst (trans-ported with a prosp'rous state)
 I toyl'd to raise my Throne aboue the Starres,
 The Thunderer straight (my pride bent to abate)
 Did wound my fame with most infamous warres.
 Made I not graue *Calistines* to smart,
 Who did disdain a Mortall to adore,
 (What knowne unknowing) bent by foolish Art
 Though but a Man to be magin'd more:
 All fear'd the danger of my roaring wrath
 Like Lyons when asleepe, which none durst wake ;
 My furie was the Messenger of death,
 Which when enflam'd made flaming Squadrons quake:
 Ambition did so farre my thoughts engage,
 That I could not abide my Fathers praise:
 But (though my friend) kil'd *Cleus* in a rage,
 Who *Philips* fame durst in my presence raise.
 Thus though that I mine Enemies did abate,
 I made my greatest friends become my foes,
 Who did my insolence (as barbarous hate)
 And for the like afraide wail'd others woes.
 Those tyrannies which thousands chanc'd to see
 As inhumane a multitude admir'd:
 And my familiars strangers growne with me,
 As from a Tyrant for distrust retir'd:
 Yea there were many too who did conspire
 By base ambushments whiles to snare my life,
 Of all my labours, loe, this was the hire:
 Those must haue store of toyles who toyle for strife.
 And I remember that amidst my ioyes,
 Euen whilst the chase of Armies was my sport,
 There wanted not a number of annoyes
 To counter-poise my pleasures in some sort.
 Of those on Earth most happie who remaine,
 (As ag'd Experience constantly records)
 The pleasures farre exceeded are by paine,
 Life greater griefe then comfort still affords .

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

What griefe, no, rather rage did seaze my soule,
Whilst big with Hopes a battell bent to proue!
That sudden sicknesse did my course controule,
Which (cold when kinde) a flattering flood did moue,
From the Physician then (though deem'd for ill)
I tooke his potion, gaue him scandalous lines:
Then whilst he red did drinke, yet ey'd him still,
And by accusing lookes sought guilty signes;
Not that suspitious feares could make me sad,
This was the ground whence did proceed my paine,
Lest Death my victorie preuented had:
For, I was sure still where I fought to gaine;
But when that I extended had my state
From learned *Athens* to the barbarous Indes,
Still my tumultuous Troupes my pride did hate,
As monstrous mutinies vnmask'd their mindes.
I (so my name more wonderfull to make)
Of *Hercules* and *Bacchus* past the bounds,
And (whilst that *Memnon* Sunne-burnt bands did quake)
Did write my worth in many Monarches wounds.
Kings were my Subiects, and my Seruants Kings,
Yet my contentment further did require
For, I imagin'd still more mighty things,
And to a greater grearlesse did aspire.
The spacious compasse of the speedie Sunne,
(All quickly thral'd) like Lightning I o're-ran:
Yet wept that there were not moe Worlds to win
As this had wanted roome to ease one Man;
What wonder was though thought a God by some,
Since all my aymes (though high as Heauen) preuail'd
It more then mortall is still to, o're-come;
Of all my fancies neuer proiect fail'd.
This made me thought immortaliz'd to be,
Which in all mindes amazement yet contrasts:
For, I led Fortune, Fortune follow'd me
As forc'd to grace the greatnesse of my acts.
Yet I haue found it a more easie thing
To conquer all the Climates of the winde,
Then mine owne selfe, and of my passions King
To calme the tumults of a stormie minde.

What

The Alexandraan Tragedie.

What comfort iustly could my Soule receiue
Of all my conquests past, if that euen then
Whilst I triumph'd (to wrath and wine a slaue)
I scap'd not scandall more then other men
Ah (leazing without right on euery state)
I but my selfe too great a Monarch made,
Since all men gap'd to get the golden bate
Which by my death seem'd easie to be had;
Whilst from humanity too much diuorc'd,
My deeds all hearts with feare, and horror fill'd:
Iwhom the force of foes yet neuer forc'd,
Fell by my friends, yet not ouer-comd, but kill'd.
But now I see the troubloustime drawes neere
When they shall keepe my obsequies with blood:
No wonder too, though such a warriors beere,
At last doth swimme amidst a scarlet flood:
For, as my life did breed huge broyles ou'r all,
My death must be the cause of monstrous cumbers,
And it doth best become a strong mans fall
To be renown'd by ruining of numbers.
The snake-tress'd Sisters they shall neuer need
Their fatall Fire-brands, loath-some *Plutoes* pests,
Nor inspirations which by poyson breed
A thirst of murder in trans-ported breasts.
Ambition may blowne from my ashes shine
To burne my Minions mindes with strange desires,
If of their sprit each keepe a sparke of mine,
To waste the world, their breasts may furnish fires.
The Beauties of the Earth shall all looke red
Whilst my Lieutenants through that pride of theirs,
With armes vnkinde huge streames of blood doe shed,
By murdering of my heires to be my heires.
Is this that Greatnesse which I did designe
By being eminent, to be o're-throwne,
To ruine first my selfe, then roote out mine;
As conquering others, but to lose mine owne?
O happie I, more happie farre my race!
If pleas'd with that which was our ancient rent,
I manag'd had *Aemathias* pow'r in peace,
Which was made lawfull by a long discent:

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Then farre sequestred from *Bellonas* rage,
I had the true delights of Nature try'd,
And ag'd with Honour, honour'd in my age,
Had left my Sonne secure before I dy'd,
And he inheriting a quiet state
(Which then because lesse great had beene more sure)
Had (free from enuie) not beene harm'd by hate
Against the greatest States which doth coniure;
But since they will en-earth my earthly part,
Which now no badge of Maiestie remains:
To roaring *Phlegeton* I must depart,
Farre from the light-some bounds of airie Plaines.
And must I there who did the World surmount
(Arrested by the Monarke of the Ghosts)
To *Radamantbus* render an account
Of all the deeds done by my rauinous hostes;
There whilst with *Minos* *Asacus* sits downe,
A rigorous Iudge in Hels most horride Court,
With me who passe his Nephew in renowne,
(Though of his race) iust rage will not comport.
O what pale troupes of Ghostes are gather'd heere,
Which were of bodies spoil'd by my decree!
And first the wrong'd *Parmanio* doth compeere,
From whom I nought, but who did much from me:
At the tribunall of Tartarian pow'rs,
He aggrauates ingratitude too great,
And (whilst the raging Tyrant foaming lowres)
All whom I wrong'd for vengeance doe entreat:
Yet guilty thoughts torment me most of all,
No sprite can be by plaguing Furies pin'd,
(Though charg'd without with snakes, within with gall)
As by the stings of a remording minde.
If it be true that drouisie *Lethe's* streames
In darke obliuion drowne all things at last,
There, let me burie farre from *Phatvs* beames,
The loath'd remembrance of my labours past.

Exit.

CHORVS.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

CHORVS.

VV Hat strange aduentures now
Distract distressed mindes
With such most monstrous formes?

When silence doth allow
The peace that Nature findes,
And that tumultuous windes
Doe not disturbe with stormes
An vniuersall rest:
When *Morpheus* hath repress
Impetuous waues of cares,
And with a soft sleepe bindes,
Those Tyrants of the brest
Which would spread forth most dangerous snares,
To throw affliction in despair:
Huge horrors then arise
The Elements to marre,
With most disastrous signes:
Arm'd Squadrons in the Skies,
With Lances throwne from farre,
Doe make a monstrous warre,
Whilst furie nought confines:
The Dragons vomite fire,
And make the Starres retire
Out of their Orbes for feare
To satisfie their ire,
Which Heauens high buildings not forbear,
But seeme the Crisall Towres to teare.
Amidst the Aire fierce blasts
Doe boast with blustering sounds
To crush this mightie frame,
Which (whilst the tempest lasts)
Doth rent the stately Rounds,
To signifie what wounds
To all her off-springs shame,
Shall burst Earths veines with blood,
And this all-circling flood

The Tragedie of Hamlet
(As it the Heauens would drowne)
Doth passe the bounded bounds,
And all the scalie brood,
Reare roaring *Neptunes* foamic Crowne,
Whilst Earth for feare seemes to sinke downe.
Those whom Earth charg'd what horroure!
Their ashie Lodgings leaue,
To re-enioy the light,
Or else some panicke terrour
Our Iudgement doth bereaue,
Whilst first we mis-conceane,
And so preiudge the sight;
Or, in the bodies stead
The genius of the dead
Turnes backe from Styx againe,
Which *Dis* will not receaue,
Till it a while engendring dread,
Plague (whilst it doth on Earth remaine)
All els with feare, it selfe with paine.
These fearefull signes fore-show
(All Nations to appall)
What plagues are to succcede.
When Death had lay'd him low,
Who first had made vs thrall,
We heard that straight his fall
Our libertie would breed;
But this proues no reliefe:
For many (O what griefe!)
The place of one supplie;
And we must suffer all;
Thus was our comfort brieve:
O rarely doe vsurpers die,
But others will their fortune trie.

Act. II. Scene. I.

PERDICCAS, MELEAGER,
PTOLOMIE, ANTIGONVS,
EVMENES.



That eye not big with teares can view this hoste,
Which hath in one (ah, as the end doth proue)
A King, a Captaine, and a brother, lost, (loues
Crown'd, follow'd, try'd by right, for worth, in
I thinke amongst vs all there is not one
Whom diuers fauours doe not iustlie binde
To please that *Heroes* Ghost (though from vs gone)
With all the offrings of a thankfull minde.
Ah, had the Fates beene subiect to my will,
Such clouds of sorrow had not darkned life;
But we had kept great *Alexander* still,
And he those Kingdomes which procure this strife.
Yet Heauens decrees can neuer be recall'd,
And thoughts of harme past helpe breed doub'te paines
Though once to griefe a space by passions thrall'd,
The liuing must embrace the world againe.
As one whose int'rest in his life was cheefe,
A sorrow singular my soule affects,
But I will not defraud the generall griefe,
To waile apart particular respects.
Though all the Aire still Echoes plantiue sounds
Of widow'd hopes which wedded haue despaires:
Yet time must cicatrize our inward wounds,
And to the publike weale draw priuate cares.
Let vs giue Physicke to the sickned state,
Which at this present in great danger stands,
Whilst grudging Subiects which our greatnesse hate,
By blood would venge their violat'd lands.
Those who by force are thrall'd to be made free,
Precipitate themselves in dangers still,

And

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

And this of Nature seemes a rule to be:
What Realme not scornes to serue a strangers will;
From forc'd obedience nought but hate proceeds;
The moe we haue subdu'd, the moe our foes:
A Soueraigne head this States huge bodie needs,
That might make vs securely to repose:
And who more meete to haue that great mans place
Of those whose states he tooke who wan the hearts,
Then one descended from that regall race,
Whose birth both worth, and right to raigne imparts;
If Heauens enrich *Roxane* with a Sonne,
That long'd-for birth a lawfull Soueraigne brings,
And till that course of doubtfull hopes be runne,
Let some be nam'd who manage may all things.

Anti. The Macedonians (swolne with wrath) wold scorne
That to their King a Stranger should succeed:
Can Men obey a Babe, a Babe not borne;
What fancies strange would this confusion breed;
This could not well become our graue fore-sight
A doubtfull birth long to attend in vaine,
Which may abortiue be, and brought to light,
Through Natures error made not apt to raigne.
But if affection carry vs so farre
That of that race we must be rul'd by some,
Though neither train'd by Time in peace, nor warre,
As those who must indeed by kinde o're-come:
Then haue we *Hercules* the eldest Sonne
To our great Prince by faire *Barfines* borne,
Who fourteene yeeres of age, hath els begunne
His Princely birth by vertue to adorne.

Ptol. To thinke of this it makes my soule asham'd,
That we should serue a base Barbarians brood,
What should we beare the yoke which we haue fram'd,
To buy disgrace haue we bestow'd our bloods
Our Ancestours whose glory we obscur'd
Would get some vantage of their Nephewes thus:
That peoples bondage they would haue procur'd,
And haue we warr'd to make them Lords o're vs:
Ah, burie this as a most odious thing,
Which may bring danger, and must breed our scorne.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Though (in effect) descended from our King,
They (come of Captiues) are but basely borne.
O braue *Leonides*, I like thy strife,
Who with so few perform'd so glorious things,
And Death prefer'd before infamous life,
Which bondage still from a Barbarian brings.
Those (loath to take a Stranger for their Lord)
Did with their blood renoune a forraine field,
And shall we honour them whom they abhorr'd,
And euen (though Victors) to the vanquish'd yeeld?
To what did tend that eminent attempt,
Which makes the Persians yet abase their brow:
But to our Countreyes scorne (in a contempt)
To take by force that which we offer now.
Was this the scope of all our conquests then,
Of abiect Captiues to be made the prey?
No, let vs still command like valorous men,
And rule our Empire by some other way.
May we nor vse this policie a space
Till time afford, or we a course deuise:
Lest dangerous discord doe disturbe our peace
Still when we would offerious things aduise;
With Maiestie let vs assembled be
A sacred Senate with a chaire of state,
That of the Soueraigne pow'r all signes may see,
Then whilst we compasse that respected seate:
There, those who were in credite with the King
Whose merites in Mens mindes haue reuerence bred,
Shall weigh'd with Iudgement ballance euery thing:
How Kingdomes should be rul'd, how Armies led;
And what the greatest part hath once approu'd,
To that the rest will willingly incline;
By such a harmonie the armie mou'd
Will execute what euer we designe.
This concord would proue happy for vs all,
Which each mans state free from all danger renders:
And by this meanes our Macedonie shall
In place of one, haue many *Alexanders*.

Eum. Though silence I confesse becomes me best,
Who since a Stranger am the lesse beleu'd,

The Alexandrian Tragedie,

Yet of your toyles since I a Partner rest,
I must vn-fold my minde, a minde much griu'd:
And thinke you that a Babe repaires our losse:
How can good wits so grossely be beguil'd:
This in all Countreyes hath beene thought a crosse:
Woe to that soyle whose Soueraigne is a childe.
Nor would those great men (as is thought) agree,
They be too many bodies for one minde:
Ah (pardon *Ptolomie*) it can not be,
This vnion wold dis-ioyne vs all I finde:
Thus wold the armie from good order swerue,
When many might forgiue, all wold offend,
As thinking well though they did death deserue:
No man so bad but some will him defend.
And when so many Kings were in one Court,
One Court would then haue many humors too:
Which fostering factions for each light report,
Would make them iarre as neighbouring Princes doe.
No, let this strange designe be quite suppress,
Whilst equall all, all would vnequall be,
So that their mindes (by icalousie posselt)
From pale suspicion neuer could be free.
But ah, what needs contention at this time,
To cloud a matter which was made so cleare:
And doe you now account it for no crime,
To damne his will, who once was held so deare:
When that great Monarch march'd to match with Death,
Whilst all his Captaines were assembled there,
And did demand whilst he might vse his breath,
Whom he himselfe adopted for his Heire:
Then (that none might such doubtfull questions breede)
As louing valour more then his owne race:
He (that a braue man, braue men might succede)
Said: let the worthiest haue the worthiest place.
Nor did he speake this in a secret part,
With double words which might more doubt haue mou'd,
As breathing thoughts in each ambitious heart,
To haue his worth in *Vulcans* fornace prou'd:
For, whilst ye hedg'd the fatall bed about,
(With an vnpartiall care distracted long)

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Then he amongst you all did chuse one out,
Who for so great a charge did seeme most strong.
He to *Perdiccas* did present the ring
That vs'd to seale the secrets of the state:
By which it seem'd that he design'd him King,
And so would seaze him of the regall seate.
Thus made this worthie man a worthie choise;
That further strife might not the state deforme:
And all the world now iustly may reioyce
That thus preuented was a furious storme.
For, if this had not beene his fatall will,
Yea, *Mars* his Minions should haue liu'd at Iarres:
Whilst emulation amongst equals still,
Had made sterne trumpets thunder ciuill warres;
What huge disorders threatned to burst forth,
If that our Soueraigne had no Prince design'd,
Who oft hath beene a witnesse of our worth,
And can weigh vertue in a vertuous minde:
I see consenting signes applaud my speach:
Rise, doe *Perdiccas* that which they decree,
Whilst modestie doth Maiestie impeach,
Thogh thou crau'st not this Crown, this Crown craues thee.

Meleag. I wonder not though thus *Perdiccas* shrinke
To take this place still brag'd with new alarmes:
The Sunne must make Nights vgglic bird to winke:
This Scepter weighes too much for so weake armes.
The Gods will neuer grant, nor men agree
That such a one should tyrannize o're vs:
Thogh vulgar mindes might yeeld his thralles to be,
His betters scorne so basely to bow thus.
He would haue vs *Roxanes* birth attend,
Which though it come to passe as some expect,
He can exchange, or cause be brought to end,
As bent to like all meanes, when one effect.
Thus would he temporize to our great scorne,
Till time might helpe to further his designs:
No Kings *Perdiccas* likes, but Babes vn-borne,
He labours well in vndiscovered Mines.
I need not now insist to tell at large
What braue men be amidst this Martiall band

Who

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Who better doe deserue so great a charge
Both for their skill, and courage to command;
Yet are the best not worthie to succede
That man admir'd who neuer can be match'd,
The thought of whom must make our mindes to bleed,
Whose aduersars for this aduantage watch'd.
But, if that great Man did consent so soone
That our obedience should be thus abus'd;
Of all that euer yet he would haue done
I thinke this onely ought to be refus'd.
The valorous band whose worth the world oft prou'd,
Then whilst their glory shin'd through siluer shields:
By all that Monarches deeds when no way mou'd,
Would haue (as conquer'd) left the conquer'd fields,
And when despising such a Princes throne,
To whom his Ancestours their Scepter brought:
What reuerence would they beare to such a one,
Who all this time was as their equall thought;
To those who o're their equals raise their state,
Aduancement enuie breeds, and enuie hate.
If such with all would rest familiar still,
This in contempt the Soueraigne title brings:
And if they second not their Subiects will,
Men can not beare with them as with borne Kings.
Our lostie bands some lostie minde must tame,
Whose Princelie birth doth procreate regard:
Whose Countrey may confound each slanderous claime,
As one with whom none els can be compar'd.
Loe, *Alexanders* brother, *Philips* sonne,
Who alwayes was a partner of our paine:
Can there be any els below the Sunne,
O're Macedonians who deserues to raigne?
And I must wonder what so strange offence
Hath forfeited his title, maym'd his right
That any now with a disguis'd pretence
Dare wrong him thus, euen in his peoples sight.

Prot. None needs to wonder much though we neglect
One whose election might procure our shame:
His Mothers basenesse Iustice might obiect,
Whom bastardie secludes from such a claime.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

But yet, had Nature purg'd the spot she made,
We with his birth the better might comport:
If (like his Syre fierce Squadrons fit to lead)
His parts were such as might the State import;
He falsifies his race, of wit so weake,
That all his inward wants are soone perceiu'd:
All of his Iudgement in derision speake,
By which great things can hardly be conceiu'd:
And though his body might from paines be spar'd,
Whose constitution is not very strong;
But with infirmitie's so farre impar'd,
That it a line can not continue long;
Yet since in state he neuer hath beene school'd,
His Ignorance would racke him still with feares:
Whilst he who rul'd, still needing to be rul'd,
Spake but with others tongues, heard with their cares,
A King inconstant great confusion makes,
Whom all mis-trust, and most amidst a campe:
Whilst (soft like waxe) he each impression takes,
A little labour changing still the stampe;
Ah, should our liues depend vpon his breath,
Who of himselfe cannot discerne a crime:
But for each rash report damnes men to death,
Then barren pittie yeelds, when out of time.
Thus whilst some alwayes must his Iudgement sway
Which still doth harbour in anothers head,
Of Sicophants this Prince may be the prey,
Who where they list him (as quite blinde) will lead.
And since but base, that they may be the best,
Such still will toyle that we may be o're-throwne:
And may by time the credulous King suggest
To taint our fame, lest it obscure their owne.
What grieve were this to vs, whilst such as those,
Might make their vantage of all-pow'rfull breath;
And that our actions ballanc'd by our foes
Were guerdon'd with Disdaine, or els with Death;
Me. Since priuat Hopes your Iudgements doe bewitch,
I'll leaue this counsell where no good can please:
Come follow me all those who would be rich:
Few haue regarde (poore Souldiers) of your ease.

Perd.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Perd. That shall proue best which first I went about,
Though some wold wrest my words from what I thought:
Loe, *Melagers* spite doth now burst out,
Like flaming fires which burne themselues to nought.
Thus, naughtie mindes which neuer dreame but ill,
Doe conster all things to a crooked sense:
What I propos'd reposing on your will,
He would interpreter for a great offence.
And (thus puff'd vp) this parting hence of his
To many former faults hath added one:
By his seditious words incens'd ere this,
The Souldiers are to sacke the Treasure gone.

Ans. With one consent then let vs all conclude,
That *Alexanders* Race (when borne) must raigne:
So shall we stablish still that sacred blood,
Which rais'd our state, and may it best maintaine.
And let vs now (before we part) appoint
Who shall command till that the Babe be borne:
And circumspectly put all to a point,
That the successe our Councell may adorne.

Eum. I heare a tumult rais'd amongst the Tents,
And *Arideus* is proclaim'd a King:
To which the multitude (soone chang'd) consents
As bent for all whose course a change may bring.
The foot-men are to Indignation mou'd
In this assemblie that they want a seate:
Where our proceedings they might haue approu'd,
As knowing all that did concerne the state.
Their Princes memorie rests soone despis'd
That they dare thus reuel, and vnconstrain'd,
By too much libertie if not entis'd,
Which makes the giuer still to be disdain'd.
The want of discipline all things confounds,
Their deeds want order, and their pride all bounds.

Per. And dare they then against that fortresse rise,
Where *Alexanders* ensignes once are rear'd?
Or violate the walles where as he lyes?
May not his shadow serue to make them feard?

What? how comes this? and dare they then presume,
To bragge their Captaines, and abuse their Armes:

Armes,

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Armes, Armes, iust wrath those Rebels must consume,
Our count'nance will them dash, sound, sound alarmes.

Exeunt.

Act. II. Scene II.

LISIMACHVS, SELEVCVS.



O, here a great, and more then sudden change
All men for mirth were like to haue gone mad,
So that of late it wold haue been thought strange
In all this Citie to haue seene one sad,
Each wall resounded some melodious long
To rauish curious eares with rare delight;
Strange Tapestries were stretch'd the streets along,
And stately obiects made to charme the sight.
As if our King his conquests so would Crowne,
Of all the world a Parliament to hold,
He plac'd with pompe in this imperiall Towne,
Did of magnificence the hight vnfold.
Here (Glory, in her richest Robes array'd)
Should haue showne all that greatnesse could expect:
Yet were our hopes euen at the hight betray'd:
To death those Trophees Fortune did erect.
A tragicke end this triumph quite confounds,
All our applauses vanish in complaints,
Our Musicke marr'd by melancholie sounds,
Spoyl'd by the Cypresse, loe, the Lawrell f.ints.
To funerall shrikes our shouts of ioy we turne,
Our gorgeous garments must giue place to griefe:
We that so much reioy'd, farre more must mourne,
Dayes spent with woe are long, with pleasure brieft.
This breeds most anguish, when that one compares
The present time with others that are past,
Whilst wonted hopes are ballanc'd with despaires,
Which all Heroicke mindes with woe doe waste.
These two betweene what difference finde we forth
The rising Sunne, and it that is declyn'd

Where

The Alexandraan Tragedie.

Where is that Zodiacke (lodging of all worth)
Whence Valors beames (still lightning courage) shyn'd
Now desolation spreads it selfe o're all:

A solitarie silence grieue allowes,
Ah (as quite crush'd by that great Monarkes fall)

How many male-contents abase their browes;

A strange suspicion hath possess'd the streets,

Whilst euery man his neighbours fall conspires,

When vnawares one with another meetes,

He (fear'd for treason) with distrust retires.

O ruinos strange each eare is greedie growne,

Which (though but doubtfull) moue the minde to ruth:

And doting still on that which is their owne,

What they coniecture, all affirme for truth.

Sol. With eyes which flame for rage our deedes Heaven

And bent from vs a high disdain doth beare: (viewes,

Loe, all mens heads are heauie for euill newes,

And though we know not what, yet still we feare:

For, since the widow'd World doth want a head,

Each member now doth labour to be chiefe:

Which (whilst they diuers wayes the bodie lead)

May giue beginning to some endlesse grieue;

Some (like the foole who thunder fain'd like I o v e r)

Would make their fame like *Alexanders* sound,

And (all brought low to be themselves aboue)

Would order all, or els would all confound;

Then some vaine wittes which onely would seeme wise

(By flattering mirrours of their shape deceiu'd)

Doe euery thing that is not theirs despise,

And perish would, ere them another sau'd.

A number too whom all things doe content,

What each one thinks, are still resolu'd to do:

They make a choyce, then doe the choyce repent,

And straight repent of that repentance too.

The publike weale is spoyl'd by priuate hope,

Whilst many thus high dignities doe claime;

This discord giues to rash Ambition scope:

Or, all would fish within a troubled streame.

How dissention hath dissolu'd so soone

A kinde of ordour, and confusion brought:

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Our Councell quite this variance hath vn-done,
Whilst one would haue done all, all haue done nought.
Though that *Perdiccas* (as it would haue seem'd)
Whilst for his Masters race he onely stood,
Sought (by that meanes more vertuous to be deem'd)
His Princes honour, and his Countreyes good;
Yet his Companions hauing in contempt,
He did by subtile meanes himselfe aduance:
And so to shadow his disguis'd attempt,
Aym'd at the royall place as but by chance.
He toyles that the vn-borne none should beguile,
As by the Heauens for Orphanes weale referu'd:
Yet wanting of a King nought but the stile,
He would not want that when occasion seru'd.
And *Meleager* partially dispos'd,
To hinder others doth pretend a lone
To bastard *Philip*, by effect disclos'd,
Since he but seekes *Perdiccas* to disproue;
And if that foe whom he doth feare but faile,
He cares not much what Emperour they proclaime:
And his designe with many may preuaile:
A cloake of right apparels any claime;
They whose descent some title doth disclose,
As by their birth made capable to raigne:
Must be prefer'd by reason vnto those,
Who of all right without the bounds remaine.
The furious footmen (insolently stout)
A title to maintaine did braue our band,
And (Indignation thundring threatnings out)
Would with our blood haue bath'd this barb'rous land.
O what indignity would this haue beene,
Whilst those whom we subdu'd with such great toyles
Had in this sort their Victors vanquish'd scene,
So of their spoylers purchasing the spoyles:
Thus darkning all that we had done before,
(Our Swords fast stain'd by ignominious wounds)
We of our conquests could haue kept no more
But burials base (if those) in Enemies bounds.
O what excellencie consists in one,
(Though oft not mark'd till miss'd) cleare at this houre:

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Some with a word or looke doth more alone
Then thousands ioynd with policie and pow'r.
When Squadrons arm'd with ensignes all display'd,
As of their Prince all due regard quite lost
His generous course would (obstinate) haue stay'd,
By them abandon'd when endanger'd most;
Then of disorder yeelding bitter fruits
They boldlie march'd with bragges before his Tent,
And charg'd their Soueraigne with vnlawfull sutes,
To innouations violentlie bent;
Of duety then they by no band detaind,
First grudg'd, grew factious next, last Rebels plaine:
Like waters for a time (by Art restrain'd)
Their bounds once pass'd which doe all bounds disdain:
But from that pattern of accomplish'd worth
Whom imitate none may, all must admire:
Through iust disdain when furie sparkled forth,
These troupes astonish'd trembling did retire.
His stately count'nance calm'd tumultuous sounds,
And lightned Maiestie through clouds of wrath:
That (euen as if his words had giuen them wounds)
They fell, as fear'd for him, though not for death.
Those lostie bands which were of late so proud
That they disdain'd to wait their Emperours will:
Then (by his sight all at an instant bow'd)
Did beg but leaue that they might serue him still;
And yet what wonder though he gain'd all hearts,
Which to his presence happ'ned to repaire:
With that perfection of all vertuous parts,
As large in him, as in all others rare;
Whiles when we meet to treat by peace or warres,
How all our conquests may be best secur'd,
The Souldiers doe burst out in publike iarres,
Euen from their Captaines no respect procur'd.
And who can call that valorous Prince to minde
That vnto vertue any reuerence beares:
But he must be constrain'd, or proue vnkinde,
To offer vp a tribute of some teares:
Lys. His death doth make my soule faint sorrowes prey
Though many thought that I for it had long'd;

For

For, if by any whom he should obey
One can be wrong'd, then I indeed was wrong'd.

Sel. Fame to mine eares by diuerse tongues did bring
To what huge danger you were once expos'd;
But did not paint out each particuler thing,
Which by your selfe, I long to heare disclos'd.

Lyfim. When wise *Calistus* for no request
With superstitious customes could compose,
But with franke words all flatterie did detest,
He was abus'd, and in a barbarous sort:
So plaguing him (no doubt) the King did ill,
Yet to prosperitie we must impute
Those fatall faults which follow Fortune still,
As of great mindes a kinde of bastard fruite;
We should in Kings, as loath their state to touch,
Speake sparinglie of Vice, praise Vertue much.
But I whose Soule that wise Man dearelie lou'd
Whilst his perfections spying thus iniur'd,
To tender passions by compassion mou'd,
Would his reliefe haue willingly procur'd.
But when my credite fail'd, all hope quite past,
That I could purchase grace in any sort:
I despr'at Physick did afford at last:
That if his life was euill, it might be short.
The King enrag'd that I had thus presum'd
To limite his reuenge by sudden death:
That by a Lyon I should be consum'd,
Did throw my doome out of the depthes of wrath.
But when with rolling eyes the Lyon roar'd,
He by my strength (as strengthlesse) was o're-thrown,
Which to the King whose minde did then remord,
My constancie and courage both made knowne.
So that incontinent I was set free,
By this rare prooffe esteem'd amongst the strong:
And with a minde from inward rancour free,
As he his wrath, so I forgot the wrōng:
For, whilst alone he through a Forrest rang'd;
A prey expos'd, yet did no danger dreame,
Some at that time had former wrongs reueng'd,
If but for mischiese bent to gaine a name.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Yet that which others did attempt in vaine,
And (tyr'd by trauell) of a surfet dy'd,
I did performe and brought him backe againe,
As swiftly running as his horse could ride;
And of that deede my Sprite rests well appay'd:
For, since that time my Soueraigne held me deare,
Which afterwards he to the world bewray'd,
Whilst by this meanes his fauour did appeare.
When vnawares my brow he chanced to wound,
To stay my blood which striu'd to dy his lance:
He with his Diademe my Temples crown'd,
A happy signe though comming but by chance.
And O! who knowes but once before I die
Some good successe may second the presage?

Seleuc. What hinders vs our fortune now to trie,
And for a Crowne our trauels to engage?
Those bended mindes which ayme at Greatnesse still,
Grown popular, of purpose to be prais'd:
Doe wynde themselues in euery mans good-will,
And would seeme humble that they may be rais'd.
What counterfeited friends seale trustlesse bands,
Whilst in the generall cause that each pretends,
Though neuer ioyning hearts, all ioyne their hands,
And worke one way, yet worke for diuers ends:
Yea, those whose mindes moue in the spheare of state,
Haue purchas'd pow'rs, as purpos'd for the fields,
With ialous mindes their riuals to abate,
Whilst (equals all) none to another yeelds,
Yet with suspended thoughts they doubtfull stand,
And their designs to venter doe forbear,
Lest all the rest ioynd by a generall band
Doe him o're-throw who first giues cause of feare:
But he may speede who for a Crowne doth thirst,
And (free from feare) with courage doth aduance,
Some to be second, doubting to be first,
Will make their course depend vpon his chance;
And by a battell if that one preuaile,
There will rich hopes at easie rate be sold:
Whilst those seeke helpe, whose fortune then doth faile,
As first by hope, last by despaire made bold,

The Illustrious Tragedy.

All this to me great cause of feare affords,
Lest that we two protract the time too long;
And wounded be before we draw our swords:
All at such times must doe, or suffer wrong.

Lys. No chance of late hath brought me so to bow,
But I haue throwne some thoughts at those high hopes:
Yet in my minde his iudgement most allow
Who on'r a dangerous ditch aduif'dly leapes.
Those Prouinces which are to vs assign'd,
As calme in mind, we manage must a while:
Till all attempt that which they haue design'd,
Whilst from the World each other doth exile:
Then liuing but like those whose force is small,
From which the World no great thing can expect:
We shall professe a fauour to them all,
As who nought else, saue publike peace affect.
Yet then, our thoughts shall not haue leaue to sleepe,
But subtle plots must circumspectly frame:
Those whom we feare at variance still to keepe,
So alwayes strengthening vs, and weakning them;
If wrongs prouoke, or when Occasion claimes,
We may make warre with some ere it be long,
Like cunning wrestlers at Olympick games,
Who exercise themselues to be more strong;
And when themselues haue thus prepar'd the way,
Whilst that their pompe doth beare a lower sail:
(For at the last their force must much decay,
Since all must alwayes loose, though one preuaile)
Then prompt to tempt that which we now contriue
By ruining the remnant that remains:
We may possesse the state for which they strue,
Thus they the toyles, and we shall get the gaines.

Exunt.

Chorus.

And
Whi
The
Fre
(W
Wh
The
Men
For

CHORVS.



Happie was that guiltlesse age,
In which *Astrea* liu'd below:
And that *Bellonae* barbarous rage
Did not all order quite o're-throw.
Then whilst all did themselues content
With that thing which they did possesse,
And gloried in a little rent,
As wanting meanes to make excesse;
Those could no kinde of want bemone,
For, crauing nought they had all things:
And since none sought the regall Throne,
Whilst none were Subiects, all were Kings:
O to true blesse their course was set,
Who got to liue, not liu'd to get.

Then Innocencie naked liu'd,
And had no need, nor thought of armes,
Whilst spightfull sprites no meanes contriu'd
To plague the simple sort with harmes;
Then snaring Lawes did not extend
The bounds of reason as they doe:
Strife oft begunne where it should end,
One doubt but clear'd to foster two:
By conscience then all order stood,
By which darke things were soone discern'd,
Whilst all behoou'd there to be good,
Where as no euill was to be learn'd:
And how could any then proue naught,
Whilst by example vertue taught?

Then mortall mindes all most pure,
Free from corruption lasted long,
(Whilst innocent) in all secure,
When none did know how to doe wrong:
Then sting'd with no suspicious thought,
Men mischief did from none expect:
For what in them could not be wrought,

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

In others they would not suspect,
And though none did sterne Lawes impart
That might to vertue men compell,
Each in the table of his heart
Had grau'd a Law of doing well:
And all did wickednesse forbear
Of their free will, and not for feare.

The first who spoil'd the publike rest,
And did disturbe this quiet state
Was avarice, the greatest pest
Which doth of darkenesse fill the seate:
A Monster very hard to daunt,
Leane, as dry'd vp with inward care,
(Though full of wealth) for feare of want
Still at the borders of Despaire,
Scarce taking food for Natures ease,
Nor for the cold sufficient clothing,
She whom her owne could neuer please,
Thinks all haue much, she hath nothing:
This Daughter of sterne *Pluto*, still
Her Fathers Dongeon striues to fill.

That Monster-tamer most renown'd,
The great *Aleides*, *Thebes* glorie,
Who (for twelue seuerall labours crown'd)
Was famous made by many storie,
As one who all his time had toyl'd
To purge the World of such like pests,
Who Robbers rob'd, and Spoylers spoyl'd,
Still humbling haucie Tyrants crefts:
He by this Monster once o're-throwne,
Did passe in *Spain* his strength to trie,
And there tooke more then was his owne,
What right had he to *Gerions* ky?
Thus avarice the World deceiues,
And makes the greatest Conquerours slaues.

Ah, when to plague the World with grieve,
This poore-rich Monster once was borne:
Then weakenesse could finde no reliefe,

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

And subtiltie did Conscience scorne:
Yet some who labour'd to recall
The blesse which guilded the first age,
Did punishment prepare for all
Who did their thoughts to vice engage:
And yet the more they Lawes did bring
That to be good might Men constraîne,
The more they sought to doe the thing
From which the Lawes did them restraine:
So that by custome altered quite,
The World in euill doth most delight.

Exeunt.

Act. III. Scene. I.

PERDICCAS, EVMENES.

Now Fortune smyles vpon my ryfing State,
And seemes to promise more then I require;
Loe, by degrees my glory doth grow great,
And by their death who did my death conspire.

Proud *Meleager* who disd ain'd to bow,
And my aduancement alwayes did mislike,
Hath with his blood seal'd my assurance now
To dash all those who would attempt the like.

Eum. Yet of his fall the forme my minde appalles,
Euen at I O V E S Altar, and without regard:
We were too rash to violate those walles
Which the most impious could not but haue spar'd.
Lasciuious *Alex* by *Mineruaes* spight,
Earst for prophaning such a sacred place,
On the Capharian rockes did loose the light,
And all his Nauie too for ones disgrace:
We should not irritate celesttiall Pow'rs;
Then, all beginnings are considered most;
Such horrour breeds this odious act of ours,
That we (I feare) Opinions pow'r haue lost.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Per. Let others seeke to keepe such points as those,
I am not scrupulous, for, I protest
Ov'r all, and by all meanes I'll kill my foes,
And then thereafter dispute of the rest.
They wrong the Gods who thinke their Church should be
A free refuge for Male-factors still:
For, with their iustice this cannot agree:
Who guard euill-doers guilty are of ill.
Was he not stain'd with many monstrous crime,
And *Salamander*-like amidst the fire
(Contentiously dispos'd) did spend his time,
And (neuer pleas'd) did still some change require?

Eum. One hum'rous head which doth in braules delight
May poyson thousands with the gall of spight.

Perd. As still seditiously affecting strife,
He but abus'd the credit of his King:
And sent some of his slaues to take my life,
Such bitter enuie did his stomacke sting.

Eum. I saw, how that aduanc'd before our band,
You first did check, then chase them in the end:
And did with courage resolutely stand
Our Soueraignes corpes (though dead) bent to defend.

Perd. He but a dastard is who basely yeelds,
And in no conflict hath his fortune try'd;
We (if by time not ventring to the fields)
Like bealts (all sacrific'd) had simplie dy'd:
But when without we Masters did remaine,
Lest *Babylon* had straight beene barr'd from food:
I those proud Squadrons quickly did constraîne
Euen as we pleas'd a treatie to conclude.
Grac'd whilst my foe (as in some kinde compar'd)
A chiefe in charge he many mindes did sway,
But found inferiour when a friend declar'd,
My credite did increase, and his decay.

Eum. Yet in this course all (who obserue) do see
That of the multitude the minde preuail'd:
He whom they did elect our Prince must be,
And our designe hath altogether fail'd:
But how comes this? that euery Captaine gets
A certaine Realme committed to his charge:

And with an armie brauelie forward sets,
Their bounds allow'd to guard, or to enlarge;
Perd. I by my meanes haue euey great Man crown'd,
That from my greatnesse great things might proceed:
Yet by that means to make my pow'r renown'd,
The doing lykt me better then the deed.

I this diuision chieffie did procure
To haue those great Men from the Court remou'd,
Where they might be imploy'd, yet I secure,
Their fauour purchas'd, or at least thus prou'd:
For, him who hath them thus to honour brought,
They must be bound to hold in high account,
And their aduancement for this end I sought,
They be the meanes by which I minde to mount.

Euen. O but your fancies may be much deceiu'd,
There is no bond which bindes vnthankfull mindes:
I feare the fauour that they thus receiu'd,
Hath shoune them wayes to faile by other windes.
So long of late as they had need of you,
To seeme your friends they (courting kindnesse) sought:
But since their greatnesse is well grounded now,
They will disdaine what derogates in ought.
To those all great men friends most franklie proue,
Whom (for their pleasure) freely they affect,
(And loathing bands) can not be forc'd to loue,
As brau'd by worth when merites vrgē respect.
Few marke from whence they rose when once aloft,
Nor can endure that they should owe their state:
Defarts grow odious when vp-braided oft,
And are depra'n'd, not guerdon'd, when too great.
Yea, in my Iudgement you haue greatly err'd,
Them to exalt whose state you would surpise:
Their comon custome is who are preferr'd,
That they may stand, not to let others rise.

Per. To ruine loftie mindes when least afray'd,
Whilst carelesse carriage Iealous censures list
By spies abroad to foes at Court betray'd,
Then by preferment what more subtile drift?
Their hearts with hate are parted all by pryde;
The strongest els is to confusion gone:

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

But I long to learne how *Leonatus* dy'd,
 W Not that I minde his Funerals to bemone:
 If *Eum.* That Prince magnanimous whom all admire
 His (As was his custome) clementlie proclaim'd
 He That banish'd Grecians might to *Greece* retire,
 Th Saue onely such whom murder had defam'd;
 All But who them banish'd grieu'd for their returne,
 By Did feare what iust reuenge might haue design'd,
 An As knowing well (whilst wrongs make wrath to burne)
 W How miserie doth irritate a mind;
 Bu The Indignation which they had conceiu'd,
 Th Did breed rebellion bursting out with rage,
 Ye The which our King deepe in his minde engrau'd,
 Hi By *Athens* spoiles it purpos'd to assuage:
 W But since that Death afforded them reliefe,
 Sp Grown bold to prosecute their proud attempt:
 A Athenians and AÆolians were the chiefe
 W Who brought *Antipater* first in contempt;
 W And by their pow'r constrain'd to quire the field,
 A He (In a litle Towne enclos'd) at last
 Ah Was once reduc'd in danger neere to yeeld,
 W And staine the glory of his actions past;
 Bu But yet by accident as whiles it falles
 Th (It better is to happie be then wise)
 Th An vn suspected shaft throwne from the walles
 W Their foes chiefe Captaine happened to surprise.
 Of Then did *Antipater* his courage reare,
 W Which had almost his staggering Hopes beiraide:
 An Yet still in doubt, and not quite free from feare,
 Su He *Leonatus* did intreat for aide;
 An And he who seem'd his friend-ship to affect,
 To To further him desirous did appeare:
 W But (if he had preuail'd) some doe suspect
 Mi *Antipater* had bought his succours deare.
 An Yet by the end his purpose bent to show
 W (How euer in effect) he seem'd a friend;
 Th But the Athenians did his comming know,
 Co And him to fight they did directlie tend.
 Fe And though their thoughts in depthes of doubts did fleete,
 They when alone, to match him thought it best,

Thea

Then whilst they march'd aduentrous troupes to meet,
They hardly welcom'd the vn-welcome Guest:
When both the Armies were to battell brought,
And all the parts of valour did afford,
Braue *Leonatus* like a Lyon fought,
Bent to proue worthie of his wonted Lord:
But whilst he brauelie did his charge acquite
He lost himselfe who others came to saue,
And by their Captaines fall discourag'd quite.
His scattred Troupes great damage did receiue;
Yet when *Antipater* was surely told
Of their mis-hap who came for his reliefe,
He nor one signe of sorrow did vn-fold:
A litle gaine doth mitigate great grieffe:
Well did he know that though his foes preuail'd,
Yet this great fight enfeebled had their hoste,
And then he tooke to him which much auail'd
Those beaten bands who had their Capraine lost;
Yet that in which he did most comfort finde
Was his deliuerie from a secret foe,
Who did with ieaousie torment his minde,
Though out-wardly not seeming to be so.

Per. Thus, we who both below one ensigne warr'd,
Slept in one Tent, and all one fortune prou'd,
And (with a friend-ship then, that neuer iarr'd)
As *Pilades* and mad *Orestes* lou'd.
Since wanting now a Lord, that all be Lords
We (loe) renounce all kinde of kindnesse now,
And (secret rancour budding in discords)
Doe others harmes procure, at least allow.
Such is the sacred famine of a Crowne
That it to satisfie, before we faile,
What stands within our way, all must goe downe,
And bands of blood, or friend-ship not auaille.
These glory-rauish'd Soules which would be great,
No meanes omit although they be vniust,
None beares with patience partners in the state;
What ieaous Louer can his Riuals trust:
Eum. Well, I perceiue *Antipater* doth tend
With all his pow'r to gaine that sacred prey:

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Whose meanes (of late enlarg'd) to reach his end
Through euery danger may procure a way.
And *Alexander* sometimes spake at large
Then whilst *Antipater* with *Agustriu'd*:
That he (without the limites of his charge)
More like a King then a Lieu-tenant liu'd.

Antigonus, and *Ptolomie* in armes

Are ioyn'd in one, our ruine bent to breed:
I feare that friendship procreat our harmes,
Vnlesse their spight preuented be with speed.

Per. I'll lodge you now (*Eumenes*) in my brest,

And let you see the ground of my designs:

Since that we both alike must toyle, or rest,
As those whose course one Planet now confines.

Since at his death, I by our dying Lord

Was in his place appointed to succeed,

And that my fortune doth a meanes afford,

How I may compasse that which he decreed.

To leaue that place I cannot well agree

As if I wanted courage to command:

I'll take that which the Fates doe force on me,

For, if without a throne I cannot stand.

And those who would performe difficult things,

Must not regard what way, so they preuaile;

Oft fraud, then force, a greater furtherance brings,

The Foxe must helpe if that the Lyon faile.

So old *Antipater* to haue betray'd,

His Daughter I in mariage did require,

That so the time might but haue beene delay'd.

Till that I had accomplish'd my desire:

For, with the shadow of pretended loue,

And hop'd affinitie which seem'd design'd,

I from his bounds some bands aym'd to remoue,

By raising me that he might haue declin'd;

But who can snare a minde all ey'd with feares?

He quickly did mistrust the purpos'd wrong,

And from my Messengers he barr'd his cares,

As did *Ulysses* from the Syrens song.

Eum. Yet this (if rightly weigh'd) might much import
If that you match your selfe with such a Mate

Whole

The Alexandrian Tragedy.

Whose beautie pleasure, birth might bring support,
And both concurre in one to blesse your state.
If you to make your high designs more sure,
By *Hymens* meanes with some your selfe allie,
Thus of some Prince you may the pow'r procure,
On whom for helpe you boldlie may rely.
What griefe were this if you haue hap to gaine
That faire *Idea* which your fancies frame,
If after you that none of yours remaine
To keepe your conquests, and reuiue your name?
Kings liue most safe who of their owne haue heires,
Whose sacred persons none dare seeke to wound:
Since, though they die, yet there rest some of theirs,
Who are to venge their death by Nature bound.

Per. All shall be try'd which may enlarge my might;
I minde to match my selfe with such a one,
Who (if she haue my pow'r to proue her right)
May be thought worthy of her Fathers throne.
I with *Olympias* haue deuif'd a thing,
Which may secure her state, and make mine strong,
And (if accomplish'd) proue a prosp'rous Spring,
From whence may flow great acts ere it be long.
By *Cleopatra* may a meanes be catch'd,
Which to a glorious end our course may bring,
She whom at first her Father *Philip* match'd
With *Alexander* of *Epirus* King,
Who hauing heard great *Alexanders* fame,
(In emulation of that Monarkes praise)
Went with his troupes *Etrurians* bent to tame,
Which enterprife did but abridge his dayes.
In marriage with that widow'd Queene combinde,
(If that her Mother thus our course assist:)
Whilst I performe that which I haue design'd,
Who dare presume my purpose to resist?
For, whilst this friendship doth my name renowe,
It may my thoughts from further feare seclude:
Since hauing thus a title to the Crowne,
As one engraft'd within the royall blood.

Eum. I feare that this your purpose to preuent
A number now take armes all in one forme,

As

But
W
If
His
He
Th
All
By
An
W
Bu
Th
Ye
Hi
W
Sp
A
W
W
A
Al
W
Bu
Th
Th
W
O
W
A
Su
A
T
W
M
A
V
I
C
F

As those whose feares coniecture your intent,
And by the lowring clouds fore-know a storme.
A number els with rage together runne,
Who for our ruine wonderfully thirst.

Per. Where doe you thinke that we should then beginne
And exercise hostilitie at first?

Eum. Though we our selues in strangers Thrones enstall
And (hauing *Asia* to subiection brought)
Make Nilus, Indus, and Euphrates thrall,
Yet all those victories would serue for nought,
Whilst *Macedonie* doth continue free,
(A fertile field to bring braue Armies forth)
Which (till first forc'd) can now not subiect be,
And ere they loue a King must proue his worth,
Then vnto those who seeke a Prince in Armes,
His chiefeft Realme the greatest vantage giues,
Where warres (held out) are alwayes with his harmes,
Since that his foe still at his charges liues;
And warres protracted with a peoples losse,
Doe from their Soueraigne alienate their loue;
They lose their hearts whom Fortune once doth crosse,
And foild at home, can no where els remoue.
Who *Macedonie* hath, he hath the best,
Which of our State the stately Mistresse is:
(As which with courage conquer'd all the rest)
And but depends on *Mars* as onely his;
If you were Lord of that vn-danted soile,
And by *Olympias* count'nanc'd but a while,
Straight from *Antipater* all would recoile,
And him as Traitor to the state exile;
To you who are a Macedonian borne,
(If match'd with *Cleopatra* great in pow'rs)
The Macedonians gladly would be sworne,
And (if commanding them) then all were yours.

Per. Yet this opinion partly I disproue,
Which would not (as you thinke) our troubles end:
For, if that we from hence our force remoue,
And to Aemathian bounds directly tend,
There must at first a doubtfull warre be prou'd
With those braue bands whose valour is well knowne:

Of
W
A
My
Ye
Ma
Th
An
Str
May
I, by
The
A fo
Wh
My p
Tha
For,
Them
Eum.
Who
The c
Who

How ca
Since o
May no
In think
I was a
Even sh

The Alexandrian Tragedy.

Of whom *Craterus* dearly is belou'd;
Who for *Antipater* themselves haue showne.
And though indeed (as kindly to those parts)
My friendship may affected be by some,
Yet those who start in time by many Arts
May vnder-mine their Mindes before we come.
Then whilst that we the Macedonians boast,
And leaue those Realmes vnharm'd which els are ours,
Straight *Ptolomie* when strengthned is his hoste,
May (like a tempest) swallow *Asias* pow'rs.
I, by my Iudgement willingly would take
The course which seemes to make our state most sure:
A foe is dangerous when behinde one's backe,
Who (when not look'd for) ruine may procure.
My purpose is, though yet to none made knowne,
That *Aegypt* first shall burden'd be with warre:
For, if that *Ptolomie* were once o're-throwne,
Then that from Greece all hope of helpe would barre.
Eum. Hold still with you those of the sacred blood,
Whom to protect you alwayes must pretend:
The count'nance of the great, may doe much good,
Whom still (though weake) all glory to attend.

Exeunt.

Act. III. Scene II.

OLYMPIAS, ROXANE.

O Et sorrow then euen tyrannize my Soule,
Whose rage with reason now no measure keeps,
What of my teares the torrent can controule,
Since flowing from Afflictions deepest deepes;
How can my brest but burst whilst sobs rebound,
Since once the seate of Ioyes now not the same;
May not huge horrors presse me to the ground
In thinking what I was, and what I am;
I was a great mans Wife, a greaterers Mother,
Euen she to whom the Heauens their best did giue:

Yet

Yet I, euen I, more plagu'd then any other,
 In dungeons now of desolation liue.
 My sonne who was the glory of his time,
 Straine of times past, and light of times to come,
 (O fraile mortallitie! O slippery slime!)
 Though hauing all o're-com'd, Death did o're-come.
 And I (deiected wretch) whose dying eyes
 (By Natures custome bound) he should haue clos'd,
 Was not to shut his Starres with yuorie skies,
 Which tapestried where Maiestie repos'd:
 But ah! his falling in a forraine part
 Hath (if it can enlarge) enlarg'd my griefe,
 Or els on him I melted had my heart,
 And spent my selfe to purchase his reliefe.
 Yet though I was not present at his death,
 He shall not be defrauded of my teares:
 But for his funerall fires my flaming breath
 Doth smoake, and to his Ghost a tribute beares.
 Rex. Ah, to what corner volles my watric sight
 Where it not findes some matter to bemone?
 O foolish eyes! why loose ye not your light,
 Since that your treasure is to ruine gone;
 Once of all Queenes I might the fortune scorne
 To whom iust loue that great Man did engage,
 Whose match in worth the world hath neuer borne,
 Nor neuer shall enrich another age.
 When those perfections whiles transport my minde,
 Which admiration onely doth dilate:
 I curse the Fates by which I was design'd
 To be the partner of his glorious state.
 And I repent that to his sight I past
 (Though highly grac'd) on a festiuall day,
 A feast which many time must make me fast,
 And with slow woe that flying mirth defray,
 Then if my fortune had not blinded me,
 But ah! whose Iudgement had it not bereau'd?
 Whilst that great Monarke daign'd to like of me,
 Of my high flight I had the fall conceiu'd.
 Of *Asias* Princee whose state did then declyne,
 He both the Wife, and Daughters had at will:

Who

The Alexandraan Tragedie.

Whose Beauties glory might haue darkned mine,
Yet free from snares retain'd his fancies still.
Then when my Father chose out from the rest
Those Virgines all whom Fame affirm'd for rare;
Though hauing view'd them all, he lou'd me best,
Then thought most fortunate, if not most faire.
And when this made his Nobles all dismaide,
That he himselfe with Captiues had allide:
That meanes he then (as Loue had dited) said:
Tooke from the vanquish'd shame, from Victors pride.
Yet me (as Emperresse) all did entertaine,
Though his inferiour farre in all respects,
Till I from him by Death diuorc'd remaine,
Whom with his Sonne now all the World neglects.

Olym. Although this will but aggrauate my woe,
From whom the Fates all comfort now seclude,
Yet do I tender his remembrance so,
That of my Sonne to heare it doth me good.
And (Daughter) now to double my distresse,
Make me at length acquainted with his death:
That sorrow may each part of me possesse,
Sad newes mine eares, teares eyes, and sighes my breath.

Rox. Though griefe to me scarce libertie affords
To presse forth passions which oppresse my minde,
Yet would affection wrestle out some words
To speake of him who all my thoughts confin'd.
When he had conquer'd all that could resist
(A Monarchie not equall with his minde)
Still in his haughtie course he did insist,
And search'd the Ocean other Worlds to finde:
But when from it his Nauie was redeem'd,
He stood in doubt where Trophies next to reare:
The world (though large) for him too litle seem'd :
His minde could more conceiue, then Nature beare.
Then (ah) this Emp'rour purpos'd was in end
At *Babylon* his glories hight to show:
Where all the World his comming did attend;
As I o v r above, he onely raig'd below.
When he drew neere that then thrise Mor arkes seate,
The Astrologians by their skill fore-told,

What

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

What danger huge was threatned to his state,
The which else where might better be control'd:
But he who was not capable of feare,
And could not muse of mis-adventures then,
Would there triumph, and the Worlds Scepter beare,
Back'd with more Kings then other Kings with men.
There as a God transporting Mortals sights,
(Which mirth with mourning I must still record)
He spent, or lost a time in all delights,
Which Fortune could (when flattering most) afford,
Till *Thessalus*, for mischief but reserv'd,
Once to his house invited him to dyne:
Where false *Cassander* at the Table serv'd,
And as he us'd, with water mixt his wine.

Olym. Alas, alas, and so it prou'd in end,
But who could feare a benefited friend:

Rox. There were all Creatures valued for their worth,
As whole-some, daintie, sumptuous, stately, rare,
Which (forc'd by *Phaebus*) Easterne realmes bring forth
To lue by Sea, by land, or in the Aire.

Then when that Reason drunke with Pleasure slept,
Which all the Senses with abundance stor'd,
And whilst (saue Musicke) nothing measure kept,
With *Ceres*, *Bacchus* onely was decor'd:

Euen when the King beginning was to drinke,
(As strangely mou'd) he hundred forth a grone:
And from the Table suddainly did shrinke,
As one whose strength was at an instant gone.

Whilst he was softly to a Chalmers led,
That Death, a title to his bodie claim'd
The sorrowing Souldiers swarm'd about his bed,
With lookes once fierce, then for compassion fram'd:
But he whom *Victorie* had still array'd,
With all the rest this battell bent to euen:
Did looke like one whom all the World obey'd,
And boasted shortly then to take the Heauen.
Whilst (lightning comfort to afflicted bands)
He stretch'd them forth to kisse in severall parts
By Sword then Scepter his more honor'd hands,
On which is seem'd they melted all their hearts.

The Alexandraan Tragedie.

Last, vnto them those generous words he told:
Yet to my life my death doth bring no blot:
Thus, to die yong in yeares, in glory old
Of all our Familie it is the lot;
And since no Worlds are resting to o're-come
Life serues for nought; I did an Empire found:
Liue'd, warr'd and raign'd (all done) for which I come;
Then goe great Ghost (not grieu'd) below the ground.
No further weighing what belong'd to life,
He with a count'nance constant euen in death,
(As too victorious of that fatall strife)

The Aire perfuming, spent imperious breath.
But through the Campe when that it once was knowne,
That from the World that World of worth was gone,
What anguish was, it cannot well be showne,
I had my part, yet had not all alone.

O! let that day which makes my dayes all night
Be registred amongst the dismall dayes,
Whole in-auspicious and lugubrious light
With some disafter still the World dismayes.
And *Babylon*, curst be thy fatall towres,

Once seate of Monarkes, Mistresse of the Earth,
But from hence forth (a slaue to forraine pow'rs)
Still burden'd be thy bounds with blood and deatch,

Olym. You need not vse those execrations more,
Though *Babylon* of breath that Prince depriu'd,
Yet as an Oracle had told before:

In *Macedonie* was his death contriu'd.

Antipater had heard, how diuerse times

The King againe him had beene mou'd to wrath,

And damn'd (as gilty of opprobrious crimes)

His Sonne in Law *Lincestos* unto death.

Then he was told: the King did strictly trie,

How his Lieutenants had their places vs'd;

Still making all as Traitors straight to die,

Who had the same in any sort abus'd;

Thus, he who well did know his owne mis-deeds

Had learn'd by others what he might expect:

As whose ambitious brest in pride exceeds,

And alwayes did a Soueraigntie affect:

But

But when *Craterus* was to haue his place,
 And he requir'd the Armie to attend,
 He thought that thus Time would some meanes embrace
 To plague his pride with a deserued end;
 Then to preuent that which I thinke was still
 More fear'd by him, then purpos'd by the King,
 With guilty thoughts oft exercis'd in ill,
 He sought what might to death his Soueraigne bring.
 And this the Traitor compass'd at the last
 As I (alas) haue learn'd (although too late)
 When to my Sonne, his Sonne *Cassander* past
 As to congratulate his prosp'rous state.
 Then in his companie he did retaine
 A poyson pow'rfull where it was imploy'd,
 Whose violence no mettall could restraine,
 But in a horses hoofe was still conueigh'd.
 He and his brother sit occasion watch'd,
 And for their Prince a Cup of poyson made;
 Thus he by force who neuer could be match'd,
 By treason, lo (O cruell Fate!) lyes dead,
 Rex. And could, or durst those Traitors be so bold
 The pillar of all worth to vnder-mine;
 But (Madame) ah, *Antipater* of old,
 Against your Greatnesse alwayes did repine.
 And (I remember) on a time he sent
 A Messenger of mind to make you bow,
 Who to your Sonne a letter did present
 Full of inuestiues to discredite you.
 The King whilst reading what it did comprise,
 Did smile for scorne, then to *Hephestion* say:
 In writing of such things he is not wise,
 Which straight one Mothers teare will wipe away.
 Olym. I oft inform'd my Sonne (strange wayes deuif'd)
 How that disloyall man striu'd to be great:
 But as a Womans wit, mine was despis'd,
 And wrested still vnto the sense of hate.
 Yet of my Sonne (I thought) the deeds were such,
 That all men them admir'd, none enuie could;
 And that none durst his sacred person touch,
 Whom Men ador'd, and I o v as his did hold.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

How oft haue I those bitter throwes allow'd,
By which I brought that demi-god to light;
And well I might of such a birth be proud,
Which made me glorious in the peoples sight,
Though diuerse too (as I haue some-time knowne)
To draw his loue from me did wayes prepare,
Yet were their slights by duteous loue o're-throwne,
And I respected with a reuerend care.

His tender loue to me was much extold,
Then when he sought to stablish a decree,
That with Immortals I might be enrolld,
And (as a Goddesse) honours haue to me.
Ah, how can I this Tragicke time suruiue,
Who lost a Sonne so great, a Sonne so kinde?
And all the meanes which make me now to liue,
Is with reuenge a hope to ease my minde.

Rex. His loue to you it could not but abound,
(By Nature Parents of their owne are lou'd)
Since those to whom he by no band was bound,
Of his humanitie the fruits haue prou'd.
His elemencie did make his state more sure
Then all the terroures rysing from his Name,
Which whilst he liu'd did publike loue procure,
And after death a neuer dying fame.

Olde *Sisgambis* lifting vp her heart,
(Of her owne Sonnes the death who had suruiu'd)
To *Alexander* did that tone impart,
Which was to *Darius* due while as he liu'd;
But when these tydings wounded had her eares
That Heauen from Earth had rob'd that praise of men;
Whilst all dissolu'd in floods of bitter teares,
She hated life as neuer spoyl'd till then.
Her widow'd Nephew groaning at her feet,
Who of *Hephestion* did the death bewaile,
In depthes of woe she (drown'd with teares) did fleete,
Till that o're-whelm'd her strength began to faile;
Then barr'd from food she groueling did abide,
Till that Lifes course (then hastened fast) was runne;
Thus she suruiu'd her Sonne, yet with him dy'd,
In whom she found affection of a Sonne.

The Alexandraan Tragedie.

Olymp. If but when hearing this his dolorous end
A stranger (once his Captiue) dy'd for griefe,
Ah, shall his Mother yet on hope depend,
As such a losse might looke for some reliefe;
And so I will: it were a great disgrace
To me the Mother of that matchlesse man,
(Like other women) to giue Fortune place,
And faintly yeeld as vulgar wretches can.
Though griefe at first must mollifie me once,
(Else as vnnaturall I might be admir'd)
Yet will I not still burst my brest with groanes;
Then that, of me more courage is requir'd.
I'll not degener from my generous kinde,
(Faint-hearted Hindes brought neuer Lyon forth)
Nor yet a Mother of an abiect minde
Had neuer borne a Monarch of such worth.
And O, who knowes, but once the time may come
That I to venge my selfe a meanes may haue:
Whilst those vile Traitours ruin'd are by some,
Who with their blood may bath their Soueraignes grane.
Now on *Perdreas* I repose my trust,
Who with *Eumenes* would our wrongs redresse;
Their valour (ventring in a cause so iust)
Doth (by appearance) promise good successe.

Rox. Lo, now of late deliuered of a Sonne,
I to those Captaines scarce dare make it knowne,
His Kingdomes els to part who haue begunne,
And might (by killing him) make all their owne.
Ah (Madam) this doth make me most to pause,
Who of those great men the Ambition feare,
Left by pretending but a publike cause,
They seeke themselues the Soueraigne badge to beare.
Thus, they of my yong Babe (fraud masking wrath)
Would but be Tutors first, and Traitours then,
Farre from obedience, dutie, loue, or faith:
No things more deare then Diademes to men.

Olymp. As those whose courage cannot be dismaide
Let vs now striue what way a force to finde;
And whilst that pitie doth procure for aide,
The peoples passions tune vnto our minde.

The Alexandrean Tragedie.

If that their loue not vanish'd with his life,
Of *Alexander* (in a high degree)
I thinke the Sonne, the Mother, and the Wife,
By Macedonians still must reuerenc'd be.
And this doth with disdain my Soule consume
That *Arideus* among'st other wrongs,
And proud *Euridice* his Wife presume
To take the honour which to vs belongs:
O! they shall finde my Fortune not so chang'd,
But I am able yet to curbe their pride:
What's what? *Olympias* must be reueng'd,
And (saue her selfe) a Queene disdaines to bide.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

LOe, how all good decays,
And Euils doe now abound;
In this sky-compass'd Round
There is no kinde of trust:
For, man-kinde whilst it strays
In pleasure-paued waves,
With floods of vice is drown'd;
And doth (farre from refuge)
In endlesse shadowes lodge,
Yet striues to rise no more:
No doubt (as most vniust)
The World once perish must,
And worse now to restore
Then that it was before,
When at the last deluge,
Men by *Ducalion* once
Were made againe of stones;
And well this wicked race
Bewrayes a stonie kinde,
Which beares a stubborne minde,
Still hardned vnto sinne.
Loe now in euery place

The Alexandraan Tragedie.

But
W
If
His
He
Th
All
By
An
W
Bu
Th
Ye
His
W
Sp
A
W
W
A
Ah
W
But
Th
Th
W
Of
Wh
An
Suc
An
To
Wh
Mig
An
We
A
I'll
Co
Fev

All vertuous motions cease.
And sacred faith we finde
Farre from the Earth is fled,
Whose flight huge euils hath bred,
And filles the World with warres,
Whilst impious brefts begin
To let base Treason in:
Which common concord marres,
Whilst all men liue at Iarres.
And Nets of Fraud doe spread
The simple to sur-prise,
Too wittie, but not wise;
Yet those who in deceit
Their confidence repose,
A dearer thing do lose
Then can by guile be gain'd,
Which when repented late,
May ruine once their state,
Whilst purer sprites disclose
With what their brefts are stor'd;
For, though they would remord,
They get not trust againe;
But hauing honour stain'd,
And Couenants prophain'd,
Are held in high disdain,
And doe in end remaine,
Of all the World abhor'd;
Not trustie when they should,
Not trusted when they would:
But ah, our Nobles now,
Loe, like *Leander* still,
So that they get their will,
They care not by what way,
And with a shamelesse brow,
Doe of the end allow,
Euen though the meanes were ill,
Which all the World may see
Disgraces their degree,
Who should not learne to lowre,

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

But throw base flights away;
What can braue Mindes dismay,
Whose worth is as a Towre,
Against all Fortunes pow'r,
Still from all fraud whilst free:
These keepe their course vnknowne,
Whom it would shame if showne:
Who not from worth digresse,
To sleights which feare imparts,
Doe shew Heroicke hearts,
The which would rather farre
An open hate professe,
Then baselie it suppress:
No glory comes from fearefull Arts:
But those who doe vs leade,
As for dissembling made,
Euen though that they intend
Amongst themselues to warre,
Seeme in no sort to iarre,
But friendship doe pretend,
Not like their Lord now dead,
Who trusting to his worth,
Still what he meant spake forth;
The great men not for nought,
Doe seeke the peoples loue:
Their deeds that to approue,
They may their Mindes allure:
But *Percasseus* is thought
Too slowlie to haue sought
Our doubtfull Mindes to moue,
As one who still conceales
He may command the Fates:
His pride so great is growne,
That none can it endure;
Yet stands his state vnure,
Since odious to his owne,
He must be once o're-throwne,
Whose humor each man hates,
Pride doth her followers all
Lead head-longs to a fall.

The Alexandraan Tragedie.

Act. IIII. Scene. I.

ANTIGONVS, EVMENES.

Though stormie discord and tumultuous warres
Doe fire the Minds of Men with flames of rage
That (hauing haucie thoughts , as Heauen hateth
Their Indignation nothing can assuage. (itane
Yet loe, amongst the Souldiers wauing bowres,
The Heraulds cryes,whiles calme the Trumpets soundes;
And Peace dare inter-pose vnarmed pow'rs
To limit for a time *Bellonaes* bounds;
And (whilst of furie they suspend effects)
The seeming-friended foes haue conference whiles,
Each one relating what his Soule affects:
A shadow of the blisse which *Mars* exiles.
Thus men magnanimous amidst the field
Dare of their En'mies to the promise trust,
And (loathing what disloyaltie doth yeeld)
Not violate their vowes, nor proue vniust.
Though Loue be past, yet Trust should still remaine,
I vertuous parts euen in my Foes applaud;
A gallant Minde doth greater glory gaine
To die with honour,then to liue by fraud;
And why *Eumenes* as mistrusting me,
Els standing on your reputation long,
Did you disdain to seeke (as all men see)
A greater then your selfe, and one more strong.

Eum. Though we not come to plead our birth-right here
Let him (for warriours so should take their place)
In whom best signes of noblenesse appeare,
Be grac'd as first who doth adorne a race;
Most noble he who still by vertue strives
To leaue his name in Mindes of men engrau'd;
And to his off-spring greater glory giues
Then from his Ancestours he hath receiu'd.
First,we by birth in warre not marshald stood,
As at the Table,vpon Iuoric Beds,

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

A Souldiers worth consists not in his blood,
But in their blood which (as his foes) he sheds.
What euer others of my linage trie,
I am *Eumenes*, and will not accord
That there can be a greater man then I,
While as I haue a Heart, a Hand, a Sword.

An. Loe, when prosperitie too much preuailes
About the Iudgement thus of vulgar mindes,
As litle Barges burden'd with great Sailes,
They leape aloft, all swolne with Fortunes windes;
And as aduersitie the Sprit refines
From out the drosse of Pride, and passions base:
That in affliction Vertue clearest shines,
And all the wayes of wit makes one to trace:
So good successe doth make the Iudgement die,
Then whilst the Fortunate their ease doe take,
And lull'd asleepe in Pleasures Meadows lie,
As for the slaughter fat, and ripe to shake.
Yet this the nature is of gallant Men
To rest (as in no state too much inuolu'd)
When prospring warie, and most humble then,
If cross'd courageous, when imbark'd, resolu'd.
What though your first Attempts renowned are,
By which you in two fields victorious stood,
And did o're-throw two thunder-bolts of warre,
Who lost their liues amidst a scarlat flood:
Yet is that course of victorie controll'd,
And you haue try'd what force your force exceeds,
Then faded Laurels should not make you bold
As still reposing on your by-past deeds:
For, by the same to Indignation mou'd,
The Macedonians all abhorre your name,
Who at that time so proud a Conquerour prou'd,
Their great Mens slaughter hauing wing'd your fame.
Eum. No fortune past so puffes vp my conceit
That it contempt of further danger brings;
Nor am I now dejected so of late,
But I intend to doe farre greater things.
He (by prosperitie made neuer proud)
Who knowes the frailtie of this earthly Frame,

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Can by aduersitie be hardly bow'd,
 The Sunne (although eclips'd) remains the same.
 Thinke not that worth consists in the successe,
 On accidents as essence did depend:
 The fault of Fortune makes it not the lesse,
 On which oft-times the happes most hard attend ;
 Though Fortune (stumbling right) concurre with worth,
 Or yet if crosses bragge a gallant minde,
 Both like themselues are alwayes sparkling forth
 In euery state some tokens of their kinde.
 Now at this time o're-match'd by numbrous pow'rs,
 I kept my courage, though I lost the field:
 And vaunt no more of it, for some few houres
 May once to me the like aduantage yeeld.
 Nor is it long since that to Fortune deare,
 The World had neuer me but Victor spy'd:
 Though I protest by the Immortals heere,
 Press'd by necessitie, not mou'd by pride.
 Proud *Neoptolemus* that Traitour still,
 (Not worthie of a Macedonians name)
 He to betray the hoste, and me to kill,
 Had labour'd long to his eternall shame.
 But of *Craterus* I lament the fall,
 Whom for his vertue I did dearly loue,
 And was constrain'd (I to v^e to witnesse call)
 For my defence that last refuge to proue.
Ans. How fortun'd you your forces to dispose
 So well to scape that storme of threatned harmes:
 For, then you had to deale with mightie foes,
 Who were in warre growne hoarie vnder armes.
Eum. When *Neoptolemus* did clearly spie
 That all his treason to the light was brought,
 He where our foes were camp'd with haste did flie:
 A foolish Traitour who was false for nought.
 There he inform'd, or mis-inform'd my foes,
 That (by successe become secure of late)
 I in my Tent did carelesslie repose,
 Though not by force, to be o're-com'd by Fate.
 And to *Antipater* he further told,
 Of the Macedonians if they at that time,

Of
 All
 No
 Tha
 And
 Tha
 But
 Mor
 To
 And
 Thu
 The
 Whe
 And
 But
 The
 And
 To m
 This
 I wit
 And
 It sho
 When
 I X
 And h
 Two v
 Then
 Whos
 All wa
 Both b
 And y
 (Foule
 But sm
 And di
 For, fo
 (Thoug
 As one
 Whose
 But we
 In seas

The Alexandreaan Tragedie.

Of *Craterus* the Count'nance might behold,
All willingly would yeeld themselues to him:
Now they had labour'd earnestlie before,
That I abandon would *Perdiccas* part,
And did protest that they would giue me more
Than yet I had, or hop'd for in my heart.
But Loue (borne free) cannot be thrall'd, nor bought,
More then a shamefull peace I lik'd iust strife;
To generous mindes more deare than honour nought,
And ere I leaue my faith, I'll lose my life,
Thus when despair'd that I would proue their friend,
They sought in time to plague me as a foe,
Where Loue could not beginne, that hate might end,
And came in haste bent to surpris me so:
But *Neoptolemus* to crosse by flight
The Macedonians I for him did bend,
And to conceale *Craterus* from their sight,
To match with him, caus'd troupes of Strangers tend.
This policie which none could iustly blame,
I with my selfe in secret did conspire,
And had my shirt beene priuie to the same,
It should haue beene an offering to the fire,
When Deathes first game (with Danger play'd) was past,
I *Neoptolemus* did toile to finde,
And he me too, which happ'ned at the last,
Two will doe much to meet, when of one minde.
Then whilst we met for whom both Armies war'd,
Whose fortune did depend vpon our hands,
All was perform'd that force or furie dar'd,
Both bent how to abate the others bands.
And yet the Heauens would not betray my trust,
(Foule Treason neuer had a fairer end)
But smylde vpon my cause as which was iust,
And did destruction to the Traitour send:
For, forc'd by him whose force he did despise,
(Though fighting fiercely long) he lost his breath,
As one more strong then true, more stout then wise,
Whose greatest honour was his honest death.
But weakened with huge wounds, almost I diu'd
In seas of blood, euen quite from knowledge stray'd;

The Alexandrean Tragedie.

Yet by so great a victorie reuiu'd,
My courage grew more then my strength decay'd.
I (hauing finish'd thus this fatall strife)
Came where *Criaterus* had his course neere runne,
Euen in the confines plac'd twixt Death and Life,
The one neere gone, the other not begunne:
He with great valour had resisted long,
As all *Briareus* Hands had mou'd his Sword,
And did his Masters memorie no wrong,
Whilst with his courage, not his Fortune stor'd.
What Life refus'd, to gaine by death he thought:
For, Life and Death are but indifferent things,
And of themselues not to be shun'd, nor sought,
But for the good, or euill, that either brings.
With endlesse glory bent to change his breath,
Of desp'rat valour all the pow'r was prou'd,
And for great Captaines no more glorious death
Then to die fighting with a minde vnmon'd.
When victorie (resolu'd) all doubts did end,
That Armies Courage with their Captaine fell;
Whilst I might safely shew my selfe a friend,
I went where Death his Spirites did expell;
And whilst I told how both to be betray'd
By *Nephtolemus* were brought about,
My woe with teares I to the World bewray'd:
Milde pittie and true kindnesse must burst out.
Ah, if the newes of this my good successe
Had come In time vnto *Perdiccas* eares,
He might haue liu'd their pride now to repress,
Who by his fall were first diuorc'd from feares.

Ant. The humour of that Man was too well knowne,
Could he haue parted other men from pride,
Whose Soule was sold a slave vnto his owne,
And for the same (forc'd by his Followers) dy'd:

Eum. The proud must still be plagu'd by prouder ones:
There must be had sharpe Steele to smooth rough stones.

Ant. No vice then Pride doth greater hate procure,
Which foes doe scorne, and friends cannot endure.

Eum. Yet Maiestie must nor it selfe deiest;
A losie carriage doth procure respect,

Be
W
If
H
H
T
Al
By
Al
W
Bu
Th
Yo
Hi
W
Sp
A
W
W
Al
Ah
W
Bu
Th
Th
W
Of
W
An
Suc
An
To
W
Mi
An
We
I
Tle
Co
Fev

Al
E
De
Are
E
The
Imp
E
But
Tho
Itin
The
As
A b
Stee
He
Cha
And
More
But S
Are
That
They
Wl
Their
All th
They
For, ha
By tha
They
A de
Those
If for a
This w
Again
A
But by

The Alexandraan Tragedie.

Ant. A haughtie gesture shewes a Tyrants heart;
All loue a courteous count'ance voide of Art.

Enu. Yet maners too submisle a much condemn'd,
Doe make Kings scorn'd, and Captaines be contemn'd.

Ant. A humble port, kinde lookes, words smooth and soft
Are meanes by which great mindes may mount aloft.

Enu. Those are indeed for such as raise their sight,
They may doe more whose course is at the height :
Imperious formes an Empire must defend,

Ant. Thus hastned was *Perdiccas* to his end.

Enu. That worthie Man had many faire designses,
But Vertue still by Enuy is pursu'd,
Though (as a Candle in the Night best shines)
In a vitious age may best be view'd.
There was a Man who scorn'd secure Delights,
As still despising paine, attemptiue, bold,
A braue Obseruer of the ancient Rites,
Steele strictly grasping, prodigall of Gold ;
He lou'd to haue the Souldiers of his band
Chus'd at the musters, not in Markets bought,
And would not flatter where he might command,
More meete to haue, then seeke that which he sought:
But Souldiers now in this degener'd age
Are (fawn'd on by faint Mindes) bryb'd in such sort,
That, all the raines enlarg'd vnto their rage,
They with so straight a course cannot comport.
What was misfortune knowne vnto them all,
Their malice as some great neglect did cite:
All things must helpe vnhappie men to fall,
They thus spu'd forth the poyson of their spite,
For, hating his franke forme, and naked words,
By that occasion whetting their desires,
They in his body boldly sheath'd their Swords,
A deed which euen barbaritie admires.
Those trait'rous Troupes may spot the purest bands,
If for a fact so vile they be excus'd:
This will set Swords in all our Souldiers hands
Against vs, and not for vs, to be vs'd.

Ant. I would be glad that Souldiers neuer thought
But by their Generals words what were conceau'd:

Mich

The Alexandraan Tragedie.

Much lesse attempt against their bodies ought,
The which by them (as sacred) should be sau'd:
Nor like I captaines who (like bluftring windes)
Would o're their troupes insult as Tyrants still,
Not weighing merites, nor respecting mindes,
As carried head-long with a blinded will.
Pride by presumption bred (when at a hight)
Encountring with contempt both match in ire,
And twixt them bring base crueltie to light,
The loath-some off-spring of a hated Sire.
Such of *Perliscaus* was the monstrous pride
(The vice from which that vice more vile proceeds)
That it strange wayes for his aduancement tride,
And did burst forth in most prodigious deeds.
First, *Meleagers* death by prooffe beganne
To tell what Tyrants harbour'd in his heart,
To whom faith giuen, nor yet the Church he wan
(Though sacred both) no safetie could impart.
The Capadocians (when all els was try'd)
Chof d (rather then his insolence to beare)
By massacring themselues to scape from pride:
Pride Spight and Horror, Death breeds onely feare.
Yet what against his foes he did performe,
From martiall mindes might plead for some excuse,
Since irritated thoughts which wrong'd doe storme,
In mindes offended furie doe infuse:
But yet why sought he in a seruile sort
To play the Tyrant, storming at his friends,
Who with disdainefull formes could not comport:
More then an Enemies yoke a friends offends.
And when of late by *Ptolemie* constrain'd,
He brought his bands with disadvantage backe,
How by the same his government was stain'd,
The World can witnesse by his Armies wracke:
But hate made Iudge, each error seemes a crime
Whilst present euils do aggrauate things gone:
His Souldiers mou'd by Fortune and the Time,
Did by his death venge all their wrongs in one.

Eum. As nought sinels well to a distemper'd taste,
So to conceits pra-occupy'd before;

Euen

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Even good seemes bad in them' whom they detest:
Men must mis-like where they can like no more.
To you who loath'd *Perdiccas*, and his state,
What came of him could neuer yet seeme good:
And I not wonder though your Soule did hate
One who had right, and pow'r, to take your blood:
For, fled from him to whom you once belong'd,
His Trumpet still breath'd terrour in your eare:
Then all men hate those whom they once haue wrong'd,
And by no meanes can loue them whom they feare.

Ant. That which you speake of hate, in loue I spy,
Loue cannot find an imperfection forth,
But dorth excuse, extenuate, or denie
Faults where it likes, with shadowes of no worth:
I left *Perdiccas*, but did him no wrong,
Who first to take my life all meanes did proue:
I told *Antipater*, how he so long
Had beene abu'd by a pretended loue:
For, as I frankely loue, whilst lou'd againe,
If the ingrate ingrately me acquite,
Straight kindling furie with a iust disdain,
I by loue past proportion then my hate.
And yet (*Eumenes*) I commend thy minde,
Who to defend thy friend hast prou'd so free,
And since in loue so constantly inclinde,
A friendship firme I would contract with thee.
Then where that now thy state hath beene brought low,
(Since spoyl'd of him in whom thou didst repose)
Whilst ayded by our pow'r thou great may grow,
And raise thy hopes of Kingdomes to dispose.

Eum. I'll be your friend, whilst friend to right you rest:
For, without vertue friendship is but vaine,
Which cannot lodge in a polluted brest,
Whose impious thoughts do sacred things prophane.
While as the oath is kept, which once was sworne
To *Alexanders* selfe, and to his race:
Still shall this sword for your defence be borne,
But in my heart they hold the highest place:
And doe not thus as o're one vanquish'd vaunt,
Nor thinke me thrall'd though once by chance o're-thrown
Whilst

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

The World must wracke, before aduent'ers want,
Who toss all States to stablish once their owne.

Exeunt.

Act. IIII. Scene II.

CASSANDER, LISIMACHVS.



And must we buy our pompe at such a rate,
Who beare authoritie, or whom it beares?
O, O! how thornie are the wayes of State,
With open Dangers paw'd and secret Feares;
Each of our steppes is waited with some snare,
Whilst from our selues we all repose repell,
And (in fraile Barkes) press'd by tempestuous Care
Doe seeke a Hauen, whose Heauen is but a Hell.

Lisim. Whilst *Aeolus* and *Neptune* ioynd in all,
With windes, and waues, beat Earth, and bragge the skiet,
The tumbling Mountaines doe not rise and fall,
Though each of them another doth surprise,
As doe aspiring pow'rs which are with doubt
Toss'd through the wauing World on stormie Thrones,
And are (as in a circle) hurl'd about,
Ascending, and descending both at once.
Loe, some whose hopes would at their birth haue seem'd
By Fortunes strictneisse with Contempt confin'd,
Haue from the vulgar yoke themselves redeem'd
To doe much more then such could haue design'd;
And some to whom the Heauens mis-haps will giue,
Though on their breath the breath of thousands hings,
Loe, whiles brought low, cannot haue leaue to liue,
Made lesse then Subiects, who were more then Kings. *(cure,*
Cass. What once they scarce could dreame, some thus pro-
Whose pow'r though nought at first, last, Scepters swayes;
And some whose States seem'd once to be secure,
Throwne from their fortunes hight, lose glorious Bayes.
My Father, loe, to gaine that glorious Place,
Through many dangers boldly march'd of late:

And

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

And, then the greatest, greater for a space
Did manage all the Macedonian State:
But I his Sonne who (as some would suppose)
Might keepe with ease, that which he got with paine,
Can by no meanes my rest-lesse thoughts repose,
Such raging Tyrants o're my fancies raigne,

Lysim. And yet I thinke you haue an easie part,
To whom his State your Father did resigne,
For, it may make you smile, which made him smart:
Some presse the Grape, and others drinke the Wine.

Cass. Ile not beleeeue that euer any ill
Was bred for me within my Fathers brest,
Since Children must suppose their Parents will
(Though seeming bad) still purpos'd for the best.
And yet my Fathers Ghost must pardon me,
Though when from vs he minded to remoue,
I thinke the tenor of his last decree,
Shew lacke of Iudgement, or at least of Loue:
For, what base course had euer beene begunne
To make me seeme not worthie of his place,
That he preferr'd a Stranger to his Sonne,
As bent to cloude the glory of his race:
Thus since in such a sort, he did neglect
The Sonne who should his Name from Death exempt
(As dis-regarded for some great defect)
All other Men may haue me in contempt.
But ere his age attain'd the fatall date,
He saw my browes with Laurell boughes array'd,
And spy'd my Skill in warre, and Wit in state,
Which grew as much as his had then decay'd.
Nor can my courage so be brought to bow,
But *Polipercon* shall experience soone
That in my Fathers will, I will allow
Not what he did, but what he should haue done;
And since by him high dignities were wonne,
I minde to prosecute what he beganne;
For (though I would) so great a Fathers Sonne
Can not securely liue a priuat man.
Loe, *Polipercon* by our pow'r repell'd
From *Macedonie* hath retir'd disinay'd,

And

M
Th
No
W
No
As
Pri
En
An
Th
Sue
(Th
Th
An
Fir
To
To
(Th
Th
Che
By
Pri
Yet
Fro
Sinc
In n
But
To
Wh
Mor
And
He b
How
The
But l
Whi
His S
Did l
En
So to

And for the feare of vs hath beene compell'd
To spend his forces for anothers aide.
Let him not thinke that shadowes but of Kings
Can match my pow'r with these his borrow'd bands:
A doubtfull fight all fram'd with others wings
Will neuer beare him from *Cassanders* hands;
And though *Olympias* count'nanc'd once his cause,
As from *Epirus* brought to ruine me,
Now of her owne mis-hap she most must pause,
Since brought of late vnto a low degree.

Lysim. And yet *Olympias* had a good successe,
When first she touch'd the Macedonian bounds,
Whilst *Polepercon* proudly did repressse
All those who durst resist with words, or wounds.
Though *Philip* and *Euridice* his Queene,
(To giue them battell bent) in time arrin'd,
Yet Macedonians when they had her seene,
As their owne Queene to do her honour striu'd.
And haplesse *Philip* whilst constrain'd to yeeld,
There, for a Kings did take a Captiues state:
And with his mate (though flying from the field)
Was follow'd by their force, and by her Fate.
Then thus her husband and her selfe gaue place,
Whose browes of late a Diademe had borne:
But then throwne downe in depths of blacke disgrace
Were made of Pride the Prey, the butt of Scorne.

Cass. Those were the meanes which did them first entru
But haue you heard how after they were thrall,
To plague the World with horreur, and mis-hap,
The proud *Olympias* tyranniz'd o're all;

Lysim. Some doubtfull rumours did frequent each eare,
Such as rash Fame confus'dly durst vnfold:
But yet by fauour hid, or els for feare
The truth of all hath not to vs beene told.

Cass. When thus the Tygresse happ'ned to surprise
Those wretched Soules (as rauish'd in a dreame)
Her heart at first seem'd scarce to trust her Eyes,
She surferted her sight so with their shame;
But when she saw by reason of her pow'r
That she might safely let her rage burst out:

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

She them about caus'd build a lightlesse Towre,
Press'd by whose walles they scarce could turne about,
And in that Dungeon (as entomb'd) they stood,
With high disgrace to grace more high disdaines,
Farre from all comfort, whilst a litle food
Their life prolong'd, but to prolong their paines.
But for Mis-fortunes pittie last contends,
As Enuy still Prosperity controules:
The Macedonians (doubtfull of their ends)
Would murmure oft, greeu'd for those martyr'd Soules,
The peoples grudge *Olympus* did perceiue,
And to preuent what furie might effect,
She straight resolu'd Lives remnant to bereaue
From weakened Pow'rs which did no lesse expect.
And when some Thracians basely bent for blood
(As she had charg'd) with mercenarie spight
Had mured *Philip*, and his Queene imbruid
With purple streames which spoyl'd her Husbands Spright,
She sent to her whose Soule in griefe did sinke,
(As Messengers of Death to bragge her brest)
A sword, a cord, and an empoison'd drinke,
A Tyrants presents, yet a Wretches best.
Those when the Queene perceiu'd, vn mou'd she spake,
(As one who had imbrac'd some great reliefe)
Fit gifts for her to giue, for me to take,
Since she exceeds in hate, and I in griefe.
And tell the Tyrant that I gladlie die,
That once the angrie Gods to venge my death
May thunder forth that Iudgement, which I spie
With blood must choake that bloodie Womans breath.
Last, looking on her lord who there lay slaine,
Once Partner of his Ioy, then of his woe,
Whilst that his Roses did her Lillies staine,
She kist his wounds, as taking leaue to goe,
Lest Resolution Time might haue betray'd,
Her snowie neck (not vs'd with such a chaine)
She binding with her belt, dy'd vndismay'd,
And if she sigh'd, she sigh'd but for disdain.
Lyf. This barbarous act my brest with griefe doth sting;
Can spight so much transport the meekest kinde;

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

And yet on Earth what else more cruell thing
Then malice raging in a Womans minde ?

Cass. But yet this sacrifice could not assuage
The boyling thoughts of her vnbounded will;
For, entring thus she rioted in rage,
(As Dogges which once get blood would alwayes kill)
Each light occasion kindling still her wrath,
The Soueraigntie she shamefully abus'd;
And put my Brother *Nicanor* to death,
Though for no crime condemn'd, no, not accus'd.
To some (when dead) a hate by her was borne,
Whose crueltie no flood of blood confin'd;
(Of *Iolas* the Tombe prophanely torne)
She (robbing Earth) with ashes stain'd the winde.
To be *Cassanders* friend was such a crime,
As none could scape who euer fauour'd me;
Thus huge disorders did abound a time:
Where nothing lawfull is, all things are free.
Then when I heard of this outragious pride,
Which made my natiue Soyle contemn'd to be,
I those Indignities could not abide,
The shame whereof redounded most to me.
So that at last (mou'd by my Countreyes care,
As much as by particular respects)
I with great speed an Armie did prepare
To punish, or preuent the like effects.
But when I was to *Macedonie* come
To fortifie a Towne she did designe,
Which I enclos'd, and quickly did o're-come,
Whilst famine forc'd the fortresse to resigne.
Then to necessitie weake Pride gaue place,
Her loftie courage was constrain'd to bow:
So that she rests depending on our grace,
To be dispos'd as it shall please vs now.

Lisim. This chance the World to wonder may inuite;
Loe, there a Queene who had (though now distress'd)
The rarest fortune, and the greatest Sprite
That euer any of her sex possess'd.
The widow'd Emperesse who first brag'd the Indes,
Nor proud *Thomiris*, though both prais'd haue beene,

Nor

The Alexandrean Tragedie.

Nor braue *Amazons* borne with martiall Mindes,
They neuer were more stout then was this Queene.
Her liues first progresse did but proue too sweet,
Whom once the World with Treasures striu'd to blesse:
But now sad Soule (foyl'd vnder Fortunes feete)
Her miserie no Creature can expresse.

Caſs. Those were but Fortunes gifts which made her great,
Whilst treacherous shoues by shallow wittes were prais'd,
Her imperfections did but staine the State,
Where her not hers, but others merites rais'd:
When first that Dame with famous *Philip* match'd,
Her curious cariage was not free from blame:
But though she then with *Argos* Eyes was watch'd,
(As was suppos'd) she forfeited her fame;
Atleast (shame fear'd) he did her first disdain,
And of that sexe the precious fame is such,
Their tender honour any breath may staine,
If tainted, foule, if but suspect'd, too much;
Yet this at last did his destruction breed,
For which her spightfull thoughts had labour'd long:
She by *Pausanias* priuie to his deed,
Had spur'd him to performe the purpos'd wrong,
And by such meanes long sought, that to her will
Her Husbands murder might enlarge the raines,
Whilst back'd by Power she boldly did the ill,
Of which too late the troubled Realme complaines.
Though loath'd of all, long suffred for her Sonne,
She play'd the Tyrant safely as she pleas'd:
But by the course that I haue else begunne,
I hope those whom she plagu'd, shall be appeas'd.

Lisim. Yet of *Olympias* (though abas'd by you)
The sight her Sonne, and husband will requie,
And so may make the Macedonians now,
For her reliefe strange courses to contriue.
Of those whose greatnesse doth regard extort
The miseries entender euery minde,
And still affections of the vulgar sort
Are (head-long led) too cruell, or too kinde.

Caſs. O, but I can præcipitate her fall,
Euen by the meanes which might support her most:

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

For, pittie shall barre pittie, whilst they all
Sigh for their friends who through her pride were lost:

Lyfim. As those to whom all other things are free
Must haue their life and raigne both of one date,
So priuate men who passe their owne degree
Can hardly turne to take their former state.
Your fortune thus is trusted to the Fates;
None can retire who enters in such things:
All those who dare attempt against great States,
Must die as Traitors, or else liue as Kings;
And though you would but some disorders stay
You deale with those who (borne not to be thrall)
As torrents beare away what stoppes their way,
And must of force (if not vndone) doe all.
No, keepe not such to sigh when they are gone,
Who scorne to take the thing, that they should giue;
All those must die who dare but touch a Throne:
Who may endanger Kings, they must not liue.

Cass. Since in this course that I can once but erre,
I shall be sure ere she her selfe with-draw.

Lyfim. And yet what suretie can you haue of her,
Can Lawes binde them who are aboue the Law?
Who can a concord make betwixt the two,
Whereas the one must hate, the other feare?

Cass. O, but I minde to vse the matter so
That both from hence shall further strife forbear.

Lyfim. What can her freedome, and your peace procure?

Cass. Death both can make her free, and make me sure.

Lyfim. And would you doe such euill to shed her blood?

Cass. I, euill to others euill, so it doe me good.

Lyfim. The Macedonians will abhorre this wrong.

Cass. And yet obey me if I be most strong.

Lyf. But who shall haue the Realme amidst those broiles?

Cass. Who euer winnes the field, must keepe the spoiles.

Lyfim. So to possesse the Realme you haue no right.

Cass. But I haue more, so long as I haue might.

Lyfim. This State doth to it selfe an heire afford.

Cass. All Kingdomes Rights are pleaded by the Sword.

Lyfim. The people all will grudge against your state.

Cass. But dare not sturre whilst feare exceeds their hate.

Lyfim

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Lisim. And in their hearts they will detest you too.

Cass. Thinke what they will, who haue no pow'r to doe.

Lisim. What though *Olympias* in a litle space
May lose her pow'r, together with her breath?
Yet there remains another of her race,
Who is by Nature bound to venge her death.

Cass. The raging streames of a tempestuous flood,
Which drownes the old, not yeelds the yong reliefe:
What foole who of his foes victorious flood
Would spoile an Armie, and yet spare the chiefe?
No, since I must my selfe with murder staine,
I'll by the rootes raze all the Royall Race,
So that no pow'r shall spring from thence againe,
That may my selfe, or yet my plants displace.
The strength hath left great *Alexanders* arme,
Whose Mothers fatall threed is now neere spunne;
And I haue meanes to keepe my selfe from harme,
Both of *Roxane*, and her tender Sonne.
But since this course may much our States aduance,
By which a ground for great designs is lay'd:
I must entreat you now (what euer chance)
To lend vs your applause, though not your aide.

Lisim. I'll be your friend, yet wish you would refraine
From doing this; but, ere you be vndone,
Since by your guilt that I securely gaine,
I'll suffer that which I would not haue done.

Exeunt.

OLYMPIAS alone.

C An I be she whom all the World admir'd,
As the most happie Queene who raign'd below,
Whom all the Planets haue to plague conspir'd,
Of fickle Fortunes course the fruits to show!
No, 'tis not I, nought could my course controule,
Nor force me thus to waite anothers will,
Since I despise this prison of my Soule,
Where it disdaines to bide in bondage still.

Ah, whilst vaine pompe trans-ported fancies fed,
 The iealous Gods my state to grudge did tempt,
 My state which Enuie once, and Reuerence bred,
 Though now it breed but pittie, and contempt:
Olympias once high as *Olympus* stood,
 The Wife of *Philip*, *Alexanders* Mother,
 As Who match'd *Alcides*, and *Achilles* blood,
 To breed a Man more worth then both together.
 Am I the woman whose Maiesticke State
 Seem'd once so happy to deceiu'd conceits?
 I, I am she, and neuer yet more great
 Then at this present, euen in spight of Fates.
 A double bondage long did burden me,
 I to my selfe, my selfe to Fortune thrall:
 But now captiuitie hath set me free,
 Who could not rise till first I had a fall;
 A sprite whilst by prosperitie benum'd,
 Scarce like it selfe can to the World appeare:
 When Vertue hath Aduersitie o're come,
 Then shines true Greatnesse bright in Glories Spheare.
 Our treasure now (I see) consists no more
 Without our selues in eye-betraying shoues,
 But in the breasts inestimable store,
 Which neither Time entombes, nor Pow'r o're-throwes.
 O neuer were my thoughts enlarg'd till now
 To marke my selfe, and quintessence my minde:
 For, long (a prey to pride) I know not how,
 A mist of fancies made my Iudgement blinde.
 As those who dreame sweet Dreames, whilst wakt at last
 Doe finde their error when their eyes find light:
 Free from the slumbring of my fortune past,
 I now arise to iudge of all things right.
 That cloud of pompe, whose smoake me shadow'd once,
 Loe, now remou'd, vnmaskes my life too late:
 And now I see, that Scepters, Crownes, and Thrones,
 Are burd'nous badges of a dang'rous state.
 O happy woman, of true pleasure sure,
 Who in the Countrie leadst a guiltlesse life!
 From Fortunes reach retir'd, obscure, secure,
 Though not a Queene, yet a contented Wife,
 Eu
 So to

Thy mate more deare to thee then is the light,
 Though Loue in State, loues in a high degree,
 And with his presence still to blesse thy sight
 Doth scorne great Courts whilst he liues courting thee.
 And as thou woundst him not with hid disgrace,
 He with no iealous thought torments thy brest:
 Thus both lie downe to rest, and rise in peace,
 Then (if they strue) they strue who should loue best;
 But, though thou haue not-as the mighty ones,
 Thy necke surcharg'd with Chaines (ah Chaines indeed!)
 Nor eares weigh'd downe with Orientall stones,
 Nor Robes, whose worth may admiration breed;
 So wantst thou that which we haue euer had,
 Sad mis-contentments, Iealousie, and Spite;
 And though thy backe be not with purple clad,
 Thy Thoughts are deck'd with Innocencies white.
 As Birds whose Cage of Gold the sight deceiues,
 Doe seeme to sing, whilst they but waile their State:
 So, with the mightie match'd, made glorious slaues,
 We happy seeme whilst we but curse our Fate.
 That blesse whose shew in vs vaine eyes doth please,
 Makes thee indeed a true contentment breathe,
 Thou spendst thy youth in mirth, thy age in ease,
 And know'st not what it is to die till death.
 Ah, since I liu'd, I alwayes did but die,
 Still when I seem'd most blest, then most accurst,
 On Greatnesse fraile since first I did relie,
 How oft hath my swolne brest beene like to burst:
 The Fates with Fortune from my birth conspir'd
 To make my life a Patterne of their might:
 For, both my Parents from the World retir'd,
 When I had scarcely look'd vpon the light:
 The World may iudge how I was iustly grieu'd,
 Whilst angry *Philip* sought for my disgrace,
 (A thing which once I scarce could haue beleeu'd)
 And vnto *Cl-opatra* gaue my place.
 Then though I long (as desp'rate of reliefe)
 For his offence afflicted had my minde,
 Yet did his sudden death augment my grieve,
 He was my Husband, though he was vnkinde:

And when my Sonnes rare deeds which Fame doth sound
 The World with wonder, rauish'd me with Ioy,
 Those (as himselfe) who would all his confound,
 To compasse me did spite and power employ:
 Yet stood my Courage when my Fortune fell,
 And still I toyl'd (distracted from repose)
 Those who had him betray'd hence to expell,
 And with their blood to register my woes.
 All which I purpos'd, long to prosp'ring too,
 That some of them did trie (by torments strange)
 All what a Womans iust disdain could doe,
 Whilst spurr'd by Iealousie, Spite, and Reuenge:
 But this Arch-tratour, Ruler of the rest,
 Who thirsts to drinke the blood of all our Race,
 Euen then when my designs succeded best,
 Did compasse me with Ruine and Disgrace.
 Such was the tenor of my fortune past,
 Whose least mis-hap had made another burst:
 First, Orphan'd, Widow'd, and vnchilded last,
 (A Daughter, Wife, and Mother, all accurst.
 Heauens plague *Cassander*, let that base Wretch trie
 That I o'v'r his Iudgement but a while deferres,
 By And let his Wife bewaile as well as I,
 Pre I murdered for my Sonne, and she by hers.
 Ye As the incestuous *Thebans* monstrous brood,
 Fr So may thy Sonnes contend with mutuall wounds,
 Sin And neuer let thy House be free from blood
 In Till banish'd quite from this vsurped Bounds;
 Bu Thus, notwithstanding of my wonted pow'r,
 To To me (saue wishes) nothing doth remaine:
 W But though condemn'd to die, yet at this houre
 M Should I beginne to curse, and to complaine
 An No, no, that custome best becomes poore Soules,
 He Whose resolut'on cannot climbe more hig;
 He But I whose courage that base course controules
 Th Must still triumph what euer State I trie.
 Bu Death is an open Heauen to each toss'd minde,
 W The end of labour, entrie vnto rest;
 Hi Death hath the bounds of miserie confin'd,
 Di Whose Sanctuarie shrowdes affliction best.

So

To

To suffer whiles with a couragious heart
It doth deserue more praise then deeds most knowne:
In all our actions Fortune hath some part,
But in our sufferings, all things are our owne:
Loe, now I loath the World and worldlie things,
Of which I both haue prou'd the best and worst:
The apprehended Death great comfort brings,
And hath no crosse, but that it should be forc'd.
O heare me now (deare Sonne) if that thy Ghost
May leaue Elysian fields to looke on me:
Of all things else this doth content me most
That from this time I may remaine with thee.
And blush not Sonne to see thy Mothers end,
My death in glory with thy life shall strine:
It (as a Captiue) Fortune shall attend,
That (as thy Fellow) follow'd thee alieue.

Exit.

CHORVS.

AH, ah, though Man the Image of great Iov^a,
And onely Creature that giues Reason place,
(Made to worke Faith below for Pow^rs above)
His Heauenly Progenie should seeke to proue,
By still resembling the Immortall kinde,
Yet makes the World our better part to blinde
That we the clouds of vanitie embrace;
And from our first excellencie decline;
This doth extinguish that celestially grace,
Which should make Soules to burne with Vertues loue,
Whose fancies Vice luxuriouſlie now feasts;
Vice is the *Circe* that enchants the minde,
And doth transforme her followers all in swine;
Whilst poyson'd Pleasures so corrupt our tastes,
That of halfe-gods we make our selues whole beasts:
And yet of ruthlesse *Plutoes* raging hoste,
The vice which doth transport presumptuous Hearts,
And makes Men from the Gods to differ most

Mu
The
Not
We
Not
As
Pri
Enc
And
The
Sue
(Th
Tha
And
Firs
To
To
(The
The
Cho
By n
Prid
Yet
Fron
Sinc
In m
But y
To p
Who
More
And
He b
How
The
But h
Whil
His S
Did b
En
So to

Is crueltie, that to the sufferers cost,
And Actors both, is often-times appeald:
The Gods delight to giue, and to forgiue,
By pardoning, and not by plaguing pleas'd,
And why should Men excogitate strange Arts
To shew their tyrannie, as those who striue
To feede on mischief, though the Author sinarts
Oft for the deed of which himselfe did boast,
Whilst whence the blow first came, the grief doth turnes
For, that by which the Minde at first was eas'd,
May it in end the greatest burden giue;
Oft those whose crueltie makes many mourne,
Doe by the Fires which they first kindled burne;
Of other Tyrants which extort the minde,
With pleasure some delight it in such sort,
That first the hony, then the gall we finde;
And others (though from Honours Court declin'd)
Some comfort yeeld (but base) by hope of gaine;
And, though some make vs to be loath'd of one,
We by their meanes anothers loue obtaine;
But crueltie, with which none can comport,
Makes Authors hated when the deed is gone,
Oft euen by those whom it did most support,
As that which alienates men from their kinde;
And as Humanity the minde enchants,
So sauage Soules which from the same refraine,
More fierce then barb'rous beasts, are lou'd of none;
Since with such beasts one with lesse danger haunts
Then with the Man whose minde all mercie wants;
Yet though the minde of Man, as strong, and rude
Be rauish'd whiles with violent desire,
And must, if fyr'd with Rage, be quench'd with blood,
How can this tender Sexe whose glory stood
In hauing hearts inclin'd to pity still
It selfe delight by any barbarous deed?
For, Nature seemes in this to vse her skill,
In making Womens mindes (though weake) entire,
That weakenesse might Loue, and Deuotion breed
To which their thoughts (if pure) might best aspire,
As aptest for Impressions of all good;

But
Sin
In
Ma
Ou
An
In p
Loc
Mu
And
Such
Wh
And
As c
She
O, C
Of c
And
The
As t
But
To l
Whi
Yet
Such
Why
Sinc
The
Thos
Doe
Hau
And
So ty
Sinc
Let n
Good

But from the best to worst all things doe weare ;
Since cruelties from feeble mindes proceede,
In brests whre courage failes, Spite, Shame, and Feare
Make Enuie, Hate, and Rigour rule to beare.
Our *Queene Olympias*, who was once so great,
And did such monitrous cruelties commit
In plaguing *Philop*, and his *Queene* of late,
Loe, now brought low to taste the like estate,
Must take such entertainment as she gaue;
And yet good reason that it should be so,
Such measure as we giue we must receiue.
Whilst on a Throne she did superblie sit,
And with disdainfull eyes look'd on her foe,
As onely vanquish'd by her pow'r, and wit,
She did not weigh ineuitable Fate.
O, O ! Immortalls which command aboue
Of euery State in hand the Rudder haue,
And as they like, can make vs stay or goe,
The griefe of others should vs greatly moue
As those who sometime may like fortune proue ;
But as Experience with rare proofes hath showne,
To looke on others, we haue Linx his Eyes,
Whilst we would haue their Imperfections knowne,
Yet (like blinde Moles) can neuer marke our owne.
Such clouds of selfe-regard doe dim our sight,
Why should we be puff'd vp when foes doe fall ?
Since what the day doth on another light,
The same to morrow may our state surprise.
Those that on this inconstant constant Ball
Doe lue enuiron'd with all-circling Skies,
Haue many meanes whereby to be o're-throwne:
And why should dying Worldlings swolne with wrath,
So tyrannize o're an afflicted wight,
Since miseries are common vnto all ?
Let none be proud who drawes a doubtfull breath,
Good hap attends but few, still till their death.

Act. v. Scene. 1.

ARISTOTLE, PHOCION.



Long haue I vs'd that light which clears my mind,
On Natures labours curiously to looke,
And (of all Creatures finding forth the kinde)
Haue read strange wonders in the worlds gr

I mark'd her course by contraries maintain'd,
Whose harmonie doth most subsist by strife,
Whilst of all things within the same contain'd,
The death of one still giues another life.
But as all things are subiect vnto change,
Which Partners are of elementall Pow'rs,
So (roll'd about with revolutions strange)
The State of Man rests constant scarce for houres.
Lo, what doth Fame more frequently report
Then sudden risings, and more sudden falles;
I thinke the World is but a Tinnis-court,
Where Fortune still playes States, Men toss'd for Balles.

Pho. And neuer any Age shewe more then this
The wauering State of Soule-ennobled Wights,
Who soare too high to seaze on ayrie blisse,
Whilst lowest fallies attend the highest flights.
That matchlesse Monarch who was borne (it seem'd)
To shew how high mortalitie attaines,
Hath not from Death the flesh ador'd redeem'd;
But Paine hath made an end of all his Paines.
And those braue bands which furnish'd Fame with breath
Whilst all the World their valorous deeds did spie,
Rest now (confounded since their Soueraignes death)
Like *Poliphemus* hauing lost his eye,
And they are like that teeth-ingendred brood,
Which tooke their life out of a Monster dead,
Whilst each of them would drinke the others blood,
Since that great Dragons death who was their head.

Ar. So change all things which subiect are to fight:
Disorder Order breeds, and Order it:

Mo
Th
No
W
No
As
Pri
En
An
Th
Sue
(Th
Th
An
Fir
To
To
(Th
The
Che
By
Prid
Yet
Fro
Sinc
In m
But
To
Whe
Mor
And
He b
How
The
But h
Whi
His S
Did b
En
So to

Nex
Thi
Thu
Dis
St
All
To
Wh
And
At v
But
Wit
The
And
Nor
(As
No,
No
The
The
The
Wh
The
Wh
The
Wh
Wh
How
Som
Ther
P
Wh
Grov
Yet
For
And
Doe
Yet
Aff
Ther

Ne

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Next Light comes Darkenesse, and next Darkenesse Light,
This neuer changing change transcends our wit.
Thus Health and Sicknesse, Pouertie and State,
Dishonour, Honour, Life and Death, with doubt
Still inter-changing (what a true deceate!)
All link'd together flyde by turnes about;
To worldly States the Heauens a hight appoint
Where, when they once arriue, they must descend,
And all perfections haue a fatall point,
At which Excellencie it selfe must end.
But as all those who walke on Earth, are cross'd
With Alterations, happ'ning oft, and strange,
The greatest States with greatest stormes are toss'd,
And (sought of many) must make many change.
Nor speake I this by speculation mou'd
(As gath'ring credit out of ancient scroules)
No, I haue liu'd at Court, and oft haue prou'd
No thing below more vext, then great Mens Soules;
The Tyrant Honours thralles while-as they mone
Their plaints to vulgar eares loath to impart,
They all the weight of woes must beare alone,
Where others of their grieffe lend friends a part.
Their rising vs aboue to such a hight
Which seemes their best is worst, whilst since when Lords
They neuer heare the trueth that comes to light,
When franke societie speakes naked words.
Whilst sadnesse whiles seemes Maiestie, Time tels
How deare they buy their pompe with losse of rest:
Some faine three Furies but in all the Hels;
There are three thousand in one great Mans brest.
Phoc. I thinke all Monarchies are like the Moone,
Which whiles ecclips'd, whiles vnder cloud, whiles cleare,
Growes by degrees and is (when full) vndone:
Yet AEsop-like renew'd doth re-appeare:
For, so they first, but small beginne to shine,
And when they once their Sphericke forme obtaine,
Doe coldly languish, and (till chang'd) decline,
Yet (false) in other Realmes doe rise againe.
Assyria once made many Nation bow,
Then next, all pow'r was in the Persians hand,

And

The Alexandrean Tragedie.

And Macedonians loe (growne Monarkes now)
Amongst themselues diuided cannot stand.

Ar. A secret Fate (alternantly) all things
Doth in this circle circularly leade:
Still generation from corruption springs,
That some may liue, of force some must be dead;
Each Element anothers strength deuoures,
Aire to the fire succumbes, the fire to raine,
The Water struiues to drowne the Earth with showres,
Which it by vapours vomits out againe;
Thus (with a Gordian knot together bound)
All things are made, vn-made, and made againe:
Whilst ruine founds, perfection doth confound,
Free from some change no State can long remaine;
But what in Earth more dangerouslie stands
Then Soueraigntie (though rated at such worth)
Which like the stormie Gods tumultuous bands,
Doth flie from East to West, from South to North?

Phoc. A long experience now makes this not strange,
Though mighty States, whose raine one onely leades
Be whiles distracted, and constrain'd to change,
As too great Bodies for so litle Heads,
Since euery Common-wealth (where all mens wits
Doe ioyn e in one to breed the publike ease)
Hath many feauers, and pestiferous fits,
Which Physick whiles, whiles poyson must appease:
For (ah) the multitude more rash then wise,
A Hydra-headed beast which humor blindes
Doth passionatly praise, or else despise,
As some prapost'rous fancies moue their mindes;
From Vice and Vertue whiles like danger flowes,
Whilst one breeds Enuie, and the other hate:
As ielousie, or emulation growes,
Those oft are crush'd who doe support a State.

Ar. Whilst some their betters, others equals scorne,
The popular authoritie decays,
And when it dies the Monarchie is borne,
Whose violent disorders Furie staves;
It from corruption doth continue cleane,
As from infirmities most free we finde:

M
Th
Ne
W
Ne
As
Pri
En
An
Th
Suc
(Th
Th
An
Fir
To
To
(Th
The
Che
By
Pri
Yet
Fro
Sinc
In n
But
To
Wh
Mor
And
He b
How
The
But
Whi
His S
Did
Es
So to

Stil
Tw
But
W
Wh
Thra
Yet
And
Wh
To
O
Wh
To
And
As
All
And
Wh
But
Gre
Yet
Spr
Of
Enco
The
Tha
Ph
By
As
Wh
Thos
Or
Oft
Whic
Men
Whil
Tha
And
Low
Whil

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Still whilst it (humble high) doth hold a meane
Twixt tyrannie, and too remisse a mind;
But though States rul'd by one, may flourish long,
Whilst one can well command, and all obey,
Whilst guerdon goodnesse, vengeance followes wrong,
That (vertue cherish'd) vice is made decay:
Yet (if nought else) Time doth great States o're-come:
And all are bounded by some fatall houre;
What mis-aduenter many wayes may come
To dissipate the most vnited pow'r?
O! huge mis-haps a Monarchie may marre,
When prosp'rous times doe (forc'd by Fates) expire,
To further which, whiles Strangers must make warre,
And mut'nous Subiects some-time may conspire:
As Iealous Feare (when brau'd by Danger) moues,
All Princes would suppress Aspirers still:
And then a Subiects course most dangerous proues,
When either feare or hope transports his will.
But though that first to rise, last to descend,
Great States are guided by a secret Fate:
Yet still the cause which doth forgoe their end,
Springs from contempt, or is enforc'd by hate;
Of those the first Kings lacke of courage breeds,
Encouraging Ambition to rebell;
The other doth attend tyrannicke deeds,
That violence may violence expell.

Phoc. Yet neuer did so many Monarkes fall
By forraine battels, nor intestine broiles,
As by themselues who (seeming free) were thrall,
Whilst smooth-tongu'd Minions gloried of their spoyles.
Those who haue raig'n'd by choice, by birth, or worth,
Or did eneroach on Crownes by chance, or crime,
Oft suffer vices to burst frelie forth
Which Vertues Colours guilded till that time.
Men clearely show what harbours in their brest,
Whilst (Enuies obiect) free from any feare:
That which is eminent is marked best,
And highest Fortunes hardest are to beare.
Low States to censure, Critickes do despise,
Whilst whiles for Vertues Fame grosse faults esteemes,

The

The stupid patient, Feare appearing wise,
Will constancie, and softnesse goodnesse seemes.
But on the Stage of State when one must stand
A publike Actor plac'd in all Mens sight,
And (swaying pow'r) with an imperious hand
Doth hold the ballance both of wrong and right:
Then, he for euery action that is his
The censure of a thousand tongues must haue,
Not onely damn'd for doing things amisse,
But for not doing all that all men craue;
That Prince but vnder-mines the Soueraigne Seate,
Who cares not who be weake, so he be strong,
More studious for himselfe then for the State;
Or (if for it) that he may hold it long:
For, where I o've him for all Mens good ordaines,
He thinks both them, and theirs, made him to please,
As if a charge of weight, a place of paines,
Were but a bed of rest, a Heaven of ease.
The Worlds great weight which *Atlas* shoulders beare,
Is not so weightie all to weigh one downe
As that which on his Head a King doth weare:
No burdens charge more heauy then a Crowne.
Agean waues Time may more soone appease
Then restlesse thoughts whose course for State prepares
Can they haue rest who toile for all Mens ease:
The Purple euer must be lin'd with Cares.
Ar. Good Kings are like the fire which (flaming bright
Doth waste it selfe to serue anothers turne:
And Soueraigntie is like fires glauncing light,
Which (if but view'd) delights, if touch'd, doth burne;
I like for warmnesse to stand *Vulcan* by,
But not to burne amidst the *Lemnian* flame:
In Cedars shadowes men more safely lie,
Then on their toppes the roaring Deities game:
All eye-attracting pompe and glorious shoves,
Doe merite scorn, though they amazement breed:
The World them pitie more then Enuie owes,
Who to seeme happy would be wretch'd indeed.
What alterations strange attend a Throne,
As if the Spheare of Fortune were a Crowne:

M
Th
Ne
W
Ne
As
Pri
En
An
Th
Suc
(Th
Th
An
Fir
To
To
(Th
Th
Ch
By
Pri
Yet
Fro
Sinc
In n
But
To
Wh
Mor
And
He b
How
The
But l
Whi
His s
Did l
En
So to

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

The great still toss'd like *Sisiphus* his Stone,
When rais'd most high rest ready to fall downe.
Of this what greater prooffe can Fame afford
Then mighty *Philips* memorable fall,
Who daunted had the Grecians by the Sword,
Though till that time by strangers not made thralls
He, he, then whilst he solemniz'd with State
His Daughters marriage suddenly was lost:
It seem'd when Heauen that Monarches dayes would date
That Hymens torch gaue light to *Plutos* post.
When strong regards had gran'd within my heart
The miseries that proper were to Court,
I thought them happy who (retir'd apart)
Could neuer know such things, but by report.
I might haue liu'd with *Alexander* still,
To vertuous men, whose fauours were not scarce:
Yet rather chos'd (though hauing both at will)
To serue with *Pallas*, then command with *Mars*.
And whilst he toyl'd of others Lord to be,
I of my selfe did labour to be lord;
Yet made as great a Conquest too as he;
My Penne shall be as famous as his Sword.

Phoc. And had I willingly engag'd my rest
The way to trace which to vaine glory tends,
I might haue liu'd (respected with the best)
A speciall one of *Alexanders* friends.
Though I of him did neuer merite ought,
He entertain'd my friendship till his death,
And when he once our Cities o'rethrow sought,
At my request he pacified his wrath.
Then once to me a masse of gold he sent,
And offred too a stately Asian Towne,
Which I refus'd more pleas'd with my poore rent
Then he with all the Treasures of a Crowne:
I told, that such a summe but seru'd to make
Him a Corrupter, me corrupted thought,
And soule for him to giue for me to take,
If vs'd, sham'd both, vn-us'd, did serue for nought;
But all those baites I neuer daign'd to touch,
Left I (who all my life had liu'd so free)

Q

Might

The Alexandrean Tragedie.

Might be possess'd too much, possessing much,
If taking Riches, it had taken me.
No, I would rather learne to liue with lesse,
Then for superfluous furniture to strue:
Who seekes out substance but to nurse excess,
To vse it liues, not it that he may liue.
My Fortune doth afford sufficient meanes
That may preferue all Natures pow'rs in force;
And he who on a golden Scepter leanes
Can not haue more, but may well vse it worse.
Then since abundance but abuses brings,
Why seeke men more then how to be well eas'd
And (ah) why toyle they for so many things,
Since with a little Nature can be pleas'd?

Ari. Loe how the Heauens, whose loue to Man exceed
Haue made his body strong, his Minde diuine,
And haue made Earth to furnish all his needs,
Lest curbing Cares might make his thoughts decline:
So that he hath a meanes to raise his flight
(If wing'd with Vertue) and may mounting hie
By Time approach to the celestiall light,
And deifie himselfe before he die.
Yet doth he straight forgoe that glorious way,
To toyle for things which Earth not forc'd affords,
The which his wants first fram'd were to defray,
But by himselfe are of his life made Lords.
O, how vnworthy of the worth of man
Are many Labours which delight him most,
Since that corruption boldly first beganne
To make Men nurse vile Vice at Vertues cost!
And now what hath great *Alexander* gain'd
By endlesse trauell, and excessiue cares?
(Of whom (loe) now, they onely say he raign'd)
But death vnto himselfe, worse to his Heires.
And for the guiltlesse blood which he hath spill'd
His conquests Partners (loe) doe else beginne
To die, euen by the Swords by which they kill'd,
And all his off-spring expiates his sinne.

Phoc. Strange reuolutions sway all worldly things:
The wheele of Fortune still must slippery proue,

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

And chieffie then when burden'd but with Kings,
Whose States (as weightie) quickly make it moue.
Yet *Alexander* I must say was blest,
Who (still a Victor) from distresse estrang'd
The Worlds chiefe Monarke when his State was best,
Did die in time before his Fortune chang'd:
And for his fauour which I oft did trie,
Whom earnestly he labour'd to aduance:
It grieues me that himselfe so soone did die
And that his off-spring hath so hard a chance.
His Successors haue set all Greece on fire,
Of which I feare to perish by some sparke ;
For, *Polipercon* doth my death conspire,
And who can scape when made a great Mans marke ?
But for my Countries cause I'll giue my blood,
Whilst safely prais'd all follow vertue can,
But (when by Danger brag'd) then to doe good
O ! that is worthy of a worthy Man.
Nor doe I tender so this pisse of breath,
But I can yeeld that Nature it expell:
A minde which is resolu'd, triumphes o're Death,
He hath liu'd long enough who hath liu'd well.

Exeunt.

Act. v. Scene. II:

CASSANDER, LISIMACHVS,
PTOLOMIE, SELEVCVS.

No doubt (great *Heroes*) whom the Heauens haue
(What euer count'nance Dutie doth pretend)
Your minds are glad, since those (by me remou'd)
Who might haue made you end, haue made an end.
Loathe not the meanes, if pleas'd with the effect;
For, though by this I haue a Realme obtain'd,
It yeelds you more whose course none can suspect:
I onely guiltie am, ye all haue gain'd.

Q 3

Yc.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Yet, to pursue my life they first began,
 For my defence this last refuge I prou'd:
 What then himselfe can be more neere to man?
 When brag'd by Danger who will not be mou'd?
 And if *Olympias* had not dy'd in time
 By offering vp her blood to worke my peace,
 As then mine had beene the harme, and hers the crime,
 Pri I but preuented her a litle space;
 And if her off-spring had surui'd her death,
 En whose rising could not but procure our fall:
 An Whose rising could not but procure our fall:
 The Yee, now who nought but soueraignie doe breathe,
 Suc Had breath'd obedience, or not breath'd at all.
 (Th *Lyfim*. You from a dangerous yoke haue vs relieu'd,
 Th Which (I suspect) we should haue try'd too soone:
 And why then should we labour to seeme grieu'd
 An At that thing done, which we wish not vn-done?
 Fir No, since that all for soueraignie doe strue,
 To And haue once tasted what it is to raigne,
 To Each one of vs would rather die, then liue
 (Th To beare a Subiects seruile stare againe.
 The And though perchance with *Alexanders* Sonne,
 Cho (If heire to him in worth as of his state)
 By We might haue most respected places wonne
 Prid As speciall Pillars of the Princes seate.
 Yet Though greater than the rest, as of before,
 Fro It would haue grieu'd vs, lesse then one to fall:
 Sinc The fall from first to second grieues one more,
 In n Then from the second to the last of all;
 But Our enuy'd glory had destruction brought,
 To And would haue made vs odious to remaine:
 Wh It dangerous is for Subiects to be thought
 Mor Such as desire, or yet deserue to raigne.
 And When any tempest threatned had his Throne,
 He b He would haue sought for surety at our cost:
 How When Iealousie (Mindes worme) hath seiz'd on one,
 The The greatest Vertues are suspected most.
 But Yea, though we could to quite our state consent,
 Whi Vs from suspicion nought but Death could purge:
 His S Still Greatnesse must turmoile, or then torment,
 Did b If borne, a burden, if laide downe, a scourge.
 Eu
 So to

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Ptol. But when we haue within our bosome weigh'd
The ruine of all *Alexanders* race,
Whom without blushing we might haue obey'd,
By right succeeding in our Soueraignes place.
How can our Soules but highly be asham'd,
If one below them farre emboldned thus,
Doth seeke by wrong that which by right they claim'd,
And by their o're-throw would insult o're vs:
Nor need I more as in suspence remaine,
To maske my meaning with ambiguous words,
No, no, our words may as his deeds be plaine,
Which Fame (and that not whispring) now records:
Ye heare how that *Antigonus* of late,
Whose thoughts (wing'd with Ambition) soare too high,
Doth strue about the rest to raise his State,
And by all meanes doth Fortune frankely plye.
Since to his hands *Eumenes* was betraide,
Loe, quite trans-ported by prapost'rous Pride,
(As if in nought adebted to our aide)
What is our due he now cannot abide.

Lyfim. Thus Time the truth of all things doth proclaim
Man is a craftie Creature, hard to know,
Who can a face for euery fortune frame:
No trust in Mortals, nor no faith below.
As our particulars doe sometime moue,
We, what we wish for most, sceme to mis-like,
And oft of others doe the course disproue,
Whilst we want nought but meanes to doe the like.
Then whilst *Perdiccas* did attempt before
To make the rest who were his equals thrall,
Who then *Antigonus* detested more
The foolish pride of one who would haue all:
But since *Perdiccas* and his faction fell
Whom he (as Traitors to the State) pursu'd,
He, in his place succeeding to rebell,
Hath what he seem'd to end againe renew'd.
And yet I many time haue muf'd of this,
How from the World he did *Eumenes* send.
Sel. How: but by treason as his custome is
False at the first, and cruell in the end.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Lysim. I know, that after many doubtfull fights,
He hath o're-throwne *Eumenes* at the last:
But by what stratagems, or treach'rous flights,
I would be glad to heare how all hath past.

Sel. *Antigonus* was at the first afray'd
To match *Eumenes* by plaine force in fight,
And the refuge which feare affords assay'd,
For valour franke to vse some warie slight:
Amongst *Eumenes* Troupes (their mindes to proue)
He scattred letters with allurements stor'd,
By promis'd Treasures, and protested loue,
Some to corrupt who might betray their Lord;
But he (still wise) his Troupes in time aduis'd
To cleare their vertue by their Enemies vice,
And gaue them thanks who would not be entis'd
To sell their faith at such a bloody price,
Then said, that he himse lfe those seroules procur'd,
That when they spy'd such practices againe,
They still might thinke them (by this meanes allur'd)
Their Captaines tryall, not their Enemies traine.
Thus by the course which should haue him entrap'd,
His aduersarie did deluded stay:
Whilst both he from that present danger scap'd,
And to preuent the like, prepar'd a way.
Then when he saw this policie had fail'd,
And that there had some doubtfull conflicts past,
Antigonus who had at one praynail'd
(As hauing had some vantage at the last)
He with *Eumenes* did procure to speake,
And (as one vanquish'd) offred him good-will,
But he (whose minde could not be brought to breake)
Would onely talke as to his equall still:
For, when a band (betwene them made) did beare
He to *Antigonus* should helpe impart,
That forme reform'd, he first of all did sweare
With *Alexanders* off-spring to take part.
Thus, his submission where they did attend,
Imperiouslie conditions he impos'd:
So that there-after to procure his end,
The other by all meanes his minde dispos'd;

And shortly of his bands a vaine debate,
 For his confusion fit occasion brought;
 Still as by concord small things do grow great,
 By discord great things are reduc'd to nought;
 While-as *Eumenes* fortunately liu'd
 The Agiraspides to him gaue place,
 Till that for State two of their Captaines striu'd,
 And his authoritie would not embrace.
 Such was that spite of theirs to haue him spoyl'd,
 That though of valour he rare wonders prou'd,
 And oft by force *Antigonius* had foyl'd,
 Yet from their minde it could not be remou'd,
 For (by their meanes allur'd) the other bands,
 To get some baggage which they lost againe,
 Did take their Captaine with outrageous hands,
 Their glory darkning by that odious staine:
 And though *Eumenes* trusting to new hopes,
 By flying labour'd succour to haue found,
 He was preuented by his traitrous Troupes,
 And (like to some base fugitiue) was bound.
 Scarce could his stormie stomacke bent to breake,
 Daigne to entreate those who had him betraide,
 Yet, hauing hardly purchas'd leaue to speake,
 He stretcht them forth his fettred hands, and saide:
 Loe, what apparell now your Generall weares,
 Since with your faith his libertie was lost;
 Yet he those bands not giuen by Enemies beares;
 No, but by you in whom he trusted most:
 And must he thus be led, who should you led?
 Is this the triumph which I should receaue
 For all my victories, thus to be made
 Of Captaine, captiue, of a Conquerour, slaue?
 How oft (my Souldiers) haue ye all of late
 To me by soleimne oathes sworne to be true?
 But it becomes not one in such a state
 With lostie words his keepers to pursue,
 Nor craue I further fauour at this houre,
 Then that ye bath your weapons in my brest;
 Let not my life be in mine Enemies pow're,
 Loe all which your Commander doth request.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

I know *Antigonus* doth take no care
 Who get my bodie, so he get my Head;
 And he regards not, neither when, nor where,
 Nor in what sort I die, so I be dead.
 But if through horror of so vile a deed,
 Your eyes looke downe, your haire erected stands,
 Which in your mindes this much remorse doth breed,
 That with your hearts ye will not staine your hands;
 Then as your Captaine, since not force I may,
 I as your friend entreate, that now in time
 I may but haue a Sword my selfe to slay,
 You to excuse whilst partner of your crime.
 But when he saw that words could not assuage
 Their barb'rous thoughts which nothing could controule,
 Then, hauing turn'd his courage all in rage,
 He thus flam'd forth the furie of his Soule:
 O damned Rascals who haue lost all faith,
 Whom neither due tie, nor yet merit bindes!
 How oft was *Alexander* mou'd to wrath
 By those your mut'nous and malicious mindes;
 And, O what could I at those hands attend,
 Which yet were smoaking with *Perdiccas* blood:
 Of those who by like treason did intend
 With old *Antipaters* to be imbrude.
 Heauen thunder on you from ætheriall Rounds,
 And make you liue (abominable band)
 Base vagabonds, barr'd from your natie bounds,
 Then die detested in a barb'rous land;
 And as ye haue the World with murder fill'd,
 So may your blood by the same Swords be shed,
 By which you haue moe of your Captaines kill'd
 Then of your foes, from whom (like beasts) ye fled,
 But neither courteous, nor outrageous words
 Could change his Souldiers from their first intent;
 Who forward led their Captaine chain'd with cords,
 (A scorned Captiue) to his Riuals Tent,
 Where, to the end that he might quickly end,
 He ask'd what stay'd *Antigonus* to goe
 By setting of him free to winne a friend,
 Or by his death to rid him of a foe;

And

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

And soone *Antigonus* did halte his fall,
By this great magnanimitie not mou'd;
And *Agrippides* (dispers'd o're all)
As murderers, murder from the World remou'd.
Thus oft haue Traiteurs beene dispatch'd by time,
By those whom their vp-braiding lookes dismay:
That loath'd remembrance of the Authors crime
The Actors death can onely wipe away.
Now claimes *Antigonus* when Fame doth feast,
Abooue his Soueraignes selfe in ranke to sit;
For, *Alexander* but subdu'd the East,
And he hath conquer'd them who conquer'd it.

Cass No doubt, since he that great aduantage wan,
He hath within himselfe high things design'd:
Whilst fond prosperity trans-ports a man,
Nought seemes difficult to a lostie minde.

Sel. Of those in whom he did suspect a sprite,
Whose courage seru'd his courses to resist,
He hath himselfe by diuerse meanes made quite;
In others wreakes his safety doth consist.
Thus martiall *Pithon* who no danger spar'd,
(Whom *Alexander* held in high account)
Did at the last receiue a hard reward,
For helping him *Eumenes* to surmount.
His sprite to tempt, and pow'r fit to performe
Made Jealousie *Antigonus* torment;
And yet he fain'd to loue him for the forme,
Till that his Court he mou'd him to frequent,
Where whilst he did (mistrusting nought) abide,
He publikely in all the peoples sight
(Though seeming iustly) damn'd vniustly dy'd:
No wrong more vile then wrong which lookes like right.
Thus diuerse Gouvernours within short space,
Their gouernment, or then their life haue lost,
And others are preferr'd vnto their place,
Who did depend vpon his fauour most;
Oft likewise me he labour'd to surprize,
With policie whom he would haue o're-thrown:
But I, whom *Pithons* danger had made wise,
Learn'd by his ruine to preuent mine owne.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

To save my life abandon'd is my State,
And I have fled with danger as you see:
That you may know, how that man doth grow great,
Whose pride may plague you all, as well as me.

Casi. Then let vs see what course we should intend,
Left (out of time made wise) we rue too late.

Lezim. I rather first pursue, then last defend.

Ptol. A fire would still be quench'd ere it grow great.

Casi. Then let vs from *Antigonus* in haste
Urge what we owe of conquer'd lands againe;
Since in this warre we did our Treasures waste,
We should be likewise partners of the gaine:
But if against our suite his eares he barre,
And doe with scornfull words contemne our claime,
Then may our Messenger denounce the warre,
And we shall shortly intimate the same.

Ptol. A mutuall band must made amongst vs be,
To make one fortune common to vs all,
And from hence-forth we must all foure agree
To stand together, or together fall.
And since the Princely buds for which we car'd,
(How euer dead, are dead, what e're we doe
So to procure from men the more regard,
We with the State must take the title too.
And we must both be crown'd, and knowne for Kings,
The Diadem is Greatnesse strongest Towre:
All vulgar Iudgements leane on outward things,
And reuerence State, where they obey but Pow'r.

Exeunt.

NVNTIVS, PHILASTRVS,
CHORVS.



Is there a Heauen? & are there heavenly pow'r
To whose decree terrestriall things are thrall
Or would the Tyrant that begets the houres
In triumph lead eternitie and all.

The Alexandrian Tragedies.

Loe, Nature trauels now, as big with change,
Since Mortals all humanity haue lost,
And in old Chaos, or some masse more strange
To leaue their essence all things earthly lost.
Can reasonable Soules from reason barr'd,
Euen strue which most in crueltie exceeds ?
What Eye hath seene ? or yet what Eare hath heard
Such monstrous chances, and prodigious deeds ?
Arabian Robbers, nor the Scythians wilde,
With sauage beasts which doe (as barbarous) haunt
They with such facts haue not themselues defil'd,
As those who of ciuilitie doe vaunt.

Since Grecians Barbares grow (as now we finde)
Where can faith haue a corner free from spot ? (minds
O carelesse Heauens! wretch'd Earth! *Cho.* What loads thy
Nun. A multitude of murders. *Cho.* What ? *Nu.* What not ?
Cho. We know that since our Soueraigne left to breathe,
Earth hath beene bath'd with many scarlet flood;

Perdiccas did procure *Meleagers* death,
And his owne Souldiers drown'd his breath with blood,
Athenians prey *Leonatus* did remaine,
And (by *Eumenes* subtiltie dismay'd)
Neoptolemus and *Craterus* were slaine,
Then by his owne *Eumenes* was betray'd.

Phil. Man with his skill against his knowledge strives,
Where Death his way attends, that way he tends,
And *Atropos* the fatall rasor giues

To cut the threed on which his life depends.

When *Asias* Victor after all his warres,

Great *Babylon* to view had bent his minde;

Both I, and others, studious of the Starres,

Did shew what there his ruine was design'd

To his Successours too we oft haue showne

The meanes by which their fate might be control'd,

Yet was our skill contemn'd, and they o're-throwne

As we fore-told, and as they now haue told.

Nun. They haue told much, and yet I must tell more,

Their newes were euill, yet were they not the worst.

Cho. And haue the Heauens reseru'd moe plagues in store,

As if we yet were not enough accurst.

Nun,

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Nuv. As Earth in Pride, the Heauen in plagues abound
Our highest Hopes haue perish'd but of late.

Cho. Then wound our eares by hearing others wounds,
That pittie now may tread the steppes of hate.

Nuv. Our Queene *Olympias* (rauish'd by reuenge)

All *Macedonie* did with murders fill,
Which from her part the people did estrange,
Whilst rigour onely limited her will.

So that when fierce *Cassander* sought her wreake,
She did mis-trust the Macedonians mindes,
And for the time the neereft strength did take,
There, till the storme was past, to waite faire windes.

But soone *Cassander* did the Towne enclose,
And as she held him out, did hold her in,
That (like a Captiue guarded by her foes)

She knew not by what way a way to winne;
And when their liues prouision did decay,
Then did bare walles but small refuge afford;

She *Scilla* scap'd to be *Charybdis* prey,
Who fell on famine flying from the Sword.
Straight like pale Ghosts faint Souldiers did remaine,

Whole bowels hunger like a harpie teares,
And with couragious words, the Queene in vaine
Did raise their sprite (the belly hath no eares)

All languishing did then beginne to fade,
As if too weake to beare themselues about:
Legges fail'd the Body, and the Necke the Head,

Then whilst the flesh fell in, bones burst'd out;
And when that meates which common are were spent,
Then Horses, Dogs, Cats, Rats, all seru'd for food,

Of which, no horreur eaters did torment,
For what not poison was all then seem'd good:
Some mouthes accustom'd once with daintie meates,

Wish'd what they oft had loath'd, vile crums, foule floods
And Ladies which had liu'd in pompous States,
Fed, as brought vp with Wolues amidst the woods.

Yea, nurst by those whom they themselues had nurst,
Oft by the off-springs death the Parent liu'd:

And which was worst whilst breasts were like to burst,
None comfort could, for, all themselues were grieu'd.

Suc

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Such was their state, no friend bewail'd his friend,
No Wife her Husband, nor no Syre his Sonne;
For apprehending their approaching end
All with compassion of themselves were wonne.
The dead Mens smell empoysn'd them who liu'd,
Whilst first made faint by a defrauded wombe;
Heapes were of breath and buriall both depriu'd,
That all the Towne in end was but a tombe.

Cho. Life is the subiect of distresse and griefe,
That still affords vs matter to bemoane:
And onely but by Death can haue reliefe:
To liue, and to be wretch'd, are both but one.
Yet foolish Worldlings toss'd with endlesse care,
(Though at too deare a rate) would still buy breath,
And following feathers wauering through the Aire,
Like life (though wretch'd) more then a happy death.

Nun. When thus the World *Olympias* plagu'd did spie,
All sought *Cassander*, though for seuerall ends.

Cho. All as a pest vnhappy men doe flie:
Eclipsed Fortune threatens losse of friends.

Nun. And she considering that she could not long
Hold out the siege, since victuals were growne scant,
Did send (as weake) for peace to pray the strong.

Cho. Thus Time and trauell all things once may daunt.

Nun. Then did *Cassander* know that need constrain'd
Her so to bow, as euery way diseas'd:

And, though he her request not quite disdain'd,

Yet the appointment was euen as he pleas'd:

For, all the fauour that she could procure,

Was leaue to liue a priuate person still;

And yet of that she could not be made sure,

Which did depend vpon her Enemies will.

Then whilst *Cassander* sought his Enemies ends,

There wanted not strange Troupes with him to bide.

Cho. Yet might haue many Followers, and few Friends:
Friends by the Touch-stone of Distresse are try'd.

Nun. But though the Queene was rendred in this sort
With protestation Life should be preseru'd:

The Tyrant with her spirit could not comport,

But from his faith, for her confusion sweru'd:

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

The Macedonians were together brought
There to consult what did concerne their Queene:
But when of them a number deeply thought
Both what she was, and what she once had beene;
Euen as *Cassander* had suborn'd them all,
Their Parents came whom she had damnd to death,
And did her rigour to remembrance call,
By which the multitude was mou'd to wrath.
Whilst from their breasts all kinde of ruth was barr'd,
They did conclude, their Queene behoou'd to die.

Cho. Durst Subiects damne their Soueraigne: & not heare:
So still may Clouds obscure the Worlds bright Eye:

Nus. Yet did *Cassander* put (fleights to assay)
A maske of pittie on a cruell minde,
And oisred her a Ship to flie away,
As if to death against his will assign'd;
Nor was this course for her deliuerance fram'd,
But onely as by chance that she might drowne:
So for her death that he might not be blam'd,
But onely *Neptune* who had drunke her downe:
Yet she a Princessse of a mighty spright,
Whose lostie courage nothing could o're-come:
Said, ere she scap'd by such a shamefull flight
That she would heare the Macedonians doome.
But when *Cassanders* Counsell was contemn'd,
Lest that the multitude had chang'd their minde,
When they remembred whom they had condemn'd,
And grauely weigh'd what rashlie they design'd,
To rid her soone from paine, and him from feare,
He sent some bands from pittie most estrang'd:
Yet she gainst fortune did a banner beare,
And not her heart, no, not her count'nance chang'd.
She constant still, though mon'd, would neuer mone,
Whose stately gesture scorn'd their foule attempt,
And did vnire her Vertues all in one,
To grace Disgrace, and glorifie Contempt.
She on two Ladies Shoulders lean'd her armes,
And with a Maiestie did march to Death.
Like *Alexander* once amidst alarmes,
As if in triumph to abandon breath.

The Alexandraean Tragedie.

The height of Vertue admiration brings,
At this great magnanimitie amaz'd:
As at the Image of their ancient Kings,
Or then some Goddesse all the Souldiers gaz'd;
But (ah) some (forc'd forth by the Tyrant) striu'd
To spoile (vnnaturall) Natures fairest frame,
And Alabaster Balles betweene, they driu'd
Vnwillling swords which straight grew red for shame.
Then, she in worth who would all else excell,
Would neither word, nor teare, nor sigh forth send,
But spread her Gariments o're her whilst she fell,
As of her honour iecalous to the end.

Cho. O strange barbaritie most monstrous deede!
Could Men a Woman, Subiects kill their Queene?
And could her Fortune past no pittie breed?
Who euer gaue the wound hath not her scene.
The ouglie author of those odious euils,
(Fear'd for deserued plagues) must still be sad,
His brest a Hell, his thoughts all turn'd to Devils,
Through horroure of himselfe must make him mad.

Nun. And yet the plague of these detested times,
Doth by more mischief aggrauate our grones.

Cho. No end in sinne, crimes are maintain'd by crimes,
Who fall in Seas must touch the bottome once:
The path of honour hath but narrow bounds,
On which who step attentine must remaine:
Since rais'd so hie aboue the vulgar grounds,
That who thence fall can neuer rise againe.

Nun. Thus now *Castander* (since he cannot winne
True reputation, but liues tainted still)
Imbark'd in mischief failes the depths of sinne,
So if not lou'd as good, yet fear'd as ill.
Though (by his meanes) his ruthlesse eyes haue scene
Fates (as it were from Fortunes bosome) rend:
His King by povson, by the sword his Queene,
In wickednesse to passe himselfe in end,
He (prospring in impietie) grew proud,
And murdered both his Masters Sonne and Wife;
Thus he who all the World by birth-right ow'd,
Could hold no part of it, no, not his life.

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Yet could *Roxanas* death not ease his minde,
Nor her yong Sonne too soone made *Plutoes* Guest:
But to vndoe all *Alexanders* kinde,
That to reuenge the rest there might none rest.
By treason he (as all his deeds are done)
Caul'd *Hercules* his Brothers steppes to trace,
Who was great *Alexanders* bastard Sonne,
And onely remnant of that great Mans race.
Loe, thus *Cassander* Enemie to all good,
Whose Soule so much for *Macedonie* longs:
Hath to the Scepter swim'd through Seas of blood,
Yet, O weake right, since builded but on wrongs.

Cho. O, how Ambition doth abuse the Great!
Who with enough not pleas'd, still strue for more:
Loe, how our Soueraigne seem'd to raise his State,
Yet made it but to fall whilst staru'd with store.
And since his Trophees rear'd in seuerall fields,
Both him and his haue to confusion brought,
Then what is all the good which Greatnesse yeelds,
Which makes it selfe seeme much to be made nought?
Thus, though the Mountaines make a mightie show,
They are but barren heapes borne vp aloft,
Where Plaines are pleasant still, though they lie low,
And are most fertile too, though trod on oft.
Greatnesse is like a Cloud in airie Bounds,
Which some base vapours haue congeal'd aboue:
It brawles with *Vulcan* thundring forth huge sounds,
Yet melts and falles there when it first did moue.

Phi. Since that worlds conq'rour then whilst faire frō feare,
(Weigh'd with his Greatnesse downe) so soone was dead:
Why doe his Captaines strue who now should beare
The Diadem which crush'd so strong a head.
O! when my minde is rauish'd through the Starres
To search the secret Secrets of the Fates:
What Treasons, Murders, Mutinies, and Warres,
Are threatning to o're-throw vsurped Seates:
That false *Cassander* who betray'd his Lord,
And spoyl'd the Princely Race, in mischief chiefe,
(A Traitor both of Heauen and Earth abhor'd)
Shall liue but with disgrace, and die with griefe.

His

His sonnes (in wickednesse him to exceed)
 Shall make the Woman die who made them liue;
 Then both (when drunke with blood) to death shall bleed,
 And none of theirs their Funerals shal suruiue:
 When rash ambition should be cool'd by age,
Iſimachus shall by *Selucus* die:
 Nor shall *Selucus* long enioy the Stage,
 But by like violence shall breathlesse lie;
 And subtile *Ptolomies* degener'd race,
 (Long onely famous for infamous things)
 Shall end and to the pride of foes giue place,
 Whilst a lasciuious Queene confusion brings;
Antigonus shall be in battell kill'd,
 His Sonne a Captiue perish with disgrace,
 And after that it *Greece* with blood hath fill'd,
 In end, destruction doth attend that race;
 The last in pow'r (though of their line not bred)
 A niggard, and a dastard, beaten downe,
 Shall (through a Strangers Towne a Captiue led)
 Of *Macedonie* bound the old renowne.

CHORVS.

VVhat damned Furies thus tossè Mortalls minds
 With such a violent desire to raigne?
 That neither honor, friendship, duetie, blood,
 Nor yet no band so sacred is as bindes
 Ambitious thoughts which would a Kingdome gaine:
 But all is buried in blacke *Lethes* flood
 That may the course of Soueraignty restraine,
 Which from the brest doth all respects repell,
 And like a torrent cannot be gainstood:
 Yea many would a Scepter to obtaine
 In spite of all the World, and I o v e s owne wrath,
 March through the lowest Dungeons of the Hels,
 And vnderneath a Diademe would breathe,
 Though euery moment threatned them with death:
 Yet though such restless minds attaine in end
 The height to which their haughtie hearts aspir'd,

R

They

They neuer can embrace that dreamed blisse,
 Which their deluded thoughts did apprehend;
 Though by the multitude they be admir'd,
 That itill to pow'r doth show it selfe submisfe;
 Yet by the Soule still further is requir'd,
 Which should seale vp accomplishment of Ioy;
 Thus partiall Iudgement blindlie aimes amisse
 At things which stand without our reach retir'd,
 Which whilst not ours as treasures we define,
 But not the same whilst we the same enioy;
 Some things asfarre doe like the Glow-worme shine,
 Which lookt too neere haue of that light no signe.
 No charge on earth more weightie to discharge
 Then of a Kingdome that which doth dispose:
 O! those who manage must the raines of State,
 Till that their Ghost imbarke in *Charons* Barge,
 They neuer need attend a true repose:
 How hard is it to please each mans conceit
 When gaining one they must another lose;
 Thus, hardly Kings themselues can euenlie beare,
 Whom if seuer (as cruell) Subjects hate;
 Contempt dare to the milde it selfe oppose;
 In time who spare, as niggards are despis'd;
 Men from too franke a minde exactions feare,
 Though in all shapes (as *Proteus* vs'd) disguis'd
 Kings by some scandall alwayes are surpris'd.
 Yet one might well with euery thing comport,
 Which on opinion onely doth depend,
 If further danger follow'd not by deeds,
 But euery Monarke (loe) in many sort
 Death doth disguis'd in diuerse shapes attend;
 Of some by mur'ous swords the life forth bleeds,
 By vn-suspected poison others end,
 Which whilst they alwayes labour to preuent
 A thousand deaths within their breasts life breeds;
 Loe, this is all for which the great contend,
 Who (whilst their pride themselues and others spoiles)
 With their Dominions doe their cares augment:
 And O vaine man who toyles to double toyles,
 Though still the victory the Victor foiles:

Thus

Thus
 Whil
 Whic
 Whe
 He m
 Who
 Yet f
 To w
 Whic
 Woul
 Yet th
 Whic
 To hin
 That it
 We ma
 Whilft
 Taught
 For thi
 Which
 If they
 Where
 More w
 It woul
 The Co
 To thin
 It coul
 There n
 To vs al

The Alexandrian Tragedie.

Thus *Alexander* could not be appeas'd,
Whilst he to raise his State did wayes prepare,
Which when made most, diminish'd most remain'd,
Where (with his Fathers bounds had he beene pleas'd)
He might haue left our Crowne sure to his heire,
Who by his conquest nought but death hath gain'd;
Yet for no paines a number now doth spare
To worke for that by which his wreake was wrought,
Which (though from it they rage to be restrain'd)
Would (if posselt) their pleasures but impare;
Yet they by harme of others seeke the thing
Which by their harme, of others will be sought:
To him and his, each of them death would bring,
That it might once be said he was a King.
We may securely sitting on the Shore,
Whilst great men doe (as toss'd on Oceans) grone,
Taught by their toyles esteeme much of our rest:
For this doth thousands with affliction store,
Which of the World as most vnhappy mone,
If they but chance to view some few more blest,
Where if they would but marke, how many one
More wretch'd then they in miserie doth liue,
It would straight calme the most vnquiet brest;
The Cottage whiles is happier then the Throne;
To thinke our owne state good, and others ill:
It could not but a great contentment giue:
There much consists in the conceits and will:
To vs all things are as we thinke them still.

FINIS.

St. W. A.



T

Carm

Pr

A. W. 21



THE
TRAGEDY
OF


IULIVS CÆSAR.

By S^r William Alexander
Knight.

Carminē dīj superi, placantur carminē manes.



LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.
1616.

 a lo-
werat
the C
and
sed a
he be
light
life,
he ha
to the
for fin
rectly
which
him a
contin
had in
which
repose
the fi
of Sci
were,
and s
med M
Cassin
divers
day se



THE ARGUMENT.

AT that time when the Romans travelled with an insatiable ambition to subdue all Nations, by whose overthrow they could conceive any expectation, either of glory, or profit: Caius Julius Caesar, a man of a lofty mind, & given to attempt great things, ascending by several degrees to the Consulship, procured a power to wars against the Gauls: among whom, after a number of admirable battles and victories (by the approbation of all the world, having purchased a singular reputation, both for his courage and skill in Arms) he being long accustomed to command, was so drunke with a delight of sovereignty, that disdainning the simplicity of a private life, he was so farre from denuding himself of the authority which he had, that altogether transported with a desire of more, he sent to the Senate, to have his government of the Gauls prorogated for five yeares: which sure being repugnant to the Lawes (as directly tending to tyrannie) was by the people publicly repelled. By which occasion, and some others rising from an emulation between him and Pompey the great, pretending a high indignation, he incontinent crossed the Alpes, with such forces (though few) as he had in readinesse, and with a great celeritie came to Rome, which he found abandoned by Pompey, in whom the Senate had reposed their trust, whom shortly after, by a memorable battell in the fields of Pharsalia he discomfited: & having by the overthrow of Scipio, death of Cato, and flight of Pompeyes souldiers, as it were, rooted out all the contrary faction, he returned to Rome, and indirectly by the means of Antonius, laboured to be proclaimed King: which having rendred him altogether odious, Caius Cassius, Marcus Brutus, Decius Brutus, Publius Casca, and divers others (Noble men) conspired his death, and appointed a day for the same: at which time, notwithstanding that Caesar

THE ARGUMENT.

was dissuad. d from going forth, by many monstrous apparitions, and ominous presages: yet being perswaded by Decius Brutus Albinus, he went towards the fatal place, where the Senate was assembled.

The Conspirators in like manner had many terrors: among st others, Portia the wife of Marcus Brutus, although she had insinuated herself in her husbands secret, by a notable proofe of extraordinary magnanimitie. yet on the day dedicated for the execution of their designs, through the apprehension of his danger, shee fainted diuerse times, whereof Brutus was aduertised, yet shrinked not, but went forward with his confederats to the appointed place, where they accomplished their purpose, euery one of them giuing Caesar a wound, and me a ground whereupon to build this present Tragedie.

Iun

Cæ

An

Cic

Dec



The persons names who speake.

<i>Immo.</i>	}	{	<i>Caius Cassius.</i>
<i>Cæsar.</i>	}	{	<i>Marcus Brutus.</i>
<i>Antonius.</i>	}	{	<i>Portia.</i>
<i>Cicero.</i>	}	{	<i>Calpurnia.</i>
<i>Decius Brutus.</i>	}	{	<i>Nuntius.</i>

The Scene supposed in Rome.

THE



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
CÆSAR.

Act. i.

IVNO.

IHough I a Goddess grace the azure Round,
Whilst Birds all bright with eyes my Coach do
moue,
And am with radiant Starres Heauens Empresse
crown'd,
The Thunderers Sister, Wife of mighty Iovv;
And though I banquet in etheriall bowres,
Where *Ambrosia* and *Nectar* serues for meate,
And at the meeting of immortal pow'rs,
am still aduanc'd vnto the highest seate:
yet by those glorious shewes of boundlesse blisse
My martred minde can no way be relieu'd:
since Immortalitie affordes but this,
That I liue euer to be euer grieu'd.
In vaine, vaine Mortals seeke for helpe at me,
With sacred O'ours on my Altars throwne:

What

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

What expectation can they haue to see
One venge their wrongs, who can not venge her owne
Might *Pallas* once drowne thousands in the Seas,
And metamorphose *Diomedes* mates;
And must my enemies alwayes liue in ease
As me to spight appointed by the Fates;
Of all the dying race which liues below
With such indignities none could comfort
As wound my brest, whom Gods, and Men, doe know
To be abus'd by I O V E in many sort.
Thought knowne to me, from others if conceal'd,
His faults might breed me grieve, but yet not shame,
Where, loe, now both through Heauen and Earth reueal'd,
Each slanderous theater doth his scorne proclaime.
If Soules diuine diuinely liu'd aloft,
The World below would irritate them then,
But humaniz'd by haunting Mortals oft,
Where men should grow like Gods, Gods grow like men,
My painted *Iris* in her beauties pride,
Smiles not on *Phabus* with so many hewes
As I O V E in diuerse shapes himselfe can hide,
When he poore Maides (by *Cupid* spurr'd) pursues.
He *Danae* (a golden showre) deceiu'd;
And did (a Swanne) in *Ledes* bosome light;
Then (turn'd a Bull) *Agexors* Daughter reau'd;
And I made a Cow to mocke my sight:
But would to God that with such wanton Dames,
He still to sport would as with me remaine,
Not able then to touch celestiaall flames,
All (like the Drunkards Mother) might be slaine.
Then such a troupe as *Rheas* bosome itores,
Would not hold him and me at endlesse iarres;
The Heauens are pestred with my Husbands Whores,
Whose Lights impure doe taint the purest starres.
Though wrongs when grosse are heauie to digest
An Actors greatnesse doth some grieve remoue,
Of whom to suffer wrong it shames one least.
If I were wrong'd, I would be wrong'd by I O V E,
But (ah) this long hath tyranniz'd my brest,
A Man, a Boy, a Sheepheard, yea, and worse.

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

The Phrygian fire-brand, the adultrous Guest,
 Who first wrought wrong by fraud, and then by force ;
 He, he, was he, whose Verdict mou'd me most,
 Whilst partiall fancies iudg'd of Beauties right;
 Nor was it strange though one all Iudgement lost,
 Who had three naked Goddesses in sight;
 And yet I know, were not his wandring eyes
 The Cyprian brib'd by some lasciuious smiles,
 My pompous birds (in triumph) through the Skies,
 Had borne the Gold which oft her Nymphes beguiles ;
 Am not I she whose greatnesse is admir'd,
 Whom I o v e for Wife, whom thousands Court for loue ;
 Whom haughtie *Ixion* to embrace desir'd,
 'et with a cloud deluded did remoue ;
 And what mou'd me a matter to submit,
 Where my authority might haue auail'd ;
 Whilst though I promis'd wealth, and *Pallas* wit,
 'et with a yong Man *Venus* most preuail'd ;
 At how durst he of one the glory raise,
 Where two contemn'd would needes the wrong repaire ?
 That spytes our sexe to heare anothers praise,
 Of which each one would be thought onely faire.
 To venge my selfe no kinde of paine I spar'd,
 And made his greatest gaine his greatest losse:
 As *Venus* gaue him *Helen* for reward,
 So gaue him *Helen* for his greatest crosse;
 For did he long with Ioy her loue enioy,
 Whose faithlesse flames his Countrey did confound,
 Whilst Armies arm'd, for her did *Troy* destroy,
 And *Neptunes* labours leuel'd with the ground;
 Whilst *Simou* seem'd to be a buriall field,
 Whose Streames (as Streets) were with dead bodies pau'd ;
 All *Xanthus* plaine (as turn'd a Sea) did yeeld
 A flood of blood, from *Heroes* wounds receiu'd ;
 Whilst brauing thousands once though much esteem'd
 In dust and blood deform'd, of *Hector* slaine
 Not like *Patroclus* by the Sword redeem'd)
 His body basely was bought backe againe;
 When, by the same Mans Sonne who kill'd his Sonne,
 Old *Priamus* surpriz'd, sigh'd forth his breath,

And

And euen most harm'd where he for helpe had runne,
The Altar taking, taken was by death.
Though wrestling long to scape the Heauens decree,
(Blood quenching lust) last parted from the light,
He who lou'd *Helen*, and was loath'd by me,
Did (as a sacrifice) appease my sight.
Then hauing liu'd (if wretches haue a life)
Till (in all hers ere Dead oft buried spy'd)
Though once knowne both, nor Mother then, nor Wife,
The fertile *Heuba* (as barren) dy'd.
Thus, by those meanes it would haue seem'd to some
That scorned beautie had beene highly veng'd:
But whilst they were o're-com'd, they did o're-come,
Since they their States for better States haue chang'd.
I in one part that people did confound,
But did enlarge their power in euery place:
All warre-like Nations through the World renown'd,
From Phrygian ruines strue to raise their race.
And yet two Traitors who betray'd the rest,
(O Heauens, that treason thus should prosper whiles!)
Though hauing worst deseru'd, did chance the best,
More happy then at home, in their exiles;
Did not *Antenor* (stealing through his foes)
Neere to Euganian Mountaines build a Towne,
Of which some nurslings once shall seeke repose
Amidst the waues, and in the depths sit downe?
Their Citie (spousing *Neptune*) shall arise
The rarest Common-wealth that euer was,
Whose people, if as stout as rich and wise,
Might boast to bring miraculous things to passe.
Then false *Aeneas* borne but to obey,
Did (of a fugitiue) become a King:
And some of his neere *Tiberis* streames who stay,
Would all the World to their obedience bring.
Their rauinous Eagles soaring o're all lands
By violence a mighty prey haue wonne,
That bastard brood of *Mars* with martiall bands
Haue conquer'd both the Mansions of the Sunne
Their course by Mountaines could not be controld,
No, *Neptune* could not keepe his bosome free:

Antartike heate, nor yet the Artike cold,
 Their Legions limits no way could decree;
 O, of that City there could come no good,
 Whose rising walles with more then barbarous rage
 The builder first bath'd with his Brothers blood,
 Which their prodigious conquests did presage.
 Oft hath that Towne my Soule with anguish fill'd,
 Whose new-borne State triumphed o're my wrath,
 Like my old Foe who in his cradle kill'd
 The Serpents which I sent to giue him death.
 By Sabins, Albans, Tuscans, oft assail'd,
 Euen in her infancy I toss'd *Rome's* State,
 Yet still *Laomedons* false race preuail'd,
 And angry I vno could doe nought but hate.
 Then when the gallant Gaules had vanquish't *Rome*
 Who basely bought her libertie with gold,
 A banish't man *Camillus* chanc'd to come,
 And her imballanc'd state redeem'd of old;
 Great *Hanniball* our common cause pursu'd,
 And made his bands within their bounds remaine,
 With Consuls and with Pretors blood imbru'd,
 At *T'brafinens*, and at *Cannes* slaine;
 In Romanes mindes strange thoughts did doubt infuse,
 But whilst they fear'd the taking of their Towne,
 He who could vanquish, victorie not vse,
 Was by their brasen fate (when high) throwne downe.
 What a torrent of Barbarians once,
 ounding o're the Alpes their walles did boast,
 Whilst Teutons huge, and Cimbers bigge of bones,
 Like Giants marcht, a more then monstrous hoste:
 At though from parts vnkowne to ruine *Rome*,
 Led those Troupes which all the World admir'd,
 It did fierce *Marius* mee with them ore-come,
 And I in vaine to venge old wrongs aspir'd;
 It meanes more base I likewise sought her harmes,
 Whilst *Ianus* Church imported neuer peace,
 And vp abieft *Spartacus* in armes,
 Who neere ecclips'd *Romes* glory with disgrace.
 Though I who all the World for helpe haue sought,
 From *Europe*, *Africke*, and from *Asia* thus,

Gaules

Gaules, Carthaginians, and the Cimbers brought,
Yet did the damage still redound to vs:
Of Heauen and Earth I all the powrs haue prou'd,
And for their wracke haue each aduantage watch'd:
But they by forraine force could not be mou'd:
By Romanes, Romanes onely may be match'd.
And I at last haue kindled ciuill warre,
That from their thoughts (which now no reason bounds)
Not onely Lawes, but Natures Lawes doth barre,
The Sonne the Syre, the Brother Brother wounds;
Whilst Eagles are oppos'd to Eagles so,
O what contentment doth my minde containe!
No wound is wrong bestow'd, each killes a foe,
What euer side doth lose, I alwayes gaine.
But this my Soule exceedingly annoyes,
All are not subiect to the like mis-hap:
The warre helps some, as others it destroves,
And those who hate me most, haue still best hap.
Whilst with their blood their glory thousands spend,
Ah, ones aduancement aggrauates my woe,
Who vaunts himselfe from *Venus* to descend,
As if he claim'd by kinde to be my foe.
I meane the man whose thoughts nought can appease,
Whilst them too high a blinde ambition bends,
Whom (as her Minion) Fortune bent to please,
Her rarest Treasures prodigally spends;
Not onely hath he daunted by the Sword
The Gaules, the Germanes, and Egyptians now,
But of all Lords pretends to be made Lord.
That who command the World to him may bow;
Thus dispossessing Princes of their Thrones,
Whilst his ambition nothing can assuage,
That the subiect World in bondage grones,
The prey of pride, the sacrifice of rage.
Men raile on *I o v s*, and sigh for *Saturn's* time,
And to the present, ages past preferre,
Then burden would the gods with euery crime,
And damne the Heauens, where onely Earth doth erre.
Though *I o v s* (as stupid) still with *Cupid* sports,
And not the humour of proud *Cesar* spies?

Who

Who may (if forcing thus the Worlds chiefe forts)
 Then *Tissus* were, more pow'rfull scale the Skies.
 Yet lest he thrall him too who none free leaues,
 We from the bounds about must him repell
 To brawle with *Pluto* in vmbrious Caues,
 There since he will be first, made first in hell.
 What I with that Tyrant I will straight be euen,
 And send his Soule to the Tartarean groue:
 Though *I o v e* will not be iealous of his Heauen,
 Yet *I v n o* must be iealous of her *I o v e*;
 And though none in the Heauens would doe him ill,
 I'll raise vp some in Earth to haste his death:
 Yea though both Heauen and Earth neglect my will,
 Hell can afford me Ministers of wrath:
 I'll crosse *Cocytus* and the smoaking Lakes
 To borrow thence my Brothers damned bands,
 The Furies arm'd with Fire-brands, and with Snakes
 Shall plant their Hell where *Rome* so stately stands;
 Whilst by my furie Furies furious made
 Doe spare the dead to haue the liuing pin'd:
 O! with what ioy will I that armie lead?
 Nought then reuenge more winnes a wronged minde;
 I must make this a memorable age,
 By this high vengeance which I haue conceiu'd:
 But what though thousands die to calme my rages
 So *Caesar* perish, let no Soule be sau'd.

Exit.

CHORVS.

V V E should be grieu'd to griue the Gods,
 Who hold vs in a ballance still;
 And as they will,
 May weigh vs vp, or downe:
 Those who by folly foster pride,
 And doe deride
 The terrour of the Thunderers Roddes,
 In Seas of sinne their Soules doe drowne,

And

And others them abhorre as most vniust,
 Who want Religion doe deserue no trust:
 How dare fraile flesh presume to rise
 (Whilst it deserues Heauens wrath to prone)
 On Earth to moue,
 Lest that it opening straight,
 Giue death and buriall both at once:
 How dare such ones
 Looke vp vnto the Skies,
 For feare to feele the Thunders weight:
 All Elements their Makers will attend,
 As prompt to plague, as men are to offend.
 None escapes some plague who Gods displease,
 Then whilst he *Bacchus* rites did scorne
 Was *Pentheus* torne:
 The *Delians* high disdain
 Made *Niobe*: (though turn'd a stone)
 With teares still mone,
 And (*Pallas* to appease)
Arrachne weaues loath'd webbes in vaine:
 Heauen hath prepar'd ere euer they beginne,
 A fall for pride, a punishment for sinne.
 Loe, I v n o yet doth still retaine
 That Indignation once conceiu'd,
 For wrong receiu'd
 From *Parus* as we finde;
 And for his cause (bent to disgrace
 The *Trojan* race)
 Doth hold a high disdain,
 Long laide vp in a loftie minde:
 We should abstaine from irritating those,
 Whose thoughts (if wrong'd) not till reueng'd repose,
 Thus, those for *Parus* fond desire,
 Who of his pleasures had no part,
 For them must smart:
 Such be the fruites of lust;
 Can heauenly brests so long time lodge
 A secret grudge.
 Like Mortals thrall to Ire,
 Till Iustice whiles doth seeme vniust:
 s

Of all the Furies which afflict the Soule
Lust and reuenge are hardest to controule:
The Gods giue them but rarely rest,
Who doe against their will contend
And plagues doe spend,
That fortunate in nought,
Their sprites quite parted from repose
May still expose
The stormie troubled brest
A prey to each tyrannicke thought:
All selfe-accusing Soules no rest can finde;
What greater torment then a troubled minde:
Let vs adore immortall Pow'rs,
On whose decree, of euery thing
The State doth hing,
That (farre from barbarous broiles)
We of our life this litle space
May spend in peace
Free from Afflictions showres;
Or at the least from guiltie toyles;
Let vs of rest the Treasure strine to gaine,
Without the which nought can be had but paine.

Act. II. Scene I.

IULIUS CAESAR, MAR-
CVS ANTONIUS.

Now haue my Hopes attain'd the long'd-for Hea-
In spight of partiall Enuies poy'snous blaits:
My fortune with my Courage hath prou'd euen;
No monument of mis-contentment lasts.
Those who corruial'd me, by me o're-throwne,
Did by their falles giue Feathers to my flight
I in some corner rather liue vnknowne
Than shine in glory, and not shine most bright;
What common is to two, rests no more rare,
In all the World no Phœnix is saue one:

That

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

That of my deeds none challenge might a share,
Would God that I had acted all alone:
And yet at last I need to mourne no more
For enuie of the Macedonians praise,
Since I haue equal'd all who went before;
My deeds in number doe exceede my dayes:
Some earst (whose deeds rest registred by Fame)
Did from their Conquests glorious titles bring,
But Greatnesse to be great, must haue my name:
More to be *Caesar* is then be a King.

Ant. Those warre-like Nations, which did Nations spoile
Are by thy Legions to our Lawes made thrall;
What can braue Mindes not doe by time and toyle?
True magnanimitie triumphes o're all.
Outragious Gaules who in most monstrous swarmes
Went wasting *Asia*, thundring downe all things,
And (*Macedonie* quaking at their armes)
Did insolently make, and vn-make Kings.
Those Gaules who hauing the Worlds Conquerors foil'd,
(As if the World might not haue match'd them then)
Would sacrilegiouſlie haue *Delphos* spoil'd,
And warr'd against the Gods, contemning men;
Yea, those whose Ancestours our City burn'd,
(The onely people whom the Romans fear'd)
By me (*Rome*: nursling) match'd, and o're-match'd mourn'd:
So what they first eclips'd, againe they clear'd.
Then, as to Subiects hauing giuen decrees,
I left the Gaules their rash attempts to me,
And (wounding Neptunes bosome with wing'd Trees)
The world-diuided Britaines did subdue;
The Germanes from their birth inur'd to warre,
Whose martiall mindes still haughtie thoughts haue bred,
Whilst neither men, nor walles, my course could barre,
(Mask'd with my banners) saw their Rhene runne red;
The Easterne Realmes when conqu'ring now of late,
My comming, and o're-comming, was but one;
With little paine earst *Pompey* was call'd great,
Who warr'd with those whose glorious dayes were gone:
But what though thousands set ones praises forth
For fields which shadowes and not Swords obtain'd;

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

The rate (too easie) vilifies the worth:
Haue by great paines, no glory can be gain'd:
From Dangers past, my comfort now proceeds,
Since all who durst gainstand I did o're-come:
And in few words to comprehend my deeds,
Rome conquer'd all the World, and *Caesar* Rome.

Ans. Loe those who striu'd your vertue to suppress,
As whose great actions made them iealous still,
Whilst labouring but too much to make you lesse,
Haue made you to grow great against your will.
Great *Pompey* pompe is past, his glory gone,
And rigorous *Cato* by himselfe lies kill'd;
Then dastard *Cicero* more you honours none,
Thus all your foes are with confusion fill'd.
The Senatours who could not be asswag'd,
Long to your prejudice their pow'r abus'd,
Till at their great ingratitude enrag'd,
I swore our Swords would grant what they refus'd.
When hauing scap'd, endanger'd, and despis'd,
That *Curio* and I did to your Campe resort,
In old bare gownes (like some base slaues) disguis'd,
All sigh'd to see vs wrong'd in such a sort.

Cas. The highest in the Heauen who knowe all hearts,
They know my thoughts as pure as are their Starres,
And that (constrain'd) I came from forraine parts
To seeme vn-ciuill in the ciuill warres.
I mou'd that warre which all the World bemones,
Whilst vrg'd by force to free my selfe from feares;
Still when my Hand gaue wounds, my Heart gaue grones,
No Romanes blood was shed, but I shed teares:
But how could any eleuated spright,
Who had for honour hazarded his blood
Yet yeeld (by froward foes out-ragious spight)
To be defrauded of the hoped good:
When as a multitude of battels wonne,
Had made *Rome* Empire, and my glory great;
And that the *Gauls* (oft vanquish'd) had begunne
To beare the yoke which they disdain'd of late.
Then pompous *Pompey*, my proud Sonne in Law,
And *Cato* (who still cross'd what I design'd)

From

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

From fauouring me the people did with-draw,
And a successour had for spite assign'd;
Not that he should succcede in dangerous broyles,
But (euen through enuie) as they had ordain'd,
That he might so triumph of all my toyles,
And rob the glory which I dearly gain'd;
With such indignitie who could comports,
When prizing honour dearer then the light
No (whilst my Soule rests Soueraigne of this fort)
None shall haue pow'r to rob me of my right:
And yet by I o v n who all the World commands,
To vse such violence I did mislike;
And would haue oft abandon'd all my bands,
If that my Enemies would haue done the like,
But yet the multitude, which floting still
(As waues with windes) are caried with conceits,
With nought but my disgrace would bound their will,
And I committed all vnto the Fates.
Yet when at *Rubicon* I stood perplex'd,
And weigh'd the horror of my high attempt,
My stormie Soule a thousand fancies vex'd,
Which resolution buried in contempt.

Ans. Nought in a Captaine more confounds his foes
Then of a ventrous course, the swift effects,
Since (so quite crush'd) ere they their thoughts dispose,
All good aduice prodigious Care neglects.
Though when you march'd to *Rome*, your pow'r was small,
The sudden newes so thundred in each eare,
That (as if Heauen had falne vpon them all)
They bred amazement, and amazement feare.
Some secret destinie (as then appear'd)
Doth guide Mens adions, and their Iudgement bounds:
They whom huge Armies could not once haue fear'd,
A shadow, or a rumour whiles confounds:
All hastie dangers so surprise the minde,
That feare preuents the resolutions power,
Or else the Fates make curious Reason blinde,
When Heauens determin'd haue a faall houre.
Great *Pompey* (loe) who was growne ag'd in Armes,
And had triumph'd o're all the Worlds three parts,

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

ke (quite discourag'd by imagin'd harmes)
led *Rome*, though without reach of Enemies darts.
s to a torrent all gaue place to you,
nd whom they call'd a rebell made their Lord;
our successour *Domitius* (forc'd to bow)
did trust your fauour more than feare your sword.
hen in Iberian bounds you did arriue,
here, Aduersaries (who did vainely vaunt)
ad all aduantage that the ground could giue,
nd wealth of victuals which with vs were scant.
et the celeritie that you had vs'd
did so discourage their disordred band,
hat (as I o v e in their breasts had feare infus'd)
hey had no strength against our strokes to stand.
nd when *Rome* generall with braue Legions stor'd,
eem'd to possesse all that his Soule requir'd,
Whilst vs to daunt, both famine and the Sword,
he Sea, the Land, and all in one conspir'd;
hen, for your offices they did contend,
As those who of the victory were sure,
nd (where they might affaires of state attend)
n *Rome* for lodgings fondly did procure.
et memorable now that day remains,
When all the World was in two Armies rang'd
Whilst *Mars* went raging through *AEmathias* plaines,
nd to Despaire high Expectations chang'd;
hat famous field when the Pompeyans lost,
As Lyons doe their prey you did pursue
The scattred remnant of that ruin'd hoste,
On which new heads still (like a *Hydra*) grew.
Though victory in *Africke* fatall seem'd
To any Armie that a *Scipio* led,
(et you shew'd there (for worth in warre esteem'd)
hat *Rome* a better then a *Scipio* bred;
And all our Enemies were confounded thus,
Who vs in number euer did surmount;
But *Caesar* and his fortune were with vs,
Which we did more then many thousands count.
Cas. The sweetest comfort which my Conquests gaue,
It was the meane how to doe many good:

For

For euery day some Romanes life I saue,
Who in the field to fight against me stood.
Thus, may my minde be iudg'd by the euent,
Who (euen when by my greatest foes assail'd)
To win the battell neuer was more bent
Then prompt to pardon when I had preuail'd.
Not couetous of blood, of spoyles, nor harmes,
I (euen when Victor) did insult o're none,
But laide aside all hatred with my armes,
A foe in fight, a friend when it was gone.
Of clemencie I like the praise, more then
Offorce, which Mortals with Affliction lodes:
Strength oft may proue the worst thing in a Man,
And pity is the best thing in the Gods.
Sterne *Caio* (still affecting to be free)
Who either death or life (if giuen) disdain'd;
Thy death I enuie, who didst enuie me,
The glory that I (sauing thee) had gain'd.
Yet I to Rents and dignities restore
Euen those who long my ruine had design'd:
And O! it doth delight my minde farre more
By benefites, then by constraint to binde.

Ant. I would haue all my foes brought to their ends.

Cas. I rather haue my foes all made my friends.

Ant. Their blood who I suspect'd should quench all strife.

Cas. So might one doe who lik'd of nought but life.

Ant. Still life would be redeem'd from dangers forth.

Cas. Not with a ransome then it selfe more worth.

Ant. Than life to man what thing more deare succeedest

Cas. The great contentment which true glory breeds.

Ant. Men by all meanes this blast of breath prolong.

Cas. Men should strue to liue well, not to liue long.

And I would spend this momentarie breath

To liue by fame for euer after death:

For, I aspire in spight of Fates to liue.

Ant. I feare that some too soone your death contriue.

Ca. Who dare but lodge such thoughts within their minds?

Ant. Those whom the shadow of your Greatnesse blinds,

Cas. The best are bound to me by gifts in store.

Ant. But to their cuntry they are bound farre more.

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

Cas. Then loathe they me as enemy of the State &

Ant. Who freedom loue, you (as vsurper) hate.

Cas. I by huge battels haue enlarg'd their bounds.

Ant. By that they thinke your pow'r too much abounds.

Cas. From doing wrong yet I refraine my will.

Ant. They feare your pow'r, because it may doe ill.

Cas. The present state still mis-contentment brings

To factious mindes affecting matters strange,

Which (burdens to themselues) irke of all things,

And so they change, regard not what they change.

In populous Townes where many make repaire,

(Whose confluence by conference all things touch)

They further then their bounds extend their care:

The Idle who doe nothing must thinke much.

Loe, *Rom.* (though wasted all with raging warres)

Whilst priuate grudge pretended publike good,

Equalitie (still rude) engendring Iarres,

Did proue too prodigall of Roman blood,

Yet by huge toiles attaining vnto rest,

That it (obeying one) may banish teares:

Who (if constrain'd) not scornes (as bad) the best &

This word Necessitie so wounds the cares.

The insolent with vile seditious words

(Who trembled whilst they heard the Trumpets sound)

Stirre now their tongues, as we did then our swords,

And what *Mars* spar'd, make *Mercurie* confound.

The people thus in time of peace agree

To curbe the great *Mars* still, even in that forme

As in calme dayes they doe disbranch the tree,

Which shrowded them of late against a storme.

But now I look'd (braue deedes appeasing spight)

That bursted enuie should for anguish die,

Darke shadowes (as asham'd) doe vanish quite

When at his height bright *Phabus* cleares the Skie.

And though their hatred deeply they disguise,

Yet can they not so hide enflam'd desires,

But that their spight rests sparkling through their eyes,

And boasts to burst out straight in open fires.

Ant. Since first (great *Caesar*) I discern'd thy worth,

On all thy actions I did still attend;

And

And
Fran
Sinc
Of g
They
And
Sinc
Waf
Whil
All t
This
It sou
As T
Who
Ca
For k
Nor t
But t
You l
In m
Thar
Till b
For, a
Of th
So So
Bree
And,
Hau
Whil
And a
Ah, s
Be b
And f
Rest
No, m
I'll p
My b
To m
With
Your

And what some whisper, must speake freely forth:
 Franke admonitions doe become a friend;
 Since first men did suspect that you aspire
 Of gouernement the present forine to change,
 They in their soules your ruine doe conspire,
 And their affections farre from you estrange.
 Since chaste *Lucretia* (by proud *Tarquin* stain'd)
 Wash'd with her blood the violated bed,
 Whilst by his pow'r *Rome* basely was constrain'd
 All to obey which his curst braine had bred.
 This gouernment which some tyrannicke call,
 It sounds so odious in the peoples eares,
 As Tyrants vile, that they detest them all,
 Whose greatnesse giues them any cause of feares.

Cas. I not affect the title of a King
 For loue of glory, or desire of gaine,
 Nor for respect of any priuate thing,
 But that the State may by my trauels gaine.
 You know, *Sibyllas* Bookes which neuer faile
 In many mindes haue an opinion bred
 That o're the Parthians *Rome* cannot preuaile
 Till by a Prince her valorous bands be led:
 For, as confusion is the fruite we finde
 Of those affaires which diuerse thoughts dispose,
 So Soueraignie match'd with a gallant minde
 Breeds reuerence in ones owne, feare to his foes.
 And, O! it grieues me that these steppes of ours
 Haue trode so oft on many Millions neckes,
 Whilst yet the Parthian viliends our pow'rs,
 And all our victories (not vanquish'd) checkes.
 Ah, should a Generall of the Romane race
 Be by Barbarians kill'd: and not reueng'd?
 And should his ensignes, signes of our disgrace
 Rest in the ranke of conquer'd relicts rang'd?
 No, no (wretch'd *Craffus*) now thy selfe content,
 I'll pacifie thy Ghost with Parthians spoyles.
 My boyling fancies haue beene alwayes bent
 To match the matchlesse, daunt vndaunted soiles.
 With Victories quite cloy'd, will you not then
 Your safetie once, more then new warres respect?

Cas.

Cas. No, though I haue surmounted other men,
My fancies yet doe greater things affect:
In emulation of my selfe at last,
I euen with enuie looke on my owne deeds;
And (bent to make the new surpasse things past)
Now to my minde olde praise no pleasure breeds.

Ant. The world hath seen thee (great man) for *Romes* good
In danger oft of many dangerous selfe,
Whilst for her glory thou engag'd thy blood,
Of others carefull, carelesse of thy selfe,

Ca. Though whilst in Aprill of my blooming age,
I from the vulgar rate redeem'd my name,
Some with my deeds did burden Youthes hote rage,
And an ambitious appetite of fame.
Yet since the coldnesse of declining yeares
Boastes to congeale the blood which boyld of late,
Whilst else my life the Sunne of glory cleares,
Who now of all the World am knowne most great;
I cannot couet that thing which I haue,
I haue all honour that can be requir'd:
And now (as that which wants) would onely craue
To taste the pleasures of a life retir'd:
But (saue to serue the State) for nought I strue,
For, O! (neglecting ecchoes of renowne)
I could content my selfe vnknowne to liue
A priuate man with a Plebeian gowne:
Since (*Auithonio*) thus for the State I care,
And all delights which Nature loues disdain,
Goe, and in time the peoples mindes prepare
That as the rest I may the title gaine;
Yet indirectly at the first assay
To what their doubtfull mindes doe most inclyne,
But as without my knowledge, that they may
All marke your minde, and yet not thinke of mine.

Exeunt.

Act. II.

Act. II. Scene. II:

CICERO, DECIVS
BRUTVS.

DId I surmount impetuous *Silla's* rage,
And in a torrent of destruction stood,
Whilst Tyrants did make *Rome* a tragick stage
Through a voluptuous appetite of blood:
Scap'd I confusion in a time so bad,
Of libertie and honour once to taste,
That bondage now might make my Soule more sad
By the remembrance of my fortunes past:
What though I once (when first by Fame made knowne)
From *Catiline's* strange treason did preserue
This Towne, when free from foes, thrall'd by her owne,
Since first the World from equitie did swerue:
A sparke of that conspiracie remains
As yet not quench'd to haue our state imbroyl'd,
That now on *Rome* flames of confusion raines,
Thus one was spar'd, that we might all be spoyl'd,
O worthie *Cato* in whose wondrous minde
Three (rarely match'd) things Nature did reueale,
Wit, Honestie, and Courage, which design'd
A Citizen for *Platoes* Common-weale:
Whilst courteous *Pompey* did things as a friend,
Thou as a Wise-man spoke, and still fore-told
To what all *Cæsars* deedes would turne in end,
That his pride were not in time control'd,
And had we him (as wisely thou aduis'd)
Giuen to the Germans whom he had iniur'd
We had not now beene thus like slaues despis'd
To see *Romes* glory, and our owne obscur'd:
But yet I may (disbending former cares)
A space comport with that proud Tyrants pow'rs;
Age giues assurance by my withred haire,
That death will seale my suretie in few houres:

Yer

Yet yee whose youth and sprite might haue attain'd
Those dignities which *Cæsar* hath vndone:
O! ye haue lost as much as he hath gain'd,
Whose rising hopes must be retrench'd so soone.

Dec. Though Innouations at the first seeme strange,
Yet oft Experience approbation brings,
And if with vpright thoughts we weigh this change,
On it the safetie of our Citie hinges.

As in the depthes dasht with redoubling waues,
A Ship by differing mindes rests more imbroyl'd,
So was our City plagu'd with diuerse Lawes,
By murmuring vulgars (scorning rule) turmoyl'd;
Whilst for one sicknesse diuerse drugges are vs'd,
Whose pow'rs (repugnant) in digestion iarre,
Impatient Patients perish when abus'd,
So did we long whilst vex'd by ciuill warre,
But now great *Cæsar* from tempestuous windes
Romes scattred ruines recollects of late:

A Pilote meete to calme tumultuous mindes,

A Doctor fit for a distempred state.

Cic. The State from stormes secure by drowning proud
Now whilst despaire doth doubtfull feares appeale,
He (with the life) the sicknesse quite remoues;
Thus is the Physicke worse then the disease.
This common-weale (as all the World did spie)
Though by proud sprites in ciuill warres inuolu'd,
Yet like blacke Clouds which would obscure the Skie,
Their tumid humors suddenly dissolu'd;
And no disgrace vnto the state redounds,
But to ambitious Men who it abus'd,
Who (had their pow'r like *Cæsars* wanted bounds)
Would whilst they rulde haue greater rigour vs'd.
All parts (we see) breed people of all kindes,
And as aduanc'd some bad men did abide,
In pow'r their equals, and of better mindes,
Some alwayes vertuous were to curbe their pride;
But since that sacred libertie was lost,
The publike pow'r to priuate endes one turnes:
And (as his lawlesse wayes did alwayes boast)
The Common-weale by violence ore-turnes.

Dec. Though what you burden *Cesar* with were true,
Necessitie hath purg'd his part from crime,
Who was (foes force to shunne) forc'd to pursue,
And urg'd by danger to attempt in time.
To enemies enuie more oblig'd he rests,
Then to his wit which no such courses scand:
Till when quite barr'd from vsing of requests,
Occasion then inuited to command.
His thoughts when calme to storme fond foes did tempt:
True Worth disdaines to suffer open wrong:
A gallant courage kindled by contempt
Must by reuenge be quench'd, whilst rage makes strong.

Cic. O *Decius*, now, a wrong accompt you cast,
The purpose, not euent, defines the munde:
Tread backe the steppes of all his actions past,
And what he compass'd had beene long design'd.
As by some sprite inspir'd, proud *Scilla* said:
That there in *Cesar* many Marians were,
And *Rome* in time was warn'd to be afraide
Of that euill-girded Youth, with smooth-comb'd haire.
Then when (as still to quietnesse a foe)
The memorie of *Marius* he renew'd,
By re-erecting Tyrants statues so,
His thoughts all bent to tyranny were view'd.
That people-pleaser might haue beene perceiu'd
By courteous complements below his ranke,
Who lauishng forth gifts the World deceiu'd,
And to gaine more then his, of his prou'd franke.
Though nought at all indulgent to his Wife,
By prostrated pudicitie disgrac'd;
Yet did he saue adultrous *Clotius* life
To soothe the multitude whose steppes he trac'd.

Dec. These be the meanes by which Ambition mounts,
Without most humble, when most high within,
And as it fled from that thing which it hunts,
Still wasting most, when most it mindes to winne.

Cic. Then tyrannie he still bent to embrace,
Was thought conioyn'd with *Calpurne* to be,
And, had wise *Cato's* counsell taken place
Might with the rest haue suffered death by me.

Yet

Yet hauing sunke himselfe in some Mens Soules,
 With factious followers hauing suted oft,
 He got the Consul-shipp which nought controules,
 And matching Pride with Pow'r, did looke aloft;
 To flatter them who now must flatter him,
 His pow'r to make vnlawfull Lawes preuail'd,
 And those to crosse who scorn'd he so should clim,
 He furnisht was with force, where Reason fail'd:
 But yet because he could not be assur'd
 To rule alone according to his will,
 To gouerne *France* he craftily procur'd
 So to be strengthened with an Armie still.
 As *Rome* first warr'd at home till being strong,
 She thought her selfe of power States to o're-come:
 So *Caesar* warr'd against strange Nations long,
 Till that he thought his might might conquer *Rome*.
 Then hauing all which force or Fate assignes,
 Of discontentment he did cause pretend,
 So to dissemble fore-conceiu'd designs:
 One soone may finde a fault who would offend:
 But when he first in a prodigious dreame
 His Mother seem'd incestuously to vse:
 It might haue showne to his eternall shame,
 How of his birth the bounds he did abuse.
Des. And yet I thinke (auoyding threatned harmes)
 He by constrainc imbarc'd in ciuill broiles:
 Did he not couenant to quite his Armes
 As not desirous of his Countries spoyles?
Cis. Durst he with those who had his charge confin'd,
 Stand to capitulat as if their mate,
 Where(as his Soueraigne) to obey their minde
 It was his duety, and their due of late.
 What, what: durst he whom bound to keepe the Law,
 The people all did willingly promote,
 The Sword which they had giuen, against them draw;
 When it was sharpened first to cut their throat?
 That had not come which all our anguish breeds,
 If he vnfore'd when as his charge expir'd;
 Till that the Senate censur'd had his deeds,
 Had from his Prouince peaceably retir'd.

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

No, he hath but betrayde his natue Towne,
Those bands by which she did him first preferre,
To free her borders, and his owne renowne,
Those hath he vs'd to tyrannize o're her.
My passions (ah transported as you see
With an excessiue loue to my deare soile)
Of my Hearts store haue made my Tongue too free,
By flaming forth what in my brest doth boyle.

Dec. That *Caesars* part might iustly be excus'd,
Loe, with the cause alledg'd his course accords,
Of which that mildnesse which he since hath vs'd,
A testimony to the World affords.
Though forc'd to fight, he alwayes had great care
To saue our Citizens, as each man knowes,
And bade his Captaines still all Romanes spare;
Barbarians bodies obiects were for blowes:
Of Aduersaries after bloody strife,
When oft he might haue made some Captiues smart,
Not onely was he liberall of their life,
But still them pardon'd to take *Pompeyes* part;
At that infortunate Pharsalian field,
When he securely might haue vs'd the Sword,
He both did spare all Enemies that would yeeld,
And them to rents and dignities restor'd:
Then when Egyptians (so to get reliefe)
Brought to his sight pale *Pompeyes* bloodlesse head,
He testifed with teares his inward grieve,
And grac'd his Statues after he was dead.
Those his proceedings plainly may approue
That he against his will maintain'd this warre;
And to his Countrey beates a tender loue,
Who could comport to reine his rage so farre.

Cic. Those fauours fain'd, which for a forme he shew,
As is their custome whose high heart aspires,
Were spent on many as the World might view
So to inuolue himselfe in their desires:
But where he thus spar'd some, he spoyl'd whole hostes,
And the Barbarians all to *Rome* not wrought
Such harme as he who of his goodnesse boasts,
Yet her best men hath to confusion brought;

That

That great Man once who of no euill could pause,
But still preuail'd, whilst warring without right,
(Arm'd for the Common-weale in a good cause)
With *Caesar* did unfortunately fight.
From *Lesbos* fled with his afflicted Wife,
Three base-borne Grooms (can Fortune change so soone)
Stood to consult vpon great *Pompeyes* life,
And did what thousands durst not once haue done;
Then he whose knees had oft beene kiss'd by Kings,
(Most highly happy, had he dy'd in time)
By one of his owne Slaues with abiect things
His Funerals had perform'd (what monstrous crime!)
Romes greatest Captaine to entombe alone,
The Romane who arriu'd with reason said:
The fatall glory was too great for one,
And to haue part of that last honour staide;
The teares bestow'd by *Caesar* on his head
Forth from a guiltie minde Remorce had throwne:
Or else he wept to see his enemy dead
By any others hands then by his owne.
That constant *Cato* who euen Death did scorne,
The rare arch-tipe of an accomplish'd man
(Who liu'd as if to grace all Mortals borne)
He (him abhorring) to destruction ranne.
He iustly whilst more iust, himselfe more strong,
Then *Caesar* thought who for no iustice car'd:
And since discovering what he cloak'd so long,
Said: that the other, and not he was snar'd.
Thus *Caesar* conquer'd all but *Catoes* minde,
Who to a Tyrant would not owe his breath:
But in such sort his famous course confin'd,
Then *Caesar's* life more glorious was his death:
Those great Men thus brought to disastrous ends,
The Author of their death make me despise,
Who to vsurpe all pow'r while-as he tends,
By treading good men downe, doth strue to rise.
Now made most great by lessening all the great,
He proudly did triumph in *Rome*, o're *Rome*:
And we must seeme to please the present State,
Whose doubtfull breath depends vpon his doome.

Yet

Yet had I not enlarg'd my griefes so long
To you whom *Caesar* doth pretend to loue;
Saue that (I know) touch'd with the common wrong;

A iust disdain all generous mindes must moue,

Dec. Had *Caesar* willingly resign'd his Armes,
And rendred *Rome* her libertie at last,
When as from foes he fear'd no further harmes,
But had repair'd his iust displeasures past,
More then for all that could be done for me,
He should haue had an Altar in my brest,
As worthie (for his vertuous deeds) to be

Fear'd by the bad, and honour'd by the best:

But since (though conquering all the World by might)

He (to himselfe a slaue) would make *Rome* thrall,

His benefites are loathsome in my sight,

And I am grieu'd that he deserues to fall;

My fancies moue not in so low a Spheare,

But I disdain that one *Romes* Crowne requires;

Yet it is best that with the time we beare,

And with our pow'r proportion our desires.

Though first dissembling, so your minde to try,

I told what Fame to *Caesars* praise relates;

Yet was I pleas'd that moe were grieu'd than I:

All discontented men are glad of Mares.

Cic. Since tyrannie all libertie exiles,

We must our selues (no more our selues) disguise:

Than learne to maske a mourning minde with smiles,

And seeme to like that which we most despise.

Yet, all our deeds not *Caesars* humour please,

Who (since mistrusting once) esteemes vs still

When dumbe disdainfull, flatterers when we praise,

If plaine, presumptuous, and in all things ill:

Yea, we, whose freedom *Caesar* now restraines,

As his attenders all his steppes must trace;

And know, yet not acknowledge his disdaines,

But still pretend an interest in his grace:

Though all my thoughts detest him as a foe,

To honour him a thousand meanes I moue,

Yet but to saue my selfe, and plague him so:

Yet No hate more harmes than it that looks like loue.

His pride that through præpost'rous honour swells
Hath by the better sort, made him abhor'd,
The Gods are iealous, and Men enuie else
To see a Mortall Man so much ador'd.

Dec. Well, *Cicero* let all meanes be entertain'd
That may embarke vs in his bosomes depthes,
Till either willingly, or than constrain'd,
He iustly quit what he vniustly keeps.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

THis life of ours is like a Rose
Which whilst it Beauties rare array
Doth then enioy the least repose;
When Virgin like made blush (we see)
Of euery hand it is the prey,
And by each winde is blowne away;
Yea, though from violence scap'd free,
(Thus Time triumphes, and leades all thralls)
Yet doth it languish and decay:
O! whilst the courage hottest boiles,
And that our life seemes best to be,
It is with Dangers compast still,
Whilst it each litle change appalles,
The body force, without whiles foiles,
The owne distemp' rature whiles spoiles,
Of which, though none it chance to kill,
As Nature failes, the body falles,
Of which saue death, nought bounds the toiles;
What is this mouing Towie in which we trust:
A litle winde clos'd in a cloud of dust.
And yet some spirits though being pent
In this fraile Prisons narrow bounds,
Whilst what might serue may not content,
Doe alwayes bend their thoughts too hie,
And aime at all the peopled grounds;
Then whilst their breasts Ambition wounds,

Ther

Though feeding (as bent straight to die)
They build as they might alwayes liue,
Whilst famish'd for Fames empty sounds;
Of such no end the trauell ends,
But a beginning giues, whereby
They may be vex'd worse then before;
For, whilst they still new hopes contriue,
The hoped good more anguish sends
Then the possess'd contentment lends;
As beasts not taste, but doe deuoure,
They swallow much, and for more strinue,
Whilst still their hope new hap attends:
And how can such but still themselues annoy
Who know to conquer, but not to enioy
Since as a Ship amidst the Depthes,
Or as an Eagle through the Aire,
Of which no way impression keepes,
Most swift when seeming least to moue:
This breath of which we take such care
Doth trosse the body euery-where,
That it may hence with haste remoue:
Life slippes and sleepes alwayes away,
Then whence, and as it came, goes bare,
Whose steppes behinde no trace doe leaue.
Why should Heauen-banish'd Soules thus loue
The cause, and bounds, of their exile,
As restless Strangers where they strays
And with such paine why should they reauce
That which they haue no right to haue,
Which with them-selues within short while
As Sommers Beauties must decay,
And can giue nought except the graues
Though all things doe to harme him what they can,
No greater Enemie then himselfe to man;
Whilst oft enuiron'd with his foes,
Which threatned death on euery side,
Great Caesar parted from repose,
As Atlas holding vp the Starres,
Did of a World the weight abide,
But since a prey to foolish pride,

More then by all the former warres
 He now by it doth harm'd remaine,
 And of his fortune doth deside:
 Made rich by many Nations wreake,
 He (breaking through the liquid barres)
 In *Neptunes* Armes his Minion forc'd;
 Yet still pursu'd new hopes in vaine:
 Would the ambitious looking backe
 Of their inferiours knowledge take,
 They from huge cares might be diuorc'd,
 Whilst viewing f. w more wealth attaine,
 And many more than they to lacke:
 The onely plague from men which rest doth reauē,
 Is weighing what they want, not what they haue.
 Since thus the great them-sē lues inuolue
 In such a Labyrinth of cares,
 Whence none to scape can well resolute,
 But by degrees is forward led,
 Through waues of hopes, rockes of despair:
 Let vs auoyde Ambitions snares,
 And farre from stormes by enuie bred,
 Still seeke (though low) a quiet rest,
 With mindes where no proud thought repaires,
 That in vaine shadowes doth delight;
 Thus may our fancies still be fed
 With that which Nature freely giues;
 Let vs inquiry detest,
 And hold but what we owe of right;
 Eyes treasure is all-circling light,
 Not that vaine pompe for which Earth strives,
 Whose glory (but a poysonous pest)
 To plague the Soule delights the sight:
 Ease comes with ease, where all by paine buy paine,
 Rest we in peace, by warre let others raigne.

Act. III. Scene. 1.

CAIUS CASSIUS, MAR-
CVS BRVTVS.



Ow (*Brutus*) now, we neede no more to doubt,
Nor with blind hope our Iudgement to suspend,
That flatterers credite (loe) is quite wome out;
We must in time attempt, and not attend:

That race of Victors which did Realmes appall
Ah (vanquish'd by their victories at last)
Are by their too much libertie made thrall,
Since all their strength but serues them-selues to cast;
And we who by our birth aym'd at great things
Of the Worlds Mistresse mighty Minions once,
Who might haue labour'd to giue Lawes to Kings,
Lawes from a King. must looke for now with grones:
For, such of *Caesar* is the monstrous pride
That though he dominires else at this houre,
And to his Clients Kingdomes doth diuide
With an vnlimited tyrannick pow'r,
Yet of Dictator he disdaines the Name,
And seekes a Tyrants title with the place,
Not for his honour, no, but for our shame,
As onely bent to bragge of our disgrace.

Mar. Brut. I thought to see that Man (as others are)
Walke re-apparrell'd with a priuate gowne,
As one who had vnwillingly made warre
To stand himsele, not to cast others downe:
So *ulla* (though more inhumane then he)
Whilst hauing all to what his heart aspir'd,
The Soueraignty resign'd and set *Rome* free
When Expectations date was quite expir'd.
By *Caesar's* worth we must thinke that he too
Will render freedome to this captiu'd State
When first the World hath view'd what he might doo,
His thoughts are generous, as his minde is great.

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

Though insolencies flow from courage whiles,
His dying furie sparkles but a space:
High thoughts which *Mars* inspires nought quite exiles
Till one haue vs'd the puritie of peace.
Those who by violence to all things tend
Scarfe can themselues to quietnesse conforme,
Their stately cariage, and franke words, offend,
Whilst peace cannot comport with warres rude forme.
I hope that *Caesar* settling ciuill broiles,
When worne by custome from intestine rage
Will striue to mitigat his Countreyes toiles,
And all those flames which burn'd his brest, assuage.

Ca. Caff Thus, of his course you by your owne conceiu'd,
As if like thoughts of both did bound the will:
Ah, honest mindes are with least paine deceiu'd,
Those who themselues are good, not dreame of ill.
To sound of some the still vnfound deuiſe,
Their inclination must your Iudgement sway:
The square of Vertue cannot measure Vice,
Nor yet a line when straight a crooked way.
So *Caesar* rising may vsurpe the State,
He cares not by what force, nor by what sleight:
O! one may soone deceiue men and grow great,
Who leaues Religion, Honestie, and Right.
When as the Senatours (no more their owne)
Came to that Tyrant whom Ambition blindes,
And by high honours shew'd how they had showne
To gratifie his Greatnesse, gratefull mindes;
He in a Chaire imperiously plac'd
Not daign'd to rise nor bow in any sort,
As both of them had but their due embrac'd,
When he a hautie, they a humble port.
But if he thus, ere we be thoroughly thrall'd,
Dare so disdainfully such great men vse,
When in a regall Throne by vs enstall'd,
Then will he breake that which he now doth bruse,
Was he not first who euer yet began
To violate the sacred Tribunes place,
And punish'd them for punishing a Man
Who had transgress'd the Lawes in time of peace?

The Lawes which do of death all guilty hold,
 Whose actions seeme to tyrannie inclin'd,
 So earnest were our Ancestors of old
 To quench a Tyrants light before it shin'd:
 And shall our Nephewes (heires of bondage) blame
 Vs dastard Parents who their hopes deceiu'd,
 Who saw, who suffred, who surui'd such shame,
 Not leauing dead, what we when borne receiu'd?
 By *Cæsars* friends, to an assemblie brought,
 The Senatours intend to call him King.

Brut. I le not be there. *Cass.* But what if we be sought
 To aide (as Pretors) such a publike thing?

Brut. Then I'le resist that violent decree;
 None of *Romes* Crowne shall long securely boast:
 For, ere that I liue thrall'd, I'le first die free,
 What can be kept when libertie is lost?

Cass. O with what ioy I swallow vp those words,
 Words worthy of thy worth, and of thy name:
 But (*Brutus*) be not fear'd, this cause affords
 In danger many, but few mates in fame;
 When *Anthony* proud *Cæsars* Image crown'd
 By silent sorrow all the people told
 In what a depth of woes their thoughts were drown'd,
 So bondage brag'd that Comet to behold.
 What doe those scroules throwne in thy Chaire import,
 Which what thou art to braue thy courage brings?
 Be those the fancies of the vulgar sort?
 No, none but noble mindes dreame of great things;
 Of other Pretors people looke for shoves,
 And distributions whose remembrance dyes,
 Whilst bloody Fencers, fall with mutuall blowes,
 And *Africks* Monsters doe amaze their eyes;
 But from thy hands they libertie attend
 (By birth-right due) the glory of thy race,
 And bent for thee their blood will frankly spend,
 So thou succede in thy great Parents place.
 He (*Rome* redeeming) *Tarquin* did o're-throw
 Though from his birth obey'd, and without strife:
 A rising Tyrant then bring boldly low,
 To what extinguish'd is who would giue life.

Brut. I weigh thy words with an afflicted heart,
Which for compassion of my Countrey bleeds:
And would to God that I might onely smart,
So that all others scap'd what mischiefe breeds;
Then neuer man himselſe from death did free
With a more quiet and contented minde
Then I would periſh, if I both could be
To *Caſar* thankfull, to my Countrey kinde:
But though that great Mans grace to me enlarg'd,
May challenge right in my affections ſtore,
Yet muſt the greateſt debt be firſt diſcharg'd,
I owe him much, but to my Countrey more.
This in my breaſt hath great diſſention bred:
I *Caſar* loue, but yet *Romes* enemie hate,
And as I o v e liues, I could be mou'd to ſhed
My blood for *Caſar*, *Caſars* for the ſtate.
I for my Fathers death loath'd *Pompey* long,
Whilſt iuſt diſdaine did boyle within my breaſt:
Yet when he warr'd to venge the common wrong,
I ioy'd with him becauſe his cauſe was beſt.
A minde to raigne if *Caſar* now reueale,
I will in time præcipitate his end:
Thus (neuer arm'd but for the Common-weale)
I help'd a foe, and now muſt hurt a friend.

Cass. Leſt of his fauour thou the poyſon proue,
From ſwallowing of ſuch baits (deare friend) beware:
No Tyrant (truſt me) can intirely loue,
Nor none who for himſelfe doth onely care:
He by this courſe doth onely but intend
Thy vertue ſlack'd) to vnder-mine thy minde:
Thy well-knowne courage purpoſ'd to diſbend,
Thus (though with ſilken bonds) he would thee binde.
This of all Tyrants is the common tread,
To wreake all thoſe in whom moſt worth he findes;
Or (whilſt that terrors coſe his iealous head)
By ſubtiltie to inare the greateſt mindes:
As for the Pretor-ſhip when we did ſtrive,
Then both were held in hope, that ſo deceiu'd,
Ve others harmes might studie to contriue
Through emulation and diſdaine conceiu'd.

Thus

Thus
To ſow
Of pri
Still co
But n
Who
Let o
Iſcorn
Brut
My he
But (p
From
Of thi
Here,
My the
For, R
Nor d
With
That v
I in hi
No, if
To wh
I need
But w
For, if
Till T
He thi
And I
Yet d
As to
Ear O
That
Yea,
My ſo
I coul
Whic
Caſ
But w
And
Dare

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

Thus subtle *Caesar* by such sleights hath toyld
To sowe dissention, that we both may paule
Of priuate wrongs, and (by such meanes imbroil'd)
Still courting him, neglect the common cause.

But nought from others must our thoughts estrange,

Who must in time the Tyrants course restraine
Let other men lament, we must reuenge,
Iscorne to beare a Sword, and to complaine.

Brut. Though *Caesar* (now) I must conspire thy fall,

My heart to thee yet neuer harbour d hate:

But (pardon me) who euer make it thrall,

From bondage *Brutus* must redeeme the state.

Of this my course what euer others iudge,

Here, I protest it is for good design'd,

My thoughts are guiltie of no priuate grudge,

For, Reason, and not Furie moues my minde.

Nor doth Ambition now enflame my brest

With a prodigious appetite to raigne,

That when I haue made *Caesar* *Plutoes* Guest,

I in his roome a Monarch may remaine:

No, if that glory did my fancies charme,

To which (blind-folded) Tyrants doe aspire,

I needed not to doe, nor suffer harme,

But with lesse paine might compasse my desire:

For, if I would but temporize a space,

Till Time, or Death diminish *Caesars* might,

He thinkes that I deserue to haue his place.

And I could make my Day succcede his Night;

Yet doe I not endeere my selfe so much

As to seeke honour by my Countreyes shame:

But O! I would (my zeale to it is such)

That it may scape, incurre a kinde of blame.

Yea, so that I may free wich honour'd wounds

My soile than is my soule more deare to me,

I could my selfe liue banish'd from that bounds,

Which at so deare a rate I would set free.

Cass. What man doth breath of *Mars*-his martiall race,

But will with *Brutus* sacrifice his blood,

And (charg'd with Armes) ere tyrannie rake place

Dare venture all things for his Countreyes good.

Can

Can any Iudgement be deceiu'd so farre,
 But that it elle most clearly may behold
 How that this change *Romes* greatnesse soone will marre,
 And raze the Trophies which she reard of old.
 Of old in *Rome* all those who once had worn
 The peace-importing Gowne, or warre-like shield:
 Of dignities as capable first borne,
 Durst aime at all that libertie could yeeld;
 Those in affaires to deale who would set forth,
 Were not discourag'd by their birth, though base,
 And pouertie could not hold backe true worth
 From hauing honour both by warre and peace.
 Then emulation violently driu'd
 All gallant mindes to tempt great actions still;
 In Vertues loue who friendly riuals liu'd
 Whilst in their bosomes Glory balme did still:
Fabius first was from the plow aduanc'd
 The Rudder of the Common-weale to hold,
 Yet by no meanes his priuate wealth enhanc'd,
 As rich in vertue still, as poore in gold.
 Rude *Marius* too, to match red *Mars* in fame,
 Forth from the vulgar drosse his race remou'd,
 And loe, of *Cicero* the ridiculous name
 As famous as the *Fabians* now hath prou'd.
 Each abiect minde disdain'd to be obscure,
 When still preferment follow'd lostie cares,
 And that one might by dangers past, procure
 Fame to himselfe, and honour to his Heires:
 But since that state by *Caesar* is o're-turn'd,
 Whilst all our liues depend vpon ones lippes;
 Of breasts which once with loue of glory burn'd
 From soaring thoughts this course the feathers clippes;
 Advancement now doth not attend desert,
 But flowes from fancies of a flattred minde;
 Which to base hirelings honour doth impart,
 Whilst enuy'd worth no safe retreat can finde.
 All proud vsurpers most addicted proue
 To them whom without cause they raise too hie,
 As thinking those who stand but by their loue,
 To entertaine the same, all meanes must trie.

Where

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

Where they, whose Vertue reapes a due reward,
Not building onely on the Givers grace,
Doe by deserts not gaine so great regard,
Whilst they maintaine, as they obtaine their place.
And if a worthy Man to worke great things,
Wing'd with a Tyrants fauour raise his flight,
The highest course to him most harme still brings,
Who till he fall, can not haue leaue to light,
Those who by force would haue affection mou'd,
When willingly men hold such Gallants deare,
They rage that any should be freely lou'd,
Whose Vertue makes their vice more vile appeare.
The Man who now to be prefer'd aspires,
Must by base flatterie in a seruile forme
Still soothing *Caesar*, seale all his desires,
And in some shadow lurke to scape a storme.
A number else of that proud Rebels foes,
Who grieue to see the ground whence growes their griefe,
Would in obscurity entombe their woes,
So waiting, and not working for reliefe.
But we whose loftie mindes disdain to lowre
As those who seeke but their owne safetie thus;
When shall we spend an indignations pow'r,
Which (as braue Romanes) worthie is of vs;
Brut. Since no indignitie bent to endure,
I see our mindes doe sympathize in this,
Should we by suffering, seeke to liue secure,
Whose action must amend what is amisse;
No, no, such abiect thought must staine our brest
To cure calamitie but by discourse,
Whilst but like beasts, affecting food and rest,
Where Men by reason should direct their course;
Like those of other parts not rais'd by strife,
If *Caesar* had beene borne, or chus'd our Prince,
Then those who durst attempt to take his life,
The World of treason iustly might conuince.
Let still the States which flourish for the time,
By Subjects be inuiolable thought.
And those no doubt commit a monstrous crime,
Who lawfull Soueraignty prophane in ought:

And

And we must thinke (though now thus brought to bow)
The Senate King, a Subiect *Cæsar* is;
The Soueraigntie whom violating now
The World must damne as hauing done amisse.
We will (deare *Cassius*) for our Countreyes sake,
(What euer follow) giue, or suffer death;
And let vs now aduise what course to take,
Whilst nought but Aire can beare away our breath.

Cass. I thinke this matter needs not many words,
Since but one deed can bound the common shame;
In *Cæsar*'s body we must sheath our Swords,
And by his death our libertie reclaime;
But since his fortune did confound them all
Who in the fieldes to match him did beginne;
Whilst he by thousands made their hands to fall,
With hoarie Legions alwayes vs'd to winne:
As *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Petrus* Ghosts,
In lightlesse shades may by experience tell,
Who after fatall proofes of numbrous hostes,
All famous (though infortunately) fell:
And since (prouided for the Parthian warre)
His Armie arm'd attends on his decree,
Where we (sequestred from such forces farre)
Would, if suspected, soone prevented be:
With some few friends whom all things to assay
A loue to vs, or to their Countrey bindes,
We to his wreake must walke another way,
Whilst ere our tongues, our hands doe tell our mindes:
Now when most high, and therefore hated most,
The gathered Senate seekes to make him King,
We must goe giue the blow before we boast,
And him to death, *Rome* out of bondage bring.

Brut. In all this course I onely one thing blame
That we should steale, what we may iustly take,
By clathing honour with a cloake of shame
Which may our cause (though good) more odious make.
O! I could wish with honorable wounds
To match *Rome*'s Enemy in the battels dust:
No sweeter Musicke then the Trumpets sounds,
When Right and Valour keepe a consort iust.


Then

Then free if quicke, else dead, for nothing fear'd,
 I alwayes once contented might remaine;
 What Tombes to men more glorious can be reard
 Than mountaines made of them whom they haue slaine?
 But how are my trans-ported thoughts growne such
 That they disdain a measure to admit
 As bent not what to doe, but to doe much,
 On Glories Throne Ambition stru'd to sit.
 No, to the State me from my selfe I giue
 Free from particulars, as who expose
 Fame, life, and all for it, and whilst I liue,
 So *Rome* may gaine, I care not what I lose.
 Ile neuer rest till he for euer rest,
 Who giues my Countrey such a cause of griefe:
 And that to doe no forme I will detest,
 Nor for my fame endanger *Romes* reliefe;
 But (worthy *Cassius*) ere we further doe,
 Let vs the mindes of our familiars feeble,
 Of which I hope to haue assistance too,
 Who will not venture for his Countreyes well?

Cass. Now whilst my Soule rests rauish'd in a trance,
 I thinke I see great *Rome* her courage raise
 Then beat the Aire with songs, Earth with a dance,
 And crowne thy vertues with deserued praise.

Act. III. Scene. II.

MARCVS BRVTVS, PORTIA.


 Y dearest halfe, my Comfort, my Delight,
 Of whom one smyl may sweeten all my sorrow
 Thou in my bosome vs'd to poure thy spright
 And where I was didst spare afflictions pow'r
 When broiles domestick did disturbe thy rest
 Then still (till finding) faining some reliefe;
 Thou with calme words disguis'd a stormie brest,
 Franke but of Loves, too greedy of thy griefe;
 Still tending me with a respectiue care,
 What might offend that neuer was made knowne:

But (with Loues colours all things painted faire)
What might haue made me glad, was gladly showne,
How com'st thou then thy courage thus to lose,
That thou canst looke so sad, and in my sight;
Lend me (deare Loue) a portion of thy woes;
A burden (when diuided) doth grow light;
I see the Roses fading in thy face
The Lillies languish, Violets take their place.

Per. Thou hast (deare Lord) preuented my designe,
Which was to aske of thee, what makes me pale;
If *Phabus* had no light, could *Phabe* shine?
No, with the cause of force effects must faile.
The mirrour but giues backe as it receiues
By iust resemblance the objected forme,
And what impression the Ingrauer leaues,
The waxe retaines still to the stampe conforme.
I am the mirrour which reflects thy minde
As forc'd from thoughts, or flowing from thy eyes;
I take the state in which thy state I finde,
Such is my colour as thy count'nance dies.
Then how can I reioyce whilst thou art sad
Whose brest of all thy crosses is the scroule:
I am still as thou art, if grieu'd, or glad
Thy bodies shadow, essence of thy soule:
On that great Planet which diuides the yeares,
Of fields inferiour as the fruite depends,
And as it vanish doth, or pleas'd appeares,
In Earths colde bosome, life beginnes, or ends;
Sunne of my Soule so I subsist by thee,
Whose shining vertue leades me as a thrall:
From care-bred clouds if that thy face be free
I rise in Ioyes, but if thou faint, I fall.

Brut. With all my course this count'nance best accords
Who as you know yet neuer from my birth
Right gestures vs'd, nor did delight in words,
Whose pleasant straines are onely tun'd to mirth.
My melancholy nature feeds on cares,
Whilst smothered sorrow by a habit smokes:
Thought full brest when burden'd with affaires
Doth make a silent mouth, and speaking lookes,

As for my palenesse, it imports but good:
The bodies humbling doth exalt the minde,
Where fatnesse (come from food) but serues for food:
In fattest bodies, leanest spirits we finde.
Ah, since I saw abhor'd Thessaliaes bounds
All drench'd with blood of Senatours and Kings,
(As if my Soule yet smarted in their wounds)
A secret sorrow often-times me stings:
But since thy Father (brauing paine with blowes)
In the most hideous forme affronted death,
To him my minde a said remembrance owes,
Which sorrow shall exa& still whilst I breathe.
Yet grieue I that I gaue thee cause of grieffe,
Who thought some new mis-hap did me dismay;
To such olde soares one worst can giue reliefe;
But Time in end may weare my woes away.

Per. Why shouldst thou so from me thy thoughts conceale?
From thine owne soule who in thy bosome sleeps,
To whom (though showne) thou dost them not reueale,
But in thy selfe more inwardly them keeps?
And thou canst hardly hide thy selfe from me,
Who soone in thee each alteration spie,
I can comment on all that comes from thee:
True loue still lookes with a suspitious eye.
Within our bosome rests not euery thought
Tun'd by a sympathie of mutual loue:
Thou marr'st the musicke if thou change in ought,
Which when distemper'd I doe quickly proue.
Soule of my Soule, unfold what is amisse,
Some great disafter all my thoughts diuine,
Whose curiousnesse may be excus'd in this
Since it concerns thy State, and therefore mine.

Brut. I wonder that thou do'st thy frailtie show!
By Nature women haue beene curious still,
And yet till now thou neuer crau'd to know
More then I pleas'd to speake of my free-will.
Nought saue the Wife a Man within the walles,
Nor nought saue him without she should embrace:
And it not comely is though whiles it falles,
When any sexe vsurpes anothers place.

Deare,

Deare, to their wonted course thy cares inure,
I may haue matters which import the State,
Whose opening vp might my disgrace procure,
Whose weight for small thoughts would be too great.

Port. I was not (*Brutus*) match'd with thee, to be
A partner onely of thy boord, and bed:
Each seruile Whoore in those might equall me,
Who but for pleasure, or for wealth did wed,
No, *Portia* spous'd thee minding to remaine
Thy Fortunes fellow whether good or ill:
By Loues strict bondes whilst mutuall duties chaine,
Two breasts must hold one heart, two Soules one will;
Those whom iust *Hymen* voluntarily bindes,
They free lie should communicate all things,
But chiefly that which most concerns the mindes,
Whence either pleasure, or displeasure springs.
If thus thou seeke thy sorrowes to conceale
Through a disdain, or a mis-trust of me,
Then to the World what way can I reueale
How great a matter I would doe for thee:
And though our sexe too talkatiue be deem'd,
As those whose tongues import our greatest powers,
For secrets still bad Treasurers esteem'd,
Of others greedie, prodigall of ours;
Good education may reforme defects,
And this may helpe me to a vertuous life,
Which as a patterne generous worth respects:
I *Caesars* Daughter am, and *Brutus* Wife.
Yet would I not repose my trust in ought,
Still thinking that thy crosse was great to beare,
Till that my courage was to tryall brought
Which suffering for thy cause can nothing feare:
For, first to try how that I could comport
With sterne Afflictions sprit enfeebling blowes
Ere I would seeke to vex thee in this sort,
To whom my Soule a duteous reuerence owes.
Loe, here a wound which makes me not to smart,
No, I reioyce that thus my strength is knowne:
Since thy distresse strikes deeper in my heart,
Thy grieve (lifes ioy) makes me neglect mine owne.

Brut.

Bras. Thou must (deare Loue) that which thou sought re-
Thy Heart so high a saile to tempests beares, (ceane

That thy great courage doth deserue to haue

Our enterprife entrusted to thine cares;

This magnanimitie preuailes so farre,

My resolution that it must controule,

And of my bosome doth the depthes vnbarre

To lodge thee in the centre of my Soule.

Thou seest in what a state the State now stands,

Of whose strong Pillars *Cesar* spoyl'd the best,

Whilst by his owne, preuenting others hands,

Our famous Father fell amongst the rest.

That proud vsurper fondly doth presume

To re-erect detested *Tarquines* Throne,

Thus the Worlds mistresse all-commanding *Rome*

No Minion now must entertaine but one.

All those braue mindes who marke where he doth tend

Swell with disdaine their Countreyes scorne to see;

And I am one of those who soone intend

(His death or mine procur'd) to be made free.

Port. And without me canst thou resolute so soone

To try the danger of a doubtfull strife?

As if despair'd, and alwayes but vndone,

Of me growne weary, weary of thy life.

Yet since thou thus thy rash designe hast showne,

Leaue *Portias* portion, venter not her part,

Endanger nought but that which is thine owne,

Goe where thou lik'st, I will hold still thy heart.

But lest by holding of thy best part backe,

The other perish'd aggrauate my grones:

Who would be so thought guiltie of thy wracke,

Take all thy Treasure to the Seas at once.

Like *Asias* Monarkes Wife who with short haire,

(Sad signes of bondage) past still where he past,

To weare away; or beare away thy cares,

I'll follow thee, and of thy fortune taste.

These hands which were with my owne blood imbru'd,

To strike another may more strength afford,

At least when thou by enemies art pursu'd,

I'll set my selfe betwix thee and each sword;

But if too great a priuledge I claime,
Whose actions all should be dispos'd by thee,
Ah, pardon (*Brutus*) and but onely blame
This streame of passions which transported me.

Brut. Thou ask'st what thou shouldst giue, forgine deare
This ventrous course of mine, which must haue place, (mate
Though it make Fortune Tyrant of our state,
Whose sickle foot-ſteppes Vertue grieues to trace.
And wonder not though thus to thee I proue,
Since priuate dueties now all pow'r haue lost;
I weigh not Glory, Profite, Pleasure, Loue,
Nor no respect which can import me most:
So to the land of which I hold my life
I may performe that worke which I intend,
Let me be call'd vnkinde vnto my Wife:
Yea, worst of all, ingrate vnto my friend.
As an instinct by Nature makes vs know
There are degrees of duetie to be past,
Of which the first vnto the Gods we owe,
The next our Countrey, to our friends the last.
From *Rome* of old proud Tyrants bent to drine
Did of my race the first with ardent zeale,
Make those to die whom he had made to liue,
And spoyl'd himselfe to raise the Common-weale:
To settle that which *Cesar* now o're-throws
(Though Vertues nurserie, stately whilst it stood)
He with the Tyrant inter-changing blowes,
On Glories Altar offered Fame his blood.
And did that man to crosse the common foe,
Then damne his Sonnes to death? and with dry eyes,
And is his speciall Heire degener'd so,
In abiect bondage that he basely liues?
No, his Posteritie his name not stains,
But euen to tread his steppes doth fast draw neare;
Yet of his spirit in vs some sparke remaines,
Who more then life our libertie hold deare.

Perr. Then prosecute thy course, for I protest
Though with some griefe, my Soule the same approues,
This resolution doth become thy brest,
In Honours Spheare where heauenly Vertue moues:

deare
(mate

And doe this enterprife no more deferre,
What thee contents, to me contentment brings,
I to my life thy safetie doe preferre,
But hold thy honour deare about all things.
It would but let the World my weakenesse see,
If I sought my delights, not thy desires,
Though griefe it giue, and threaten death to me,
Goe, follow forth that which thy fame requires.
Though Nature, sexe, and education breed
No power in me, with such a purpose euen,
I must lend helpe to this intended deede,
If vowes and pray'rs may penetrate the Heauens:
But difficulties huge my fancie findes,
Saue the successe nought can defray my feare:
Ah, Fortune alwayes frownes on worthie mindes
As hating all who trust in ought saue her.
Yet I despaire not but thou may preuaile,
And by this course to ease my present grones
I this aduantage haue which cannot faile:
I'll be a free-mans Wife, or else be nones:
For, if all prosper not as we pretend,
And that the Heauens *Romes* bondage doe decree,
Straight with thy libertie my life shall end,
Who haue no comfort but what comes from thee;
My Father hath me taught what way to die,
By which if hindred from encountring Death,
Some other meanes I (though more strange) must try,
For, after *Brutus* none shall see me breathe.

es,

Brut. Thou for my cause abandon'd others else,
But now forsak'st thy selfe to ioyne with me,
Weake passions pow'r whilst generous Loue repels,
Against thy minde who dost with mine agree.
I'll (since by thee approu'd) securely goe,
And vilipend the dangers of this life:
Heauens make my enterprife to prosper so
That I may once proue worthie such a wife:
But ah! of all thy words those grieue me most,
Which bragge me with the dateing of thy dayes,
What though I in so good a cause were lost,
None flies the Fate which stablish'd for him stayes.

Doe not defraud the World of thy rare worth,
But of thy *Brutus* the remembrance loue;
From this faire prison strue not to breake forth,
Till first the Fates haue forc'd thee to remoue.

Port. The Heauens (I feare) haue our confusion sworne,
Since this ill age can with no good accord,
Thou and my Father (ah) should haue beene borne
When Vertue was aduanc'd, and Vice abhor'd.
Then, ere the light of Vertue was declin'd,
Your worth had reuerenc'd beene, not throwne away,
Where now ye both haue but in darkenesse shin'd
As Starres by night, that had beene Sunnes by day.

Brut. My Treasure, strue to pacifie thy brest,
Lest sorrowes but sinistrouslie presage
That which thou would not wish, and hope the best
Though Vertue now must act on Fortunes Stage.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

Then libertie of earthly things
What more delights a generous brest?
Which doth receiue,
And can conceiue
The matchlesse Treasure that it brings;
It making Men securely rest,
As all perceiue,
Doth none deceiue,
Whilst weigh'd with doubts none ballanc'd hings,
But fear'd for nought, doth what seemes best.
Then Men are Men when they are all their owne,
Not but by others badges when made knowne:
Yet should we not mispending houres,
A freedome seeke, as oft it falles,
With an intent
But to content
These vaine delights, and appetites of ours;
For then but made farre greater thralles,

We

We might repent
As not still pent
In stricter bounds by others pow'rs,
Whilst feare licentious thoughts appalles:
Of all the Tyrants that the World affords,
Ones owne affections are the fiercest Lords.
As Libertines those onely liue,
Who (from the bands of Vice set free)
Vile thoughts cancell,
And would excell
In all that doth true glory giue,
From which when as no Tyrants be
Them to repell,
And to compell
Their deeds against their thoughts to striue,
They blest are in a high degree,
For, such of Fame the scroules can hardly fill,
Whose wit is bounded by anothers will.
Our Ancestours of old such prou'd,
Who *Rome* from *Tarquinius* yoke redeem'd)
They first obtain'd,
And then maintain'd
Their libertie so dearely lou'd,
They from all things which odious seem'd
(Though not constrain'd)
Themselues restrain'd,
And willingly all good approu'd,
Bent to be much, yet well esteem'd;
And how could such but ayme at some great end,
Whom Libertie did lead, Glory attend?
They leading valorous Legions forth,
(Though wanting Kings) triumph'd o're Kings,
And still aspir'd,
By *Mars* inspir'd,
To conquer all from South to North,
Then lending Fame their Eagles wings,
They all acquir'd
That was requir'd,
To make them rare for rarest things,
The World made witnessse of their worth:

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

Thus those great mindes who domineer'd o're all,
Did make themselves first free, then others thrall,
But we who hold nought but their name,
From that to which they in times gone
Did high ascend,
Must low descend,
And bound their glory with our shame,
Whilst on an abiekt Tyrants Throne,
We bafe attend,
And doe intend
Vs for our fortune still to frame,
Not it for vs, and all for one:
As libertie a courage doth impart,
So bondage doth disband, else breake the heart,
Yet O, who knowes but *Rome* to grace
Another *Brutus* may arise,
Who may effect
What we affect,
And *Tarquin*'s steppes make *Caesar* trace,
Though seeming dangers to despise
He doth suspect
What we expect
Which from his brest hath banish'd peace,
Though fairely he his feares disguise:
Of Tyrants euen the wrong reuenge affords,
All feare but theirs, and they feare all mens Swords.

Act. IIII. Scene. I.

DECIVS BRVTVS ALBINVS,
MARCVS BRVTVS,
CAIVS CASSIVS.

Deare Cousin, *Cassius* did acquaint mine eares
With a designe which toll'd my minde a space;
For, when strange newes, a strangers breath first
beares,
I then should not trust to rash reports giue place.

I would not then discover what I thought,
Lest he to trap my tongue, a snare had fram'd
Till I with thee first to conferre was brought,
Whom he for patron of his purpose nam'd.
One should looke well to whom his minde he leaves,
In dangerous times when tales by walles are told,
Men make themselves vnnecessarily slaues
Of those to whom their secrets they vnfold.

M. Br. As *Cassius* tolde thee, grieu'd for *Rome*s distresse,
Which to our shame in bondage doth remaine,
We straight intend what euer we profess,
With *Caesars* blood to wash away this stain.
Though for this end a few sufficient are
To whom their vertue courage doth impart,
Yet were we loath to wrong thy worth so farre
As of such glory to giue thee no part.
Since both this cause, and that thy name thee binde
In this aduent'rous band to be compris'd,
There needes no Rhetoricke to raise thy minde
To doe the thing which thou should haue deuif'd,

D. Br. I thought no Creature should my purpose know
But he whose int'rest promit'd mutuall cares :
Of those to whom one would his secret show
No greater pledge of trust then to know theirs;
As when two meet whilst mask'd (thogh whiles neer friends)
With them (as strangers) no respect takes place,
But when that friend-ship one of them pretends,
The other likewise doth vn-cloud his face.
So as thou first, I'le now at last be bold:
My brest with the same birth long great hath gone,
But I to others durst it not vnfold,
Nor yet attempt to compassse it alone ;
But since this course of which I long did pause,
On such great Pillars now so strongly stands,
Whose count'nance may giue credite to a cause,
It hath my heart, and it shall haue my hands.

C. *Caes.* To our designs propitious signes are sent,
So that the Gods would giue vs courage thus:
For, all who euer heard of our intent,
Would willingly engage themselves with vs:

Let other men discourse of vertuous rites,
Ours but by action onely should be showne:
Bare speculation is but for such spirits.
As want of pow'r, or courage keepes vnknowne.
In those who Vertue view, when crown'd with deeds,
Through Glories Glasse, whose Beanties long haue shin'd,
A high desire she to embrace her breeds
As Adamant to Irne made to the minde.
What though a number now in darknesse lies,
Who are too weake for matters of such weight,
We who are eminent in all mens eyes
Let vs still hold the height of honour straight.

M.Br. Whilst (that our faction might be strengthened thus)
I labour'd much to purchase all their pow'rs
Whom hate to *Cesar*, loue to *Rome*, or vs,
Might make imbarke in those great hopes of ours,
By sicknesse then imprison'd in his bed
Whilst I *Ligarius* spy'd whom paines did pricke,
When I had saide with words which anguish bred:
In what a time *Ligarius* art thou sicke?
He answer'd straight as I had Physicke brought,
Or that he had imagin'd my designe
If worthie of thy selfe thou wouldst doe ought,
Then *Brutus* I am whole, and wholly thine:
Since *Cesar* caus'd him be accus'd of late
For taking *Pompeyes* part. yet at this houre
He (though absolu'd) doth still the Tyrant hate,
Since once endanger'd by his lawlesse pow'r
Thus, of great sprites exasperating spites,
Heauen of our course the progresse doth direct,
One inspiration all our Soules incites,
Who haue aduic'dly sworne for one effect.

D. Br. So I with *Cicero* did conferre at length,
Who (I perceiue) the present state detests,
And though that age diminish'd hath his strength
In him a will to venge his Country rests.

M. Br. That Man whose loue still to his Country shin'd,
Would willingly the Common-wealth restore:
Then he (I know) though he conceales his minde,
None *Cesar* more dislikes, nor likes vs more:

Yet

Yet to his custodie I'll not commit
The secrets of our enterprise so soone:
Men may themselves be oftentimes not fit
To doe the things which they would wish were done.
He still was timorous, and by Age growne worse,
Might chance to lay our honour in the dust;
All Cowards must inconstant be of force:
With bold designs none fearefull breasts can trust.
Then some of ours would hold their hands still pure
Who (ere they be suspected) for a space
Amidst the tumult may remaine secure,
And with the people mediate our peace:
But who then *Tullius* fitter for that turne
Whose eloquence is vs'd to charme their eares?
His banishment they in blacke Gownes did mourne,
Whose age and merites each one reuerence beares.

C. Cass. Those studious wits which haue through dangers
Would still be out, ere that they enter in: (gone,

Who muse of many things, resolute of none,
And (thinking of the end) cannot begin.
The minde which looks no further than the eye,
And more to Nature trusts, then vnto Art,
Such doubtfull fortunes fittest is to trye:
A furious Actor for a desp'rat part;
We haue enow, and of the best degree
Whose hands to hearts, whose hearts to vs are true,
And if that we seeke more, I feare we be
To hide, too many, if disclos'd, too few;
Let vs aduise with an industrious care
Now ere the Tyrant intercept our mindes,
The time, the place, the manner, when, and where
That we should trust our treasure to the windes,
And since our fortunes in the ballance hing,
Let euery point be circumspectly weigh'd,
A circumstance, or an indifferent thing
May whiles marre all, when not with care conueigh'd.

M. Br. As for the time, none could be wish'd more fit
Then is the present to performe our vow,
Since all the people must allow of it,
By recent anguish mou'd extremely now.

When

When represented in his triumph past,
Great *Caesars* mangled Inrailes made them weepe,
And desp'rae *Scipio* whilst he leap'd at last
To seeke a Sanctuarie amidst the depth.
Then all thoe great Men whom in feuerall parts
Bent for *Romes* freedome *Caesar* did o're-throw,
Did by their Pictures pierce the peoples hearts,
And made a piteous (though a pompous) show;
How could they but conceiue a iust disdain
To be vp-braided in so strange a sort,
Whilst he who onely by their losse did gaine,
Of their calamitie but made a sport;
But yet his purpose grieues them most of all,
Since that he strives to be proclaim'd a King:
And nor contents himselfe to make vs thrall,
But vs for euer would to bondage bring.
Thus whilst the people are with him displeas'd,
We best may doe what to our part belongs:
For, after this they may be best appeas'd,
If whilst their wrath doth last we venge their wrongs;
And (since we nought intend but what is right
Whilst from our Countrey we remoue disgrace)
Let all be aded in the Senates sight,
A common cause, and in a common place.
Let those whose gaitie thoughts doe damne their deeds,
In corners like *Minervaes* birds abide,
That which our Countrey good, vs glory breeds,
May by the lightes of Heauen, and Earth be tryde.
The Senatours by our example mou'd,
Pleas'd with this action which imports them too
To haue the yoke of tyrannie remou'd
May at the least confirme that which we doe,
So all the Senatours were saide of old
King *Romulus* to haue in pieces rest,
Who then to tyrannize was growne too bold,
And ere turn'd God humanitie had left.
D.Br. Yea, what though *Caesar* were immortall made,
As *Romulus*, whose Deitie him reuiues:
I rather as a God adore him dead
Then as a King obey him whilst he liues.

C. *Cass.* That place indeed, most for our glory makes
 A theater worthie of so great an act,
 Where in their sight from whom most pow'r he takes,
 We of the Tyrant vengeance may exact.
 But I must recommend vnto your minde
 A course (though strict) of which we must allow,
 Lest it o're-throw all that we haue design'd,
 Since past recoverie, if neglected now.
 There is *Antonius*, *Casars* greatest friend,
 A man whose nature tyrannic affects,
 Whom all the Souldiers daylie doe attend
 As one who nought but to command respects.
 I feare that he when we haue *Casar* slaine,
 The other faction furnish with a head:
 So when we end, we must beginne againe
 With one who liues worse then the other dead.
 And in my iudgement I would thinke it best,
 When sacrific'd the proud vsurper lyes,
 That this seditious enemy of rest
 Should fall with him with whom he first did rise:
 Thus, of our libertie we now may lay
 A solide ground which can be shak'd by none:
 Those of their purpose who a part delay
 Two labours haue who might haue had but one.

M, Br. I cannot (*Cassius*) condescend to kill
 (Thus from the path of iustice to decline)
 One faultlesse yet, lest after he proue ill,
 So to preuent his guilnesse by mine;
 No, no, that neither honest were, nor iust,
 Which rigorous forme would but the World affright,
 Men by this meane our meaning might mistrust,
 And for a litle wrong damne all that's right;
 If we but onely kill the common foe,
 Our Countreys zeale it must acquire due praise,
 But if (like Tyrants) tyrannizing so,
 We will be thought that which we raze to raise;
 And where we but intend to aide the State,
 Though by endangering what we hold most deare,
 If slaying him (as arm'd by priuate hate)
 We to the World still partiall will appeare.

Ah, ah! we must but too much murder see,
Who without doing euill cannot doe good:
And would the Gods that *Rome* could be made free
Without the shedding of one drop of blood!
Then there is hope that *Antonie* in end,
Whilst first our vertue doth direct the way,
Will (leagu'd with vs) the libertie defend,
And when brought backe will blush as once astray.

C. *Cass.* Well *Brutus*, I protest against my will,
From this blacke cloud, what euer tempest fall,
That mercie but most cruellie doth kill,
Which thus saues one, who once may plague vs all.

D. *Br.* When *Casus* with the Senatours sits downe,
In this your Iudgements generally accord
That for affecting wrongfully the Crowne,
He lawfully may perish by the Sword.
No greater harme can for our course be wrought
Then by protracting the appointed time,
Lest that which acted would be vertue thought,
Be (if preuented) conser'd as a crime;
Can one thing long in many mindes be pent?
No, purposes would neuer be delay'd,
Which iudg'd by issues Fortune doth comment,
If prospering, reason, treason if betray'd.
There may amongst our selues some man remaine
Whom (if afraide) his pardon to procure,
Or (if too greedy) for the hope of gaine,
Time to disclose his consorts may allure.
Then for our recompence we ruine reape,
If ought our course thus made abortiue marne,
For, if discovered once, we cannot scape:
As Tyrants eares heare much, their hands reach farre.

C. *Cass.* The brest in which so deepe a secret dwells,
Would not be long charg'd with so weightie cares:
For, I coniecture by appearance else
That many know our mindes, yet we not theirs:
Euen but of late one *Casus* came to see
Who curious was to haue our purpose knowne,
And said to him, that which thou hadst from me
To me by *Brutus* hath at length beene showne.

Then

Then *Lena* once came to vs in like sort,
And wish'd that our designe might prosper well ;
But yet to haste did earnestly exhort,
Since others told what we refus'd to tell.
Whilst Strangers rest familiar with our mind,
And ere we them, doe all our purpose see,
Make forward fast or we will come behinde:
Fame (wing'd with breath) doth violently flie.

M. Br. Their words but burst from tales vncertain forth,
For, whilst considering of their bondage thus,
Of *Caesars* tyrannie, and of our worth,
They thinke this should be done, and done by vs.
Such coniurations to confirme of old
Some drinking others bloods; swore on their Swords,
And cursing those who did their course vnfold,
Vsd imprecations, execrable words;
And yet then this though voluntarily vow'd,
Free from all bonds, saue that which Vertue bindes,
More constantly no course was still allow'd,
Till that the end must manifest our mindes.
And since so many frankly keepe their faith,
What first design'd still to accomplish bent,
No doubt in spight of fickle Fortunes wrath,
A good successe shall yeeld our Soules content.
Might some few *Thebans* from the Spartans pride
By diuerse Tyrants deaths redeeme their Towne ?
And one Athenian who his Vertue try'd
By thirty Tyrants ruines winne renowne ?
And to the Greekes are we inferiours growne,
That where they haue so many Tyrants spoyl'd,
There cannot one be by vs all o're-shrowne,
Whose state yet brangling may be soone imbroyl'd ?
I am resolu'd, and with my thoughts decree,
What euer fortune, either sweet, or soure,
I shall my soile from tyrannie set free,
Or then my selfe free from the Tyrants pow'r.
D. Br. By *Lepidus* inuited this last night,
Whilst *Caesar* went to suppe, and I with him
Of all Deathes shapes to talke we tooke delight,
So at the table to beguile the time :

And

And whilst our Iudgements all about were try'd,
Straight *Caesar* (as transported) to the rest
With a most sudden exclamation cry'd:
O! of all deaths, vnlook'd for death is best:
It from our selues doth steale our selues so fast
That euen the minde no fearefull forme can see,
Then is the paine ere apprehended past;
All sowres ere tasted, would digested be.
The threatned destinie thus he diuin'd:
(It would appeare) diuinely then inspir'd;
For, now I hope that he shall shortly finde
That forme of death which he himselfe desir'd.

C. Cass. Whilst of our band the furie flames most hote,
And that their will to end this worke is such,
Lest *Caesars* absence dis-appoint the plot,
Which would of some abate the courage much.
It (*Decius*) were exceedingly well done,
That to his lodging you address'd your way,
Him by some meanes to further forward soone,
Lest by some sudden chance allur'd to stay.

D. Br. There where the Senate mindes this day to sit,
Stand all prepar'd to goe where danger dwels,
And for the sacrifice when all is fit
I le bring an offering consecrated else.

Exeunt.

ACT. IIII. Scene. II.

CAESAR, CALPHURNIA,
DECIVS BRVTVS.



Long-look-for Time that should the glory yeeld
Through *Neptunes* trustles raigne which I haue
sought;
And through the dust of many bloody field,
As by all dangers worthie to be bought.
Thy comming now those lowering shadowes clears,
My hopes Horizon which did long ore-cast;

Th

This day detrayes the toyles of many yeeres,
And brings the haruest of my labours past.
The Senatours a Messenger haue sent
Most earnestly entreating me to come
And heare my selfe discern'd by their consent
To weare a Crowne o're all, excepting Rome;
Thus, they deuise conditions at this houre
For him, of whom Mars hath made them the prey,
As Subiects limite could their Soueraignes pow'r,
Who must haue minde of nought but to obey;
But hauing pacified those present things,
I minde to lead my valorous Legions forth
To Orientall Realmes (adoring Kings)
Who can afford all what is due to Worth.
Then swimme my thoughts in Oceans of delight,
Whilst on the pillow of soft praise repos'd,
Those eyes to gaze vpon my Glories light,
Which Enuie op'ned, Admiration clos'd.

Cal. Ah, though your fancies great contentment finde,
Whilst thus the World your vertue doth aduance;
Yet a prapost'rous terrour stings my minde,
And braggés me with I know not what mis-chance;
My wauering Hopes o're-ballanc'd are with feares,
Which to my Soule sinistrous signes impart;
And om'nous rumors so assault mine eares,
That they almost make breaches in my heart.

Ces. What doe foil'd *Pompeyes* floteing followers strine
To recollect their ruines from the dust,
Dare they who onely by my tollerance liue
More to their strength then to my fauour trust?
Or dost thou feare his Sonnes delected state,
Who steales infamous flying through those floods,
Which his great Father Admirall of late,
Did plant with Ships, till all their wanes seem'd woods;
Then makes his Brothers death his courage more,
Since (by them straited in a bloody strife?)
I who in all the battels giuen before,
Did fight for victorie, then fought for life,
Or, whilst to march to *Parthia* I prepare,
Doth a suspicion thus afflict thy spirit:

For

For *Craſſus* fortune fear'd who periſh'd there
The ſcorn'd prey of the Barbarians ſpight
To thoſe ſame bands which *Caiſius* thence retir'd,
Amongſt my bands a place I will allow,
Whoſe foes ſhall finde whiſt them my breath hath fir'd,
Though the ſame ſheepe, another ſheep-heard now;
Doe not imagine matters to bemone,
For, whiſt there ſtands a World can *Caſar* fall
Though thouſand thouſands were coniu'd in one
I, and my fortune might confound them all.

Cal. No, none of thoſe my minde doth miſ-content
Who vndisguis'd ſtill like themſelues remaine:
Vn-lookt-for harmes are hardeſt to preuent:
There is no guard againſt conceal'd diſdaine;
But, in whom further can your truſt reſoſe
Whom danger now o're all, by all attends
Where priuate Men but onely feare their foes,
Oft Kings haue greateſt cauſe to feare their friends;
For, ſince moſt truſted fitteſt to betray
Thoſe vnto whom ones fauour forc'd affords,
May for his life the worſt ambuſhments lay,
Whiſt falſeſt hearts are hid with faireſt words,
And ſome report (though priuately) yet plaine,
That *Dolabella* and *Antonius* now
By your deſtruction doe pretend to gaine
That which you keepe by making all men bow.

Ca. No corpulent ſanguinians make me feare,
Who with more paine their beards than enemies ſtrike,
And doe themſelues like Epicurians beare
To *Bacchus*, *Mars*, and *Venus* borne alike,
Their hearts doe alwayes in their mouthes remaine,
As ſtreams whoſe murmuring, ſhowes their courſe not deep,
Then ſtill they loue to ſport, though groſſe, and plaine,
And neuer dreame of ought but when they ſleepe:
But thoſe high ſpirits who hold their bodies downe,
Whoſe viſage leane their reſtleſſe thoughts records:
Whiſt they their cares depth in their boſomes drowne,
Their ſilence ſeates me more than others words.
Thus *Caiſius* now and *Brutus* ſeeme to hold
Some great thing in their minde, whoſe fire whiles ſmokes,
What

What *Brutus* would, he vehementlie would
 Thinke what they list, I like not their pale looks:
 Yet with their worth this cannot well agree,
 In whom bright Vertue seemes so much to shine:
 Can those who haue receiu'd their liues from me
 Proue so ingrate that they doe thirst for mine?
 Dare *Cassius* (match'd with me) new hopes conceaue,
 At *Hellaspont* who fortune fear'd to try,
 And like a dastard did his Gallies leaue,
 In all (saue courage) though more strong than I?
 Shall I suspect that *Brutus* leekes my blood,
 Whose safetie still I rendred with such care,
 Who when the Heauens from Mortals me seclude
 Is onely worthie to be *Caesar*'s heire?

Cal. The corners of the Heart are hard to know,
 Though of those two the World the best doth deeme,
 Yet doe not trust too much externall show,
 For, men may differ much from what they seeme.
 None oft more fierce then those who looke most milde,
 Impietie doth oft appeare deuote,
 And (that the World the more may be beguil'd)
 Whiles Vice can cloathe it selfe with Vertues Core.
 Though that long since they haue laide hatred downe
 By benefites bestow'd, you might attend,
 Yet no respect can counterpoise a Crowne:
 Ambition hath no bounds, nor Greed no end.
 Mou'd by vindiſtiue hate, or emulous pride,
 Since some your person, some your place pursue,
 All threatned dangers to preuent prouide,
 Growne wise in time, lest out of time you rue.

Cas. No armour is that can hold Treason out.

Cal. To feare your foes with bands be back'd about.

Cas. So dastard Tyrants striue thumselfes to beare.

Cal. It better is to giue, then to take feare.

Cas. No guard more strong then is the peoples loue.

Cal. But nought in Earth doth more inconstant proue.

Cas. Guards (shewing feare) to charge me men might reſt.

Cal. Guards would put them frō hope, you frō contempt.

Cas. My brest from terrour hath beene alwayes cleare.

Cal. When least one feares, oft Danger lurks most neare.

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

Cas. 'Tis better once to die, then still feare Death.

Cal. But worst of all to fall by Enemies wrath.

Cas. I'll not distaste my present pleasures so
By apprehending what may chance to come,
This World affords but too much time for woe;
Whilst crosses come contentment to o're-come.
By Ioyes in time we must embrace reliefe,
That when they end, we in some measure may
By their remembrance mitigate the griefe
Which still attends all those on Earth who stay.
I thinke the Senate is assembled now,
And for my coming doth beginne to gaze,
I'll goe condignely to adorne my brow,
And feast mine eares by drinking in due praise.

Cal. Stay, stay (deare Lord) retire thy steppes againe,
And spare one day to prorogate whole yeares,
Let not this ominous day beginnethy raigne,
Which fatall and vnfortunate appeares,
An Astrologian through the World renown'd
Thy Horoscopes iust calculation layes,
And doth affirme (as he by signes hath found)
That Marches Ides doe bragge to bound thy dayes;
Walke not this day where harmes may be receiu'd
(By great necessitie since no way forc'd)
For (though his Iudgement may be farre deceiu'd)
In things that touch thy life, suspect the worst.

Cas. Whilst I reform'd the Calendar by fits,
Which did confound the order of the yeare;
I waded through the depthes of all their wits
Who of the Starres the mysteries make cleare.
Those pregnant sprites who walke betwixt the poles
And lodge at all the Zodiackes seuerall signes,
Doe reade strange wonders wrapt in azure scroules,
Of which our deeds are words, our liues are lines.
By speculation of superiour pow'rs,
Some Natures secrets curious are to know,
As how celestiall bodies rule o're ours,
And what their influence effects below.
Yea, they some-time may braue coniectures make
Of those whose parts they by their birth doe proue,

Since

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

Since naturallie all inclination take
From Planets then predominant aboue;
And yet no certainty can so be had,
Some vertuouſſie againſt their Starres haue ſtriu'd,
As *Socrates* who grew (though borne but bad)
The moſt accompliſh'd Man that euer liu'd.
But of the houre ordain'd to cloſe our lights,
No earth-clog'd Soule can to the knowledge come;
For, O! the Deſtinies farre from our ſights
In clouds of darkeneſſe haue inuolu'd our doome!
And ſome but onely gueſſe at great Mens falles
By bearded Comets, and prodigious Starres,
Whoſe ſight-distracting ſhape the World appalles,
As ſtill denouncing terrour, death, or warres.
The time vncertaine is of certaine death,
And that fantaſticke man farre paſt his bounds:
He is too bold who with ambiguous breath
Not ſpeakes of things to come, whoſe deepes none ſounds.

Cal. But this all day did my reſpoſe extort,
And from my breaſt of Cares a tribute claim'd;
Now vilipend not that which I'le impart,
Though but a dreame, and by a Woman dream'd.
I thought (alas) the thought yet wounds my breaſt
Then whiſt we both (as thoſe whom *Morphew* weds)
Lay toſtly buried (with a pleaſant reſt)
I in thy boſome, thou within the beds:
Then from my Soule ſtrange terrours did with-draw
Expected peace by apprehended harmes;
For, I imagin'd, no, no doubt I ſaw,
And did embrace thee bloody in mine Armes.
Thus whiſt my Soule by ſorrowes was ſuſcharg'd,
Of which huge weight it yet ſome burden beares,
I big with greefe two Elements enlarg'd
Aire with my ſighes, the Water with my teares.

Caſ. That which I heard, with thy report accords,
Whiſt thou all ſeem'd diſſolu'd in greefe at once,
A heauie murmuring made with mangled words
Was interrupted oft by tragicke groanes.
The memorie but not the Iudgement frames
Thoſe raucing fancies which diſtract the braine,

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

Whilst Night dissolues all Dayes designs in dreames,
Soules barr'd from Senses struggle but in vaine,
From superstitious feares this care proceeds,
Which still would watch o're that which thou dost loue,
And in thy minde thus melancholic breeds,
Which doth those strange Imaginations moue.

Cal. Ah, in so light account leaue off to hold
Those fatall warnings which the Heauens haue made,
Which by all meanes (as manifest) vnfold
What Dangers huge doe hang about thy head,
With sacred Garlands he who things diuines
By Intrails of the consecrated beast
Doth in the offering see sinistrone signs,
And I entreat thee doe not hence make haste.

Caes. When I in *Spaine* against yong *Pompey* went,
Thus, the diuiner threatned me before,
Yet did I prosecute my first intent,
Which with new Laurels did my browes decore.

Cal. And yet you hardly there (as whiles I heare)
From Dangers (farre engag'd) redeem'd your life;
But tokens now more monstrous doe appeare,
And I suspect farre worse then open strife.

Caes. Lest I too much seeme wedded to my will,
(As others Counsels scorning to allow)
With iealous eyes I'll search about me still,
And euen mistrust my selfe to trust thee now;
Yet if I stay, the Senatours deceiu'd,
May my beginning straight beginne to hate,
So might I perish, seeking to be sau'd:
By flying many fall vpon their fate,
But here one comes who can resolute me much,
With whom I vse to weigh affaires of weight;
Whence com'st thou *Decius*, that thy haste is such?
Is ought occur'd that craues our knowledge straight?

Dec. I come to tell you how the Senate staves
Till that your presence blesse their longing sight,
And to conclude what is propos'd delays,
Since your applause can onely make it right:
They your contentment to performe intend,
And all their thoughts seeme as an obiect bent

saue that amongst themselues they doe contend,
Who you to please shall wayes most strange inuent.

Cæ. Then that, no treasure to my soule more deare,
Which to enioy from hence I long to part,
But yet I know not what arrests me here,
And makes my feete rebellious to my heart;
From thee (deare friend) I neuer doe conceale
The weightiest secrets which concerne me most;
And at this time I likewise must reueale
How Heauens by signes me with destruction boast:
To superstition though not earst inclin'd,
My Wife by dreames doth now presage my fall,
It a Sooth-sayer likewise hath diuin'd:
The sacrifice prodigious seemes to all,
So that till this disastrous day be gone,
All company I purpose to disuse,
And to the Senarours I'll send some one
To paint my absence with a faire excuse.

D. Br. Doe not repose on superstitious signes
You to suspect the people thus to bring,
Whilst Soueraigne-like you limit their designs,
Seeme not a Tyrant seeking to be King:
How can we satisfie the Worlds conceate,
Whose tongue still in all eares your praise proclaimes:
Or shall we bid them leaue to deale in state,
Till that *Calphurnia* first haue better dreames;
If that this day you priuate would remaine
The Senate to dissolue your selfe must goe,
And then incontinent come backe againe,
When you haue showne to it some reuerence so.

Cæ. With thy aduice (as pow'rfull) I agree,
The Senators shall haue no cause to grudge:
A litle space, all part a part from me,
And I'll be shortly ready to dislodge.

CAESAR alone.



Hence comes this huge and admirable change
That in my brest hath vncouth thoughts infused
Doth Earth then earst yeeld terrors now more
strange,

Or but my minde lesse courage then it vs'd
What spightfull Face against my State contends
That I must now to fancied plagues giue place,
By foes not mou'd, yet fear'd amongst my friends,
By warre secure, endanger'd but by peaces
When strongest Troupes to fight with me did come,
Then did my heart the highest Hopes conceaue,
I warr'd with many, many to o're-come,
The greatest battels, greatest Glory gaue.
As Enemies numbers, still my courage grew;
Through depths of dangers oft-times haue I past,
Yet neuer did those boundlesse labours rue
To haue none greater first, none equall last
When bragging Gaules fear'd by their Neighbours falles
Had from the fields, no, from my furie fled;
And hid themselves with Armes, their Armes with walles,
Whilst I my Troupes to siege *Alexis* led,
Then though there swarm'd forth from the bounds about
Huge hostes to compasse me enflam'd with wrath,
That the besiegers all besieg'd about
Seem'd drawne by Danger in the nets of Death;
Yet I who could not with the pride comport
Which those Barbarians by vaine vaunts bewray'd,
Did re-assault assaulters in such sort,
That words by wounds, wounds were by Death repay'd.
Of those within the Towne (to ease their toyles)
I'll quite o're-com'd their comming was not knowne,
Who straight (vp-braided by the barb'rous spoiles)
Did yeeld themselves, as if with them o're-throwne,
By liquid Legions whilst with tumide boastes
The Trident-bearer striu'd me spoiles to beare;
Though threatned thrise amidst his humid hostes,
Still Courage scorn'd to thinke of abie& feare,

I vs'd those Pyrats who had me surpris'd,
 Still as my Seruants (thundring threatnings forth)
 And gaue them money more then they deuis'd,
 Grieu'd to be rated at too litle worth:
 Yet gathering Shippes, I sign'd not long the shore,
 But trac'd their steppes though they not pau'd the way,
 And taking them (as I had vow'd before)
 By nought but Deach their ransome would defray;
 Then when (without aduice of others mindes)
 Through hoarie waues I past alone by night,
 Whilst in a litle Barke against great windes,
 That euen the Pilote look'd not for the light,
 The roaring waues them-se'ues seem'd to diuide,
 That in their grauell I might chuse a graue,
 And in a Chriftall arch about me bide,
 That I a Tombe fit for my state might haue.
 Whilst Dangers seem'd to merite *Cæsars* death,
 As *Neptune* rais'd his head, I rais'd my heart;
 And shewing what I was with constant breath
 To weake *Amiclas* courage did impart.
 Was I not once amidst large *Nalus* flote
 Whilst me to wound a wood of darts did flie,
 Yet swim'd so carelesse of my enemies shot,
 That in my hand I held some papers dries
 With open Dangers thus in euery place
 I whilst oft compass'd both by Sea and Land,
 Did vn-dismay'd looke Horrour in the face,
 As borne for nought, but onely to command.
 But since a World of Victories haue fill'd
 With Trophées Temples, Theaters with my praise,
 That bath'd with balme from oyle of Glory still'd,
 With friends in peace, I look'd to spend my dayes,
 The Chambers Musicke now affrights me more:
 Then Trumpets sounds when marching in the field,
 And Gownes (though signes of peace) worse then before
 The pompous splendour of a flaming shield.
 Those thoughts of late which had disdain'd to doubt,
 Though I alone had march'd amongst my foes,
 Loe, whilst amongst my friends well back'd about,
 They greater dangers now then eyes disclose.

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

If any chance to meet, a number brings,
I insurrections feare from common wrath,
Yea, if two talke apart of priuate things,
Straight I suspect that they conspire my death;
When sudden rumors rise from vulgar smoake,
Whilst inward motions roule my restless eyes
I at each corner for ambushments looke,
And start astonish'd lest some tumult rise.
When rising Titan doth encourage toyles
I still despaire to re-enioy the night,
And when mine eyes defrauding darkenesse spoyles,
I neuer looke to grace them with the light;
For, when that Light with shadowes makes a change
To flatter Mortals with a dreame of rest,
What yglie *Gorgons*, what *Chimeraes* strange
Doe bragge the litle World within my brest,
The time which should appease impetuous cares
Doth double mine, who view most when quite blinde;
I apprehend huge horrors and despaire,
Whilst outward obiects not distract my minde:
Now of my conquests what delight remaines?
Where is the peace pursu'd by many strife:
Haue I but taken paine to purchase paines?
And sought by dangers for a dangerous life?
Is this the period of aspiring pow'rs,
In promis'd calmes to be most plagu'd by stormes?
Lurke poy'snous Serpents vnder fairest flowres,
And hellish furies vnder heauenly formes?
It will not grieve my Ghost below to goe,
If circumvented in the warres I end,
As bold *Marcellus* by *Romes* greatest foe,
Who gaue his ashes honour as a friend;
Or like *Epa'minondas* prosperous death,
O would to God I had amidst alarmes,
When charg'd with recent spoiles, beene spoyl'd of breath,
Whilst I to *Pluto* might haue march'd in Armes;
Yet life to end which nought but royales affords,
T'le pay to Death the tribute that it owes;
Straight with my blood let some come dye their Swords,
Whose naked brest encounter shall their blowes:

But

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

But ah! how haue the Furies seaz'd my brest,
And poyson'd thus my spirit with desp'rat rage,
By horrid Serpents whilst quite barr'd from rest,
Nought can be dream'd which can my toyles aswage:
No, *Atropos*, yet spare my threed a space
That, to the Stygian streames ere I go downe,
I may of honour haue the highest place,
And if I fall, yet fall below a Crowne.
Whilst eares are bended to applauding shoutes,
My thoughts diuided are within my brest,
And my toss'd Soule doth flote betweene two doubts,
Yet knowes not on what ground to build her rest.
The Senatours they haue this day design'd
To shew the World how they esteeme my worth;
Yet doe portentuous signes perturb my minde,
By which the Heauen^s would point my danger forth:
The Gods from me with indignation gone,
In euery thing charactred haue my death:
And must both Heauen and Earth conspire in one
To quench a little sparke of still toss'd breath:
My safetie would that I should stay within
Till this disastrous day giue darkenesse place,
But Honour hunts me forward to beginne
To reape the glory of my painefull race.
And I le aduance in spight of threatned broiles,
For, though the Fates accomplish what we dreame,
When Death retires from forceing those fraile spoiles,
Though breathlesse, I'le be breath'd o're all by fame.

Exit.

CHORVS.

WHat furie thus doth fill the brest
With a prodigious rash desire,
Which banishing their Soules from rest,
Doth make those line who high aspire,
Whilst it within their bosome boyles
As *Salamanders* in the fire,

Or

Or like to Serpents changing spoiles
Their withred beauties to renew:
Like Vipers with vnnaturall toyls
Of such the thoughts them-se lues pursue
Who for all lines their liues doe square,
Whilst like *Camelions* changing hue
They onely feed on emptie Aire:
To passe Ambition monstrous matters brings,
And (saue contentment) can attaine all things.
This actiue passion doth disdain
To match with any vulgar minde,
As in base breasts where terrours raigne
Too great a Guest to be confin'd;
It doth but lostie thoughts frequent
Where it a spacious field may finde
It selfe with Honour to content
Where reuerenc'd Fame doth lowdest sound;
Those for great things by courage bent
(Farre lifted from this lumpish Round)
Would in the Spheare of Glory moue,
Whilst lostie thoughts which nought can binde,
All Riuals liue in Vertues loue;
On abiect preyes as Eagles neuer light,
Ambition poysons but the greatest Spright,
And of this restless Vultures brood,
(If not become too great a flame)
A litle sparke may whiles doe good,
Which makes great mindes (affecting Fame)
To suffer still all kinde of paine;
There Fortune at the bloody game,
Who hazard would for hope of gaine,
Were not burn'd by a thirst of praises
The learned to a higher straine
Their wits by emulation raise,
As those who hold applauses deare,
And what great minde at which men gaze
It selfe can of ambition cleare
Which is when rated at the highest price,
A generous error, a heroicke vice:
But when this frensic flaming bright

Doth

Doth so the Soules of some surprise,
That they can taste of no delight
But what from Soueraignie doth rise,
Then, huge affliction it affords;
Such must (them-selues so to disguise)
Proue prodigall of courteous words,
Giue much to some, and promise all,
Then humble seeme to be made Lords,
Yea, first whilst made to many thrall,
Must words impart if not support;
To those who crush'd by fortune fall;
And grieue themselves to please each sort
Are not those wretch'd who o're a dangerous snare
Hang but by hopes, whilst ballanc'd in the Aire;
Then when they haue the port attain'd,
Which was through Seas of danger sought
They (loe) at last but losse haue gain'd,
And by great trouble, trouble bought:
Their mindes are married still with feares
To bring forth many iealous thought;
With searching eyes, and watching eares
To learne that which it grieues to know,
The brest that such a burden beares,
What huge afflictions doe o're-throw:
Thus, Princes are (as all perceiue)
No more exalted then brought low
Of many Lord, to many slaue.
That Idole Gréatnesse which Earth doth adore
Is conquer'd with great paine, and kept with more;
He who to this imagin'd good
Did through his Countreys Intrailes tend,
Neglecting friendship, duetie, blood,
And all on which trust can depend;
Or by which Loue could be conceiu'd,
Doth finde of what he did attend
His expectations farre deceiu'd;
For, since suspecting secret snares
His Soule hath still of rest beene reau'd,
Whilst Squadrons of tumultuous cares
Forth from his brest extort depth grones;

Doth

Thus

Thus *Caesar* now of life despaires,
Whose hap his hope exceeded once,
And who can long well keepe an euill-wonne State?
Those perish must by some whom all men hate.

Act. v. Scene i.

MARCVS BRVTVS, CHORVS,
ANTONIVS, CAIVS CAS-
SIVS, MARCVS TVL-
LIVS CICERO.



Re generous Romanes so degener'd now
That they frō honor haue estrang'd their hands
And vs'd with burdens doe not blush to bow,
Yea (though quite broken) shake not off their
This glorious work was worthy of your paine, (bands;
Whose best ye may by others dangers haue;
But what enchaunts you thus, that ye abstaine
That which ye should haue taken, to receiue
Where be those inundations of Delight (Ioy,
Which should burst out through thoughts o're-flow'd with
Whilst emulous Vertue may your Mindes incite
That which we conquer'd free lie to enioy;
Or quite conform'd vnto your former state
Doe still your mindes of seruitude allow
As broken by aduersitie of late,
Not capable of better fortune now,
Loe, we who by the Tyrants fauour stood,
And grieu'd but at the yoke which you out-rag'd
Haue our aduancement, riches, rest, and blood;
All liberally for libertie engag'd.

Chor. Thou like thy great Progenitour in this
Hast glory to thy selfe, vs freedome brought;
Than libertie what greater treasure is
Small wick it much, without it much seemes nought;

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

But pardon vs (heroicke man) though we
To high perfection hardly can aspire,
Though euery man cannot a *Brutus* be,
What none can imitate, all must admire.
At this strange course (with too much light made blinde)
We our opinions must suspend a space,
When sudden chances doe dismaye the minde,
The Iudgement to the Passion first giues place.

Ant. What wonder now thogh this most barbarous deed
Haue with amazement clos'd your Iudgement in,
Which O (I feare) shall great confusion breed,
When *Caesars* toyles did end, *Romes* did begin:
The most suspitious mindes had not beleu'd
That *Romanes* reuerenc'd for their worth by vs,
Would haue presum'd to kill, or to haue grieu'd
A hallow'd bodie inhumanely thus;
Who would but once haue dream'd of such despight?
What strange hostilitie! in time of peace
To kill, though not accus'd, against all right,
A sacred man and in a sacred place?

C. Cass. If *Caesar* as a Citizen had liu'd,
And had by Law decided euery strife,
Then I would grant those treason had contriu'd
Who went without a Law to take his life;
But to peruert the Lawes, subuert the State
If all his travels did directly tend,
Then I must say, we did no wrong of late:
Why should not Tyrants make a tragicke end?

Cho. Since destinies did *Caesars* Soule enlarge,
What course can we for his recouerie take:
Ah, vnrelenting *Charons* restless barge
Stands to transp'rt all o're, but brings none backe:
Of Lifes fraile glasse (when broken) with vaine grones
What earthlie pow'r the ruines can repaire;
Or who can gather vp when scattred once
Ones blood from Earth, or yet his breath from Aire.
Let vs of those who passe Obliuions flood
Obliuious be, since hope of helpe is gone,
And spend our cares where cares may doe most good,
Lest *Rome* waile many, where she wailes but one.

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

Ant. Still concord for the Common-weale were best
To reconcile diuided thoughts againe:
Then discord to great Townes no greater pest,
Whose violence no reuerence can restraine.
Yet oftentimes those warie wits haue err'd,
Who would buy wealth and ease at any cost:
Let Honestie to Profite be preferr'd,
And to vile Peace Warre when it wounds vs most;
But seeking Peace, what suretie can we finde?
Can faithlesse men giue faith iust feares to stay?
No sacred band Impietie can binde,
Which sweares for trust, seekes trust but to betray;
What help'd it *Caesar* that we all had sworne
His body still from dangers to redeeme?
Those who are once periur'd, hold oathes in scorne,
All are most franke of what they least esteeme.

M. Br. None needs in States which are from Tyrants free
Loath'd execrations to confirme his will,
Where willingly men would with good agree,
And without danger might despise all ill;
All odious oathes by those are onely crau'd,
Whose suite from Reason doth a warrant want,
Whilst all Deceiuers (fear'd to be deceiu'd)
Seeke of Men thrall'd, what none whilst free would grant.
When *Caesar* had preuail'd in *France* and *paine*
His fortune building on his Countreyes wracke,
(Of liberty a shadow to retaine)
We gaue him all that he was bent to take.
The Senate had refer'd nought but a show
Whose course to it by *Caesar* was impos'd,
Who list'd vp by bringing others low,
Of Offices and Prouinces dispos'd.
Then that our faded Hopes might neuer spring,
When bent to bide the Parthians wooden shoure,
He for siue yeares dispos'd of euery thing,
Euen in his absence leauing vs no pow'r.
O how some aggrauate our deed with hate!
Who durst by violence his body straine,
Though consecrated by constraint of late,
Yea, but reputed holy, yet prophane,

And

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

And did forget how he (a wondrous case)
The Tribuneship did violate with scorne,
Which our fore-fathers (free) in time of peace
Aduis'dly had inuiolable sworne.
Did he not once appropriate (swolne with wrath)
The publike treasure to his priuate vse:
And to the Tribune boldly threatned death,
Who did resist, grieu'd at that great abuse.
Twixt Romanes and a Tyrant what auails
A Couenant whilst Right rests trod on thus:
Who can build further when the ground first failes?
Could we saue him who sought to ruine vs:

Cic. So absolutely good no man remaines,
Whose naturall weakenesse neuer him beguiles,
Euen vertues dye from vice may take some staines,
And worthy mindes grosse imperfections whiles:
As in fine fruits or weeds fat earth abounds,
Euen as the labourers spend or spare their paine,
The greatest spirits (disdaining vulgar bounds)
Of what they seeke the highest hight must gaine;
They (that bright glory may be so enioy'd)
As onely borne to be in action still,
Had rather be (then idle) euill imploy'd:
Great spirits must doe great good, or then great ill;
The Worlds chiefe Treasure which bright Rayes doe arme
Huge euill procur'd (though onely fram'd for good)
Till that fond Youth whom his owne wish did harme,
Was kill'd by fire, and buried in a flood.
By rules of Reason whilst he rightly liu'd
When lawfully elected by the State,
What glorious deeds by *Caesar* were atchiu'd,
Which all the World as wonders must relates
But when of right he buried all respects
(As blinde Ambition had bewitch'd his minde)
What harme ensu'd, by pittifull effects
We at the first, he at the last did finde;
Whilst like *Narcissus* with himselfe in loue,
He with our bondage banqueted his sight,
And for a while (vncertaine Ioyes to proue)
With all our woes would sweeten his delight;

How

How could braue men (of vertuous mindes) as those
 Who of their Countreyes well are iealous still,
 But stoutly to all stormes their States expose
 The States destroyer resolute to kill :
 But since our freedome flowes from *Cæsars* blood,
 Let vs embrace that which too long we lacke :
 Peace giues to iustice pow'r, it to all good,
 Where Warre breeds Wrong, & Wrong all kind of wrack.
 This City hath experienc'd with great paine
 What guiltie troubles rise from ciuill strife,
 Which by her ruines registred remaine,
 Since first the *Gracchi* gaue contention life.
 When *Silla* once and *Marius* (mad through pride)
 Seem'd but to striue who most tyrannicke prou'd,
 What memorable miseries were try'd
 From Romanes Mindes can neuer be remou'd;
 Then last by *Cæsar*. and his Sonne in Law
 What thousands Ghosts to *Pluto* were dispatch'd :
 Ah, that the World those Hostes diuided saw,
 Which ioyn'd in one no World of Worlds had match'd:
 Yet with this wit which we haue dearly bought,
 Let vs abhorre all that may breed such broyles,
 Lest when we heare our selues to ruine brought,
 In end Barbarians beare away our spoiles.

Cho. Rome to those great men hardly can afford
 A recompence according to their worth
 Who (by a Tyrants o're-throw) haue restor'd
 The light of libertie which was put forth ;
 Yet (by due praises with their merites euen)
 Let vs illustrate their Illustrious mindes;
 And to their charge let Prouinces be giuen :
 Still Vertue growes when it preferment findes.

An. Those barbarous Realmes by whose respectiue will
 Of *Cæsars* Conquests monuments are showne:
 As if they held them highly honour'd still,
 Who warr'd with *Cæsar* though they were o're-throwne,
 Can this disgrace by their proud mindes be borne,
 Whilst we dishonour, whom they honour thus,
 And shall we not (whilst as a Tyrant torne)
 Giue him a tombe who gaue the World to vs ;

Must

Must his decrees be all reduc'd againe,
And those degraded whom he grac'd of late
As worthy Men ynworthily did gaine
Their roomes of reputation in the States:
If as a Tyrant we him damne so soone,
And for his murtherers doe rewards deuise,
Then what he did, must likewise be vndone,
For which (I feare) a foule confusion rise,

ack.

Chrr. Ah (great *Antonius*) sowe not seeds of warre,
And if thou alwayes dost delight in Armes,
The haughtie Parthians yet vndaunted are,
Who may giue thee great praise, and vs no harmes.
Detest in time abominable broiles,
For which no Conqueror to triumph hath com'd
Whilst this poore Towne (which still some partie spoiles)
Must loathe the Victor, mourne for the o're-com'd.
And shall we still contend against all good
To make the yoke where we should bound abide?
Must still the Commons sacrificize their blood
As onely borne to serue the great Mens pride.

Ant. Whilst I the depthes of my affection sound,
And onely reade what bondes to him I owe,
I must (no doubt) by oathes, and duety bound
All *Cæsars* foes, or then my selfe o're-throw;
But when I weigh what to the State belongs,
The which so plague no passion shall get place,
Then I with griefe digesting priuate wrongs
Warre with my selfe to giue my Countrey peace.
Yet whilst my thoughts of this last purpose muse,
I altogether dis-assent from this
That *Cæsars* fame, or body we abuse
By torturing Tyrants, as the custome is.
Lest guiltie of ingratitude we seeme:
(If guerdoning our Benefactors thus)
Great *Cæsars* body from disgrace redeeme,
And let his acts be ratified by vs.
Then for the publike weale of which we pause,
Who haue him kill'd in some sort to regard,
Let them be pardon'd for their kins-mens cause:
Remission giuen for euill is a reward.

will

lust

C. Cass. We stand not dash'd like Malefactors here
With a dejected and remorsefull minde,
Nor in your presence supplicants appeare,
As who themselues of death doe guilty finde,
But looking boldly with a loslie brow
Through a delight of our designe conceiu'd,
We come to challenge gratefulnesse of you,
Who haue of vs so great a good receiu'd;
But if ye will suspend your thoughts a space,
Though not the giuers, entertaine the gift,
Doe vs reiect, yet libertie embrace,
To haue you free, loe, that was all our drift,
So *Rome* her ancient liberties enioy,
Let *Brutus*, and let *Cassius* banish'd liue
Thus banishment would breed vs greater ioy,
Then what at home a Tyrants wealth could giue,
Though some misconster may this course of ours
By ignorance, or then by hate deceiu'd,
Yet truth depends not on opinions pow'rs,
But is it selfe how euer misconceiu'd.
Though none themselues vs to acknowledge daigne,
Our merite of it selfe is a reward:
Of doing good none should repent their paine,
Though neither guerdon grow, nor yet regard.
I'll venture still my fortune in the field
With euery one who *Rome* to bondage drawes;
And as for me, how euer others yeeld
I le nought obey but Reason and the *Laws*.

Cic. What fooles are those who further tranell take
For that which else they past reconerie know
Who can reuiue the dead, or bring time backe
At least, no Mortall that remains below.
Great *Pompey* (now) for whom the World still weepes,
Lies low, neglected on a barbarous shore;
Selfe-slaughtred *Scipio* flotes amidst the depthes
Whom (it may be) Sea-monsters doe deuour;
Of Lybian wolues wise *Caro* feasts the wombes,
Whose death of worth the World defrauded leaues;
Thus some who did deserue Mausolean Tombes;
Not haue a ticle grau'd vpon their graues.

And

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

And yet may *Caesar* who procur'd their death
By braue Men slaine be buried with his race,
All ciuill warre quite banish'd with his breath
Let him now dead, and vs aliuie haue peace.
We should desist our thoughts on things to set
Which may harme some, and can giue helpe to none,
Learne to forget that which we cannot get,
And let our cares be gone of all things gone.
Those who would strue all crosses to o're-come,
To present times must still conforme their course,
And vsing meanes for that which is to come,
Not meddle with things past, but by discourse.
Seeke not the thing which doth not good when found,
Since *Caesar* now is dead, how euer dead;
Let all our griefe goe with him to the ground,
For, sorrow best becomes a lightlesse shade.
It were the best that ioynd with mutuall loue,
We Physicke for this wounded state prepare:
Neglecting those who from the World remoue
All Men on Earth for earthly things must care.

Chor. O how those great Men friendship can pretend
By soothing others thus with painted windes;
And seeme to trust, where treason they attend,
Whilst Loue their mouth, and Malice filles their mindes;
Those but to them poore simple soules appeare,
Whose count'nance doth discouer what they thinke,
Who make their words as is their meaning cleare,
And from themselues can neuer seeme to shrink.
Loe, how *Antonius* faines to quench all iarres,
And whom he hates with kindnesse doth embrace,
Yet as he further'd first the former warres,
Some feare he now be enemy to peace.
Now where *Calphurnia* stayes our steppes addresse,
By this last sudden chance her losse was chiefe:
All visite should their Neighbours in distresse
To giue some comfort, or to get some griefe.

Act. v. Scene. II:

CALPHURNIA, NUNTIVS,

CHORVS.



When darknesse last imprison'd had mine eyes
Such monstrous Visions did my heart affright,
That (quite dejected) it still stupide eyes
Through terrours then contracted in the Night;
A melancholy cloud so dimmes my brest

That it my minde fit for mis-fortune makes
A lodging well dispos'd for such a Guest,
Where nought of sorrow but impression lackes ;
And I imagine euery man I see

(My Senses so corrupted are by feares)

A Herald to denounce mis-haps to me,
Who should infuse confusion in my eares,

O! there he comes to violate my peace

In whom the object of my thoughts I see,

Thy message is charactred in thy face,

And by thy looks directed is to me:

Thy troubled eyes rest rouling for reliefe,

As lately frighted by some vglie sight,

Thy breath doth pant, as if growne big with griefe,

And fear'd to bring some monstrous birth to light.

Nun. The Man of whom the World in doubt remain'd,

If that his minde, or fortune was more great,

Whose valour conquer'd, clemencie retain'd

All Nations Subiects to the Romane State,

Him fraud harm'd more then force, friends more then foes,

Ah! must this sad discourse by me be made ?

Cal. Stay, ere thou further goe defray my woes,

How doth my Loue where is my life, *Nun.* Dead. *Cal.* Dead.

Cho. Though apprehending horrors in her minde,

Now since she hath a certaintie receiu'd,

She by experience greater griefe doth finde:

Till borne, the passions can not be conceiu'd.

When

When as a high disaster Force affords,
O how that Tyrant whom affliction beares
Barres eares from comfort, and the mouth from words,
And when obdur'd scornes to dissolue in teares.

Cal. Ah! since the lights of that great Light are set,
Why doth not Darkenesse spread it selfe o're all;
At least what further comfort can I get,
Whose pleasures had no period but his fall;
O would the Gods I alwayes might confine
Flames in my brest, and floods within my Eyes
To entertaine so great a griefe as mine,
That thence there might sit furniture arise;
Yet I disdain (though by distresse o're-throwne)
By such externall meanes to seeke reliefe:
The greatest sorrowes are by silence showne,
Whilst all the Senses are shut vp with griefe:
But miserie doth so tyrannicke grow
That it of sighes and teares a tribute claimes;
Ah, when the Cup is full, it must o're-flow,
And fires which burne, must offer vp some flames;
Yet though that thy last words my last might be
Which are deepe sunke within a melted heart:
Of my liues death, report each point to me,
For euery circumstance that I may smart:

Nun. What fatall warnings did forgoe his end,
Which by his stay to frustrate some did try;
But he who scorn'd excuses to pretend
Was by the destinies drawne forth to die.
Whilst by the way he chanc'd to meet with one
Who had his deathes-day nam'd, he to him said:
The Ides of March be come, but yet not gone
The other answer'd, and still constant staide:
Another brought a letter with great speed,
Which the conspiracie at length did touch,
And gaue it *Caesar* in his hand to reade,
Protesting that it did import him much.
Yet did he lay it vp where still it rests,
As doe the great whom blest the World reputes,
Who (griev'd to be importun'd by requests)
Of simple Supplicants neglect the suites:

The Tragedy of Iulius Caesar.

Or he of it the reading did deferre
Still troubled by attendants at the gate,
Whilst some to shoue their credite did conferre,
To flatter some, some some-thing to entreate.
Not onely did the Gods by diuerse signes
Giue *Caesar* warning of his threatned harmes,
But did offoes disturbe the rash designs,
And to their troubled thoughts gaue strange alarms;
A Senatour who by some words we finde
To the Conspiratours (though none of theirs)
Had showne himseife familiar with their minde,
Then chane'd to deale with *Caesar* in affaires.
That fight their Soules did with confusion fill,
For, thinking that he told their purpos'd deeds,
They straight themselues, or *Caesar* thought to kill:
A guiltie Conscience no accuser needs,
But marking that he vs'd (when taking leaue)
A suiters geiture when affording thankses,
They of their course did greater hopes conceiue,
And rang'd themselues according to their rankes.
Then *Caesar* march'd forth to the fatall place,
Neere *Pompeyes* Theater where the Senate was,
Where (when he had remain'd a litle space)
All the confederats flock'd about. *Calp.* Alas.
Nun. First for the forme *Mitellus Cimber* crau'd
To haue his brother from exile restor'd;
Yet with the rest a rude repulse receiu'd,
Whilst it they all too earnestly implor'd:
Then *Cimber* who in strife with him did stand,
Did draw the Gowne o're *Caesars* sacred head:
But the first blow was giuen by *Caesars* hand,
Which on his necke a litle wound but made,
Then *Caesar* (starting whilst the stroke he spy'd)
By strength from further stryking *Caesars* aide,
Whilst both the two burst out at once, and cryde:
He Traiour *Caesars*, and he, brother aide;
Then all the rest against him did arise
Like desp'rat men, whose furie force affords,
That *Caesar* on no side could set his eyes,
But euery looke encountred with some swords.

Yet

Yet as a Lyon when by Nets surpriz'd,
Stands struggling still so long as he hath strength,
So *Caesar* (as he had their pow'r despis'd)
Did with great rage resist, till at the length
He thus cry'de out (when spying *Brutus* come)
And thou my Sonne, then griete did backe rebound:
Nought but vnkindnesse *Caesar* could o're-come,
That of all things doth giue the deepest wound.

Cho. Ah, when vnkindnesse is where loue was thought,
A tender passion breakes the strongest heart:
For, of all those who giue offence in ought,
Men others hate, but for vnkinde Men smart.

Nun. Ah, taking then no more delight in light,
As which would but his life haue bitter fram'd;
Or then from *Brutus* blow to hold his sight
As of so great ingratitude asham'd,
He with his Gowne when couer'd first o're all,
As one who neither sought nor wish'd reliefe,
Not wronging Maiestie, in state did fall,
No sigh consenting to betray his griefe.
Yet (if by chance, or force, I cannot tell)
Euen at the place, whereas his statue stood
As crauing *Pompey* pardon, *Caesar* fell,
That in reuenge it might exhaust his blood;
But when his corpes abandon'd quite by breath,
Did Fortunes fraikies monument remaine,
That all might haue like intrest in his death,
And by the same, looke for like praise or paine.
Then *Cassius*, *Brutus*, and the rest began
With that great Emperours blood to dye their hands;
What beast in Earth more cruell is then Man,
When o're his reason Passion once commands?

Cal. Whilst brutish *Brutus*, and proud *Cassius* thus
Romes greatest Captaine vnder trust deceiu'd,
Where was *Anthonius* (since a friend to vs)
That he not lost himselfe, or *Caesar* sau'd?

Nun. The whole conspiratours remain'd in doubt,
Had he and *Caesar* ioynd to be vndone
And so caus'd one to talke with him without,
Who fain'd a conference till the fact was done.

Then knowing well in such tumultuous broyles
That the first danger alwayes is the worst,
He fled in haste, disguis'd with borrow'd spoiles,
For rage and for disdain euen like to burst.

Cal. The Senators which were assembled there,
When they beheld that great Man brought to end
What was their part? to what inclin'd their care?
I feare affliction could not finde a friend.

Nun. Of those who in the Senate-house did sit
(So sad an Object sory to behold,
Or fear'd what further murderers might commit)
Each to his house a severall way did hold;
This act with horroir did confound their sight,
And vnawares their Iudgement did surprize:
When any hastie harmes vn-lookt-for light
The resolution hath not time to rise.
That Man on whom the World did once rely,
By all long reuerenc'd, and ador'd by some,
None to attend him had but two and I.

Cho. To what an ebbe may fortunes full whiles come!
Why should men following on the smoake of pride
Leaue certaine ease to seeke a dream'd delight,
Which when they haue by many dangers try'd
They can (with safetie) neither keepe, nor quite?
The people who by force subdu'd remaine
May pittie those by whom oppress'd they rest;
They but one Tyrant haue, where as there raigne
A thousand Tyrants in one Tyrants brest;
What though that *Cesar* once commanded Kings,
Whose onely name whole Nations did appall:
Yet now (let no man trust in worldly things)
A litle Earth holds him who held it all.

Cal. Ah, had he but beleeu'd my faithfull cares,
His state to stablsh who had alwayes striu'd,
Then (scaping this conspiracie of theis)
He honour'd still, and I had happy liu'd.
Did I not spend of supplications store,
That he within his house this day would waste,
As I by dreames aduertis'd was before,
Which shew'd that was to come, which now is past?

Whilst

Wh
A b
By
Th
Bu
To
But
As
Yet
To
For
Him
Tho
Sinc
Wh
Som
Just
And
Once
May
Ch
As
Nou
By p
Thou
Some
That
From
Of th
Who
No m
But a
We,
(Led
For, v
Lifes
And is
Whic
Whil
But ip

Whilst the Sooth-sayers sacrific'd did finde
A beast without a heart, their Altars staine,
By that presage my Soule might haue diuin'd
That I without my heart would soone remaine;
But all those terrours could no terror giue
To that great minde whose thoughts too high still aim'd,
But by his fortune confident did liue,
As him to serue the Heauens had all things fram'd;
Yet though he ended haue his fatall race
To bragge for this let not his murtherers strue:
For, O! I hope to see within short space
Him dead ador'd, and them abhorr'd aliuie.
Though now his name the multitude respects,
Since murdering one who him had held so deare,
Whilst inward thoughts each outward thing reflects,
Some monstrous shape to *Brutus* must appeare;
Just *Nemesis* must plague proud *Cassius* soone,
And make him kill himselfe from hopes estrang'd;
Once all the wrongs by soes to *Caesar* done,
May by themselves be on themselves reueng'd.

Chor. Some for Earths soueraigne Fortune strives to proue
As Heauens their course confus'dly did aduance;
Nought comes to Men below, but from aboue,
By providence, not by a staggering chance;
Though to the cause that last forgoes the end
Some attribute the course of euery thing,
That cause on other causes doth depend
From Heauen to Earth which chain'd together hing;
Of those decrees which Heauens for vs appoint,
Who euer them approues, or yet disproues;
No mortall Man can disappoint a point,
But as they please here moues, or hence remoues;
We, when once come the Worlds vaine pompe to try,
(Led by the Fates) to end our journey haste:
For, when first borne, we straight begin to die,
Lifes first day is a steppe vnto the last.
And is there ought more swift then dayes, and yeeres
Which weare away this breath of ours so soone,
Whilst *Lachesis* to no request giues eares,
But spinnes the threads of life till they be done?

Yet

Yet foolish Worldlings following that which flies,
As if they had assurance still to breathe,
To fraile preferment fondly strue to rise,
Which (but a burden) weighes them downe to death.

Nun. There's none of vs but must remember still
How that the Gods by many wondrous signe
Did shew (it seem'd) how that against their will,
The Destinies would *Cæars* dayes confine.
A monstrous Starre amidst the Heauen hath beene,
Still since they first against him did conspire,
The solitarie birds at noone were seene,
And men to walke enuiron'd all with fire;
What wonder though the Heauens at such a time
Doe braue the Earth with apparitions strange,
Then whilst intending such a monstrous crime,
Vnnaturall Men make Natures course to change.

Cho. Though all such things seeme wonderfull to some,
They may by reason comprehended be,
Though what doth more then common custome come
The Ignorant with wondring eyes must see.
Those bastard Starres, not heritours of Aire,
Are first conceiu'd below, then borne above,
And when fore-knowing things Sprites take most care,
And by illusions superstition moue.
Yet this no doubt a great regard should breed,
When Nature hath brought forth a monstrous birth
In secret Characters where Men may reade
The wrath of Heauen, and wickednesse of Earth.
The Naturalists, and Astrologians skill
May whiles encountring manifest like care,
Since one lookes backe, the other forward still,
One may tell what, the other why things are.

Nun. Shall sorrow through the waues of woes to saile
Hane still your teares for Seas, your sighes for windes;
To miserie what doe base plaints auaille?
A higher course becomes heroicke mindes,
None are o're-come, saue onely those who yeeld,
From froward Fortune though some blowes be borne,
Let Vertue serue aduersitie for shield,
No greater grieve to grieve then Enemies scorne;

This

This ma
least
had not
for, he
Calp
Who n
And sha
To furn
I care n
Who d
And fin
shall ha
I will re
As trust
And (m
Will sp
No seco
Warm
I think
When
This ha
If I (er
Had ha
Who r
Yet do
With n
For, wh
Now in
That (t
Thy D
still of
My sac

V
of life

This makes your foes but laugh to see you weepe,
At least these teares but for your selfe bestow,
And not for that great sprite, whose spoiles Heavens keepe;
For, he no doubt rests deified ere now.

Calp. I onely waile my life, and not his death,
Who now amongst Immortals doth repose,
And shall so long as I haue blood or breath
To furnish forth those Elements of woes.

I care not who reioyce, so I lament
Who doe to Da'kenesse dedicate my dayes,
And since the light of my delight is spent,
Shall haue in horror all *pollutes* rayes.
I will retire my selfe to waile alone

As trustie Turtles mourning for their Mates;
And (my mis-fortune alwayes bent to mone)
Will spurne at pleasures, as impoyson'd baites;
No second guest shall presse great *Casars* bed
Warm'd by the flames to which he first gaue life,
I thinke there may be greater honour had
When *Casars* Widow, then anothers Wife.

This had afforded comfort for my harmes,
If I (ere chanc'd abandon'd thus to be)

Had had a litle *Cesar* in mine armes
Who represented had his Syre to me.

Yet doth that Idole which my thoughts adore,
With me of late most strictly match'd remaine,
For, where my armes but held him whiles before,
Now in my heart I shall him still retaine.

That (though I may no pretious things impart)

Thy Deitie may by me be honour'd oft
Still offering vp my thoughts vpon my heart,
My sacred flame shall alwayes mount aloft.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

WHat fooles are those who doe repose their trust
On what this masse of miserie affords:
And bragging but of excrements of dust
Of life-lesse Treasures labour to be Lords:

Which

Which like the Sirens songs, or *Circes* charmes
With shadowes of delight hide certaine harmes.
Ah whilst they sport on Pleasures ycie ground
Ofte poyson'd by Prosperitie with Pride,
A sudden fall doth floating Ioyes confound
Of those who stumble with the eyelesse guide,
Who so inconstantly her selfe doth beare,
Vnhappy Men may hope, the happy feare.
The fortunate who bath in floods of ioyes
To perish whiles amidst their pleasures chance,
And mirthlesse wretches wallowing in annoyes
Ofte by aduersitie themselves aduance;
Whilst Fortune bent to mocke vaine Worldlings cares,
Doth change despaires in hopes, hopes in despaires,
That gallant Grecian whose great wit so soone,
Whom others could not number, did o're-come,
Were not he was vndone, had beene vndone,
And if not banish'd had not had a home;
To him Feace courage gaue (what wondrous change!)
And many doubts a resolution strange.
He who told one who then was Fortunes childe,
As if with horroure to congeale his blood:
That *Caius Marius* farre from *Rome* exil'd
Wretch'd on the ruines of great *Carthage* stood;
Though long both plagu'd by grieve, and by disgrace,
The Consul-ship regain'd, and dy'd in peace.
And that great *Pompey* (all the Worlds delight)
Whom of his Theater then applauses pleas'd,
Whilst praise-transported Eyes endear'd his sight
Who by Youthes toyles should haue his age then eas'd,
He by one blow of Fortune lost farre more
Then many battell conquer'd had before.
Such sudden changes so disturbe the Soule
That still the Iudgement ballanc'd is by doubt;
But, on a Round, what wonder though things roule?
And since within a circle, turne about?
Whilst Heauen on Earth strange alterations brings
To seerne our confidence in worldly things,
And chanc'd there euer accidents more strange
Than is this stormie bounds where we remaine.

The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

Shepherds staffe did to a Scepter change,
The nurceling of a Wolfe o're Men to raigne;
A little Village grew a mighty Towne,
Which whilst it had no King, held many Crowne.
Then by how many sundry sorts of Men
Hath this great State beene rul'd: though now by none,
Which first obey'd but one, then two, then ten,
Then by degrees return'd to two, and one;
Of which three States their ruine did abide,
Two by twoes lusts, and one by two Mens pride.
What revolutions huge haue hapned thus
By secret Fates all violently led,
Though seeming but by accident to vs,
Yet in the depths of heavenly breasts first bred:
As Arguments demonstratiue do prone
That weakenesse dwels below, and pow'r above.
Loe, prosp'rous *Cesar*, burden'd for a space
Both with strange Nations, and his Countreyes spoiles,
Euen when he seem'd by warre to purchase peace,
And Roses of sweet rest, from thornes of toiles;
Then whilst his minde and fortune swell'd most high,
Hath beene constrain'd the last distresse to trie.
What warnings large were in a time so short
Of that darke course which by his death now shines:
It speechlesse wonders plainly did report,
It Men reueal'd by words, and gods by signes.
Yet by the chaines of Destinies whilst bound
He saw the sword, but could not scape the wound.
O! what a Curtaine o're our knowledge hings,
Whiles clot'd, whiles op'ned by the heavenly hoste,
Which makes vs some-time sharpe to see small things,
And yet quite blinde when as we should see most,
That curious braines may rest amaz'd at it
Whose ignorance makes them presume of wit;
Then let vs liue, since all things change below,
When rais'd most high as those who once may fall,
And hold when by disasters brought more low
The minde still free, what euer else be thrall:
Those (Lords of Fortune) sweeten euery State,
Who can comand themselves, though not their fate.

FINIS,

1021

Re boagrdic Bialic
Re sen Mexam ducan
Pauuag

Sanjay yue
prain B au
Loring Baken
Banz othenia pag

